Read: 2 Cents a Mile—Rail Rates Cut in Bus Fight: Page 161

RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE



MAY

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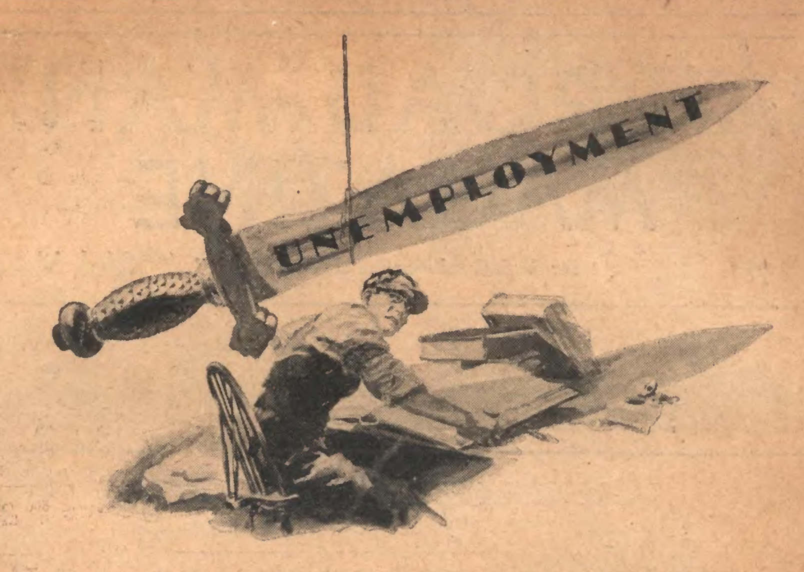
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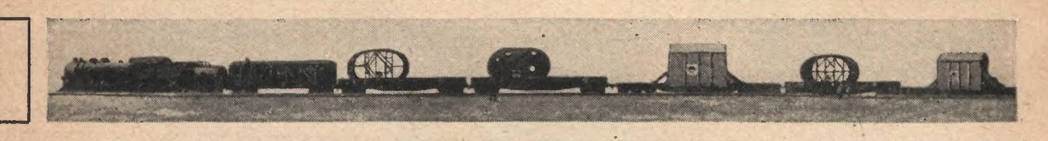
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RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE

May, 1931 "For the Railroad Man and the Railroad Fan" Vol. V—No. 2



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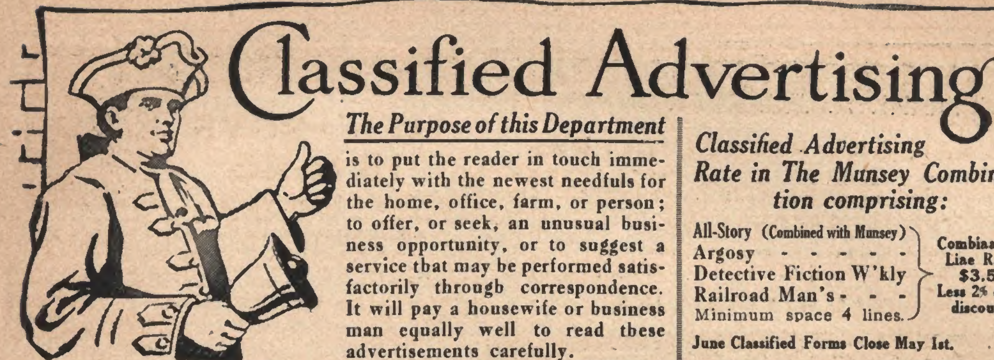
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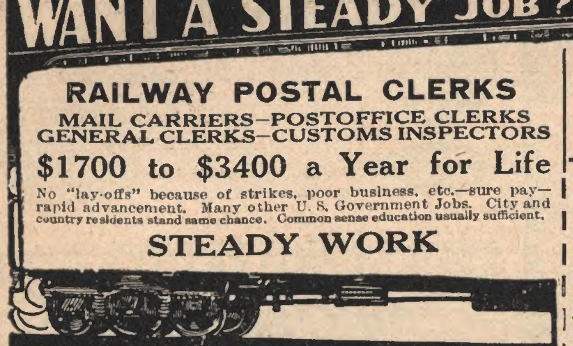
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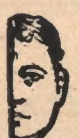
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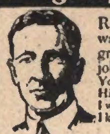
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Solution to the Cross Word Puzzle

C	U	P	O	L	A		S	H	O	W	E	R
O	M	A			F	P	A			E	L	O
P	P	D		I	R	E	N	E		T	U	B
R			F	L	O	W	E	R	S			I
A	P	R	I	L		S		M	O	R	O	N
	R	I	D	E	S		F	I	R	S	T	
B	E	F	O	G		F		N	E	G	R	O
E			S	A	V	O	R	E	D			V
L	A	Y		L	O	R	E	S		R	Y	E
L	I	E			L	E	S			O	A	R
A	R	T	I	S	T		T	R	I	C	K	S

The puzzle appears on page 317

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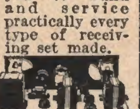


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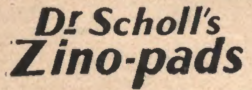
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29x4-75	2.45	1.10
30x4-95	2.90	1.25
29x5-00	2.85	1.15
30x5-00	2.85	1.15
28x5-25	2.85	1.15
30x5-25	2.95	1.25
31x5-25	3.10	1.25
30x5-77	3.10	1.25
30x6-00	3.00	1.15
31x6-00	3.10	1.20
32x6-00	3.20	1.35
33x6-00	3.25	1.35
32x5-20	3.40	1.40

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32x4	2.95	1.00
33x4	2.95	1.00
34x4	2.95	1.00
32x4½	3.20	1.25
33x4½	3.25	1.25
34x4½	3.25	1.25
30x5	3.55	1.25
33x5	3.55	1.25
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Splashers *vs.* Lollers

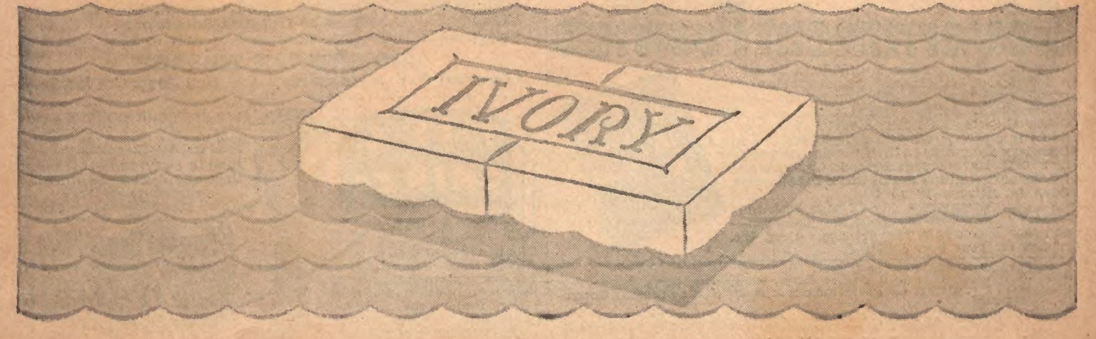
A bit of quiet research among the bathers of America has revealed two rival camps of behavior—

The handsome gentleman who heads the first group believes that bathing should be in the active mood. At 7:00 a. m. he becomes unseen but *heard.* From the bathroom come the echoes of hearty splashes and noises that sound like a floor polishing machine. (Our hero is stirring up a fancy Ivory frosting with a stiff-bearded bath brush!)

The spokeswoman for group 2 shudders at the thought of such athletic goings-on! She insists that bathing should be a restful interlude in water as warm as a rippleless sea. And Ivory will float like a lily pad in this bland pool of content . . .

Frankly, the debate of *splashers vs. lollers* is too delicate a matter for us to pass upon. So we merely remind you that both leading schools of bathing have nominated Ivory! Ivory dares the splashers to duck it . . . . and it drifts into a loller's hands. Its whole-hearted foam rinses away as lightly as dandelion fluff in a breeze. And it leaves both the skin and temper as smooth as velvet. There's no debate among bath-loving Americans on the merits of Ivory —they all *agree* that it is fine, pure soap!

. . . kind to everything it touches · 99 44/100 % Pure · "It floats"



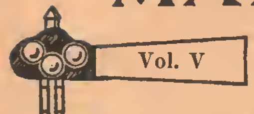


Railroad Man's Magazine, May, 1931

Marcella Hartnett Operates the N. P.'s Consist Indicating Board

The Northern Pacific Has a Unique Device for Directing Its 6,000 Miles of Train Movements, as Described on Page 238. This System Was Evolved by P. H. McCauley, General Superintendent of Transportation, at the Company's General Office Building in St. Paul, Where Miss Hartnett Is One of the Clerical Employees.

RAILROAD
MAN'S MAGAZINE



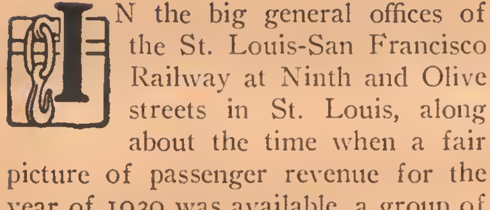
MAY, 1931



Two Cents a Mile

By JOHN AUSTIN

Fighting Bus Competition, the Frisco Lines Cut Their Rate—and Immediately Rail Passenger Business Starts to Pick up



IN the big general offices of the St. Louis-San Francisco Railway at Ninth and Olive streets in St. Louis, along about the time when a fair picture of passenger revenue for the year of 1930 was available, a group of high officials put the best minds to work and one of the most decisive steps in the recent railroad history of this country was made.

These officers, having made an exhaustive study of the passenger problem in the whole territory between the big city on the Mississippi and the outlying reaches of Texas, were studying a sheet of paper. It contained many figures which, boiled down, told a startling story.



Remarkable Photo of a Frisco Train Taken while It Was Running at 45 Miles per Hour

The figures showed that from a passenger revenue of $21,000,000 in 1923, ticket receipts had dropped to $8,350,000 in 1930. Trains had been discontinued. Service had been curtailed to meet the necessary economies of operation. Trains then being run had many empty seats in the coaches.

Out along the highways in this territory more and more passenger busses were being pressed into service. The Frisco Railroad was being handed a terrific wallop.

The Frisco's guiding officers looked up grimly from that paper and into the future. No gentle measures would help. They considered the angle of merchandising. They reasoned that a merchant who had been enjoying good business, and who suddenly found himself confronted by an outlaw competitor, would, to hold his business, meet that competitor's prices in so far as he was able to do so.

The Frisco, these officers told themselves, was up against it — facing a rival which had sprung up almost overnight, unhampered by State or Federal regulatory bodies.

This rival was offering the public cheaper transportation. The public, sensing a bargain, ignored the fact that the Frisco was giving faster and more comfortable transportation at the set passenger standard fare of 3.6 cents per mile. Oh, no! John Public was told he could ride from Dallas to St. Louis, for instance, at approximately half the railroad fare.

Directing heads of the Frisco said, in substance:

> There is only one answer. Talk of getting the Interstate Commerce Commission to do something about it is all very well, and this should be carried out. Meanwhile, we'll slash day coach passenger rates to approximately two cents a mile. We'll make John Public a fair bid for his business, and then, when we get him back on the railroad, we'll do everything that human intelligence can do to hold him there.

The decision was made. President Kurn, Traffic Vice President Koontz and W. S. Merchant, general passenger traffic manager, got the machinery under way. Necessary steps were taken to get permission from the Interstate Commerce Commission, and a new page in railroad history was written.

Newspapers carried stories of the howl that went up. The Missouri Pacific, Cotton Belt and Missouri-Kansas-Texas lines went right straight to Washington, ready for war.

"A two-cent rate in that southwestern territory is ruinous," wailed the Frisco competitors. "We'll have to get many times the passenger business we now have, to break even on such a deal."

"We are putting the two-cent rate into effect on February 1," the Frisco announced, and a rate supplement was printed.

The Interstate Commerce Commission listened to all arguments. Frisco officers submitted the figures mentioned at the beginning of this story. The Frisco made a strong case. Despite the protests of competing roads, the commission granted them permission to go ahead on the new fare basis, and the rate schedule became operative on the day originally set.

The Missouri Pacific, Cotton Belt and Katy then cut their rates in such territory as is competitive with the Frisco Lines, and the southwestern railroads' battle against highways haulers became a grim reality.

As this story goes to press, no definite figures have been audited for public release. This writer, however,

started an investigation in St. Louis and carried it all the way to Dallas and Fort Worth, just to see what was going on.

At St. Louis it was learned that during the month of February—the first in which the new rate was operative—almost a thousand more passengers took advantage of the two-cent fare than had traveled in the previous month between St. Louis and Monett, Missouri.

This, too, could not be called a fair comparison, because the January receipts included a lot of holiday hold-over business in the form of return coupons on round trip tickets. These had to be charged proportionately to January revenue, although the tickets were sold in December.

It is certain that, counting this hold-over business out of January revenues, the February increase was even more impressive. All other conditions during these two months were considered about equal — business depression, weather, and train miles recorded, except that February had fewer days.

Now the discerning eyes of the railroad world are focused on the Frisco and the other main southwestern carriers. W. S. Merchant's office is literally swamped from day to day with letters and telegrams, which ask for results, for figures, for opinions and statements. Mr. Merchant, and everybody else on the Frisco for that matter, is sitting calmly at his desk and is saying nothing until after some six months of operation. Then, Mr. Merchant figures, something worthwhile may be made public.

This writer, however, could not wait for six months. Something must be learned now. Employees of the Frisco were questioned at various points along the line.



In Frisco Bus Fight:—J. R. Kaontz, Vice President in Charge of Traffic, and (in Oval) W. S. Merchant, General Passenger Traffic Manager

"Is this two cents a mile rate helping things any?" That was the usual question, put in a casual way.

"Is it helping?" The employee was ready to answer with his own view. "Is it helping? Well, friend, it looks from here like the old Frisco is going to show the wiseacres a thing or two. All you have to do is stick around the depot and see whether the people are enthusiastic about what we are offering them. Then ride a train or two and talk to the conductor and the brakeman. They'll tell you what's what."

Trains were ridden, conductors were questioned. Nor were the passenger brakemen ignored. The coach business certainly looked healthy—healthier than it has looked in many months. The local service, pepped up all around by the enthusiasm of train employees, and in a territory hard hit by drought and suffering, made the railroad men feel good. *More people were riding the trains!*

"Yes, sir, I'm getting my share of work now," said one local conductor on a train in Oklahoma. "I can see it pick up every day. The Frisco is on the right track all right."

The brakeman backed him up. Activity was greater in local railroad stations visited than it had been at any period within a year.

Shortly after the Frisco cut its rate it was operating a twelve-car train northward out of Ft. Smith, Ark., and there wasn't standing room, so a thirteenth car had to be added.

Much has been written within the past six months on the decline of passenger revenues. Here and there a railroad has figured that it would be better to get more passengers at a lower rate than to haul a stagnant few at the standard rate. Experiments were begun. The Santa Fe, for instance, set a day coach rate of $47.50 one way from St. Louis to California. Immediately business on the day coaches picked up. Then another railroad here, and still another there tried it out. Results were apparent immediately.



The All-Steel Passenger Coaches Used on the Frisco Lines Assure More Safety, Comfort and Convenience than Can Be Obtained in Bus Travel

The Louisville & Nashville, hard hit in the passenger line by bus competition, tried to establish a two-cent rate between certain points. The L. & N. asked the Interstate Commerce Commission for its sanction, but that railroad, so far as the commission was concerned, was on the wrong track.

The L. & N. sought a lower rate between, say, Louisville and Birmingham, while the old rate was to apply between intermediate points. The commission refused to allow the schedule. The L. & N. promptly went ahead as formerly.

"Don't you think that the L. & N.



One of the Twenty New Boldwin Locomotives, Mikodo (2-8-2) Type, Which Were Built Lost Yeor for Freight Service on the St. Louis-Son Francisco Roilwoy

and all other railroads should get in line as the Frisco is getting in line and arbitrarily establish the two-cent rate over every territory in the United States?" Traffic Manager Merchant was asked.

"That is not possible," Mr. Merchant replied. "It isn't possible for many reasons, but chiefly because all territories are not affected by highway competition in the same manner. We have a different condition to meet in Texas from that of Oklahoma. Arkansas differs from Missouri. Your Eastern railroads have still another situation to face in the business of passenger hauling."

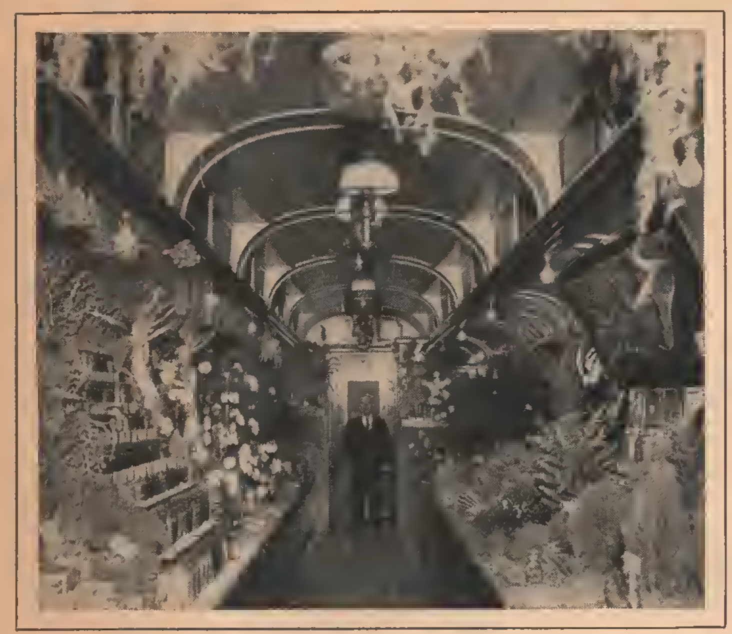
From an impartial survey, however, this writer has learned that wherever highways are fit to allow the big bus services to operate, the same general condition of passenger competition exists.

The railroads now, since the Frisco has so drastically led the way, have an opportunity which they should have seized upon long ago. It would not be a difficult matter for the railroads in any given competitive territory, to band together, cut the passenger rate to two cents a mile for the day coach hauls, then unite on an educational advertising campaign such as has never before been equalled in railroad history. The railroads have an opportunity to use the newspapers to reach the man who is a potential passenger and acquaint him with the fact that he can ride in reclining chair cars now as cheaply as he can ride in busses.

The passenger can make almost twice the time between any given points, go to a diner and eat his meals in quiet at a rate somewhat under the average hotel dining room rate. There are a lot of things that the passenger ought to know about present railroad travel, and a concerted effort along these lines by the principal carriers would,



Cozy Corner in o Frisco Dining Car. Portable Tobles olso Are Set up in the Doy Coaches—o New Wrinkle—ond Possengers Are Served There ot Lower Rotes Than in the Diners



Just Another Way the Frisco Has of Making Friends of Its Patrons. A Day Coach Used for an Agricultural Exhibit

per head than we been doing, and we don't have the operating expense a railroad has."

The driver in question operated between Joplin and Springfield, Missouri. He was quite frank about the conditions, and at the same time, over the same period of weeks during which this man had seen highway travel slump off, the railroads were selling more day coach tickets by the hundreds than they had sold during the same period in January when the rate of 3.6 cents per mile was still in effect.

Driver No. 2 was questioned in Tulsa, Oklahoma. He operated between Tulsa and Dallas, Texas. He was due to leave Tulsa within ten minutes as this writer pounced down upon him. He had a magnificent big coach, but mostly empty seats.

"Well, how's the passenger business?" he was asked. "Looks like you are about to run light to-day. Where 're all your passengers going to?"

"I am a little light to-day, ain't I?" he replied with a grin. "But this won't last long. We'll be having capacity again."

He explained that a decline in highway passengers was noticeable all along the line from Tulsa, and in both directions. He was asked if the bus people were doing anything about it, but was able only to say that the bus

without a doubt, put one large crimp in highway bus travel.

To demonstrate the logic of this argument, a point can be cited here that brooks no denial. A few weeks after the Frisco two-cent rate went into effect, three bus drivers were questioned at three widely separated points in the southwestern territory. The first was at Joplin, Missouri. He was asked how the local passenger business was holding up. He scratched his head, then sent a glance at his half empty vehicle.

"You see what I got in there?" A half dozen passengers were counted. "Well, the passenger business ain't as good as it was a couple months ago. Not by a whole lot. I see that every day, and up till the time the railroads down in this country started the two cents a mile business, I was hauling plenty. But the railroads won't last at this. They can't get away with it. I know we can't haul passengers any less

operators had fought the right of the railroads to charge a low rate of two cents, especially in Texas, but they didn't seem to be getting anywhere. Yes, driver No. 2 was hopeful, but the business just wasn't there.

The third man was questioned in Muskogee, Oklahoma, and he operated between that city and Texas points. He, too, admitted that passengers were fewer than they had been before railroads cut the price on day coach tickets.

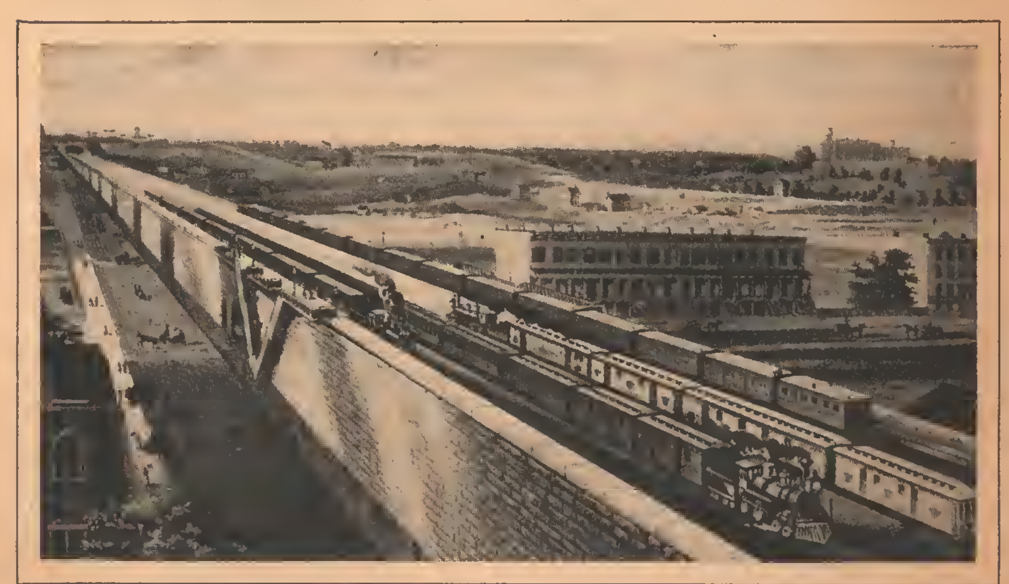
It was useless to try to get comparative figures from bus operating officers. They, like their brothers on the railroads, won't talk. The bus operators know they are in for a tough time of it, and since they got nowhere with their attempt to stop the railroads in the two-cent rate move, they are a little bit up a stump as to know what move to make next.

They won't admit openly that the two-cent fare on the rails is hurting them. Oh, no! They like to make you think that the decline in passenger travel on the busses in the southwest in February, 1931, was due to the business depression. They haven't figured on the story that the railroad record sheets are showing.

The railroads that fought the Frisco's rate reduction with the plea that the steam lines would have to increase passenger business by eighty per cent to get anywhere at two cents a mile, may have another story to tell by July 1.

Frisco employees aren't missing a bet in plugging for more and more passenger business right now, because there are still several coaches to be hauled out of the storage tracks, and still several more train and engine crews that would like to be on the board for a regular turn. Yes, by all means, keep your eye on the Frisco.

RAILROADING IN OLD NEW YORK



Courtesy of New York Central Lines

Four-Track Viaduct over Harlem Flats Between 98th and 112th Streets, New York City, as It Looked in the Days when General Grant Was President of the United States

Editor's Note: Mr. Hill Presents the Executives' Side of the Picture, Mr. Gage the Employees' Side. Read Both. Then Watch for June RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE Containing the First of a Series of Three Sensational Articles by William Pickett Helm, Exposing Inside Facts on Ownership and Control Which You'll Never Find in Any Railroad Company Magazine

Who Owns the Railroads?

By EDWIN C. HILL

Author of "The Iron Horse," "Steel to the West," "Right Hand Side," etc.



THE little gods that control the destiny of writers led me, not long ago, to a rural section of the great State of Minnesota and to a night's lodging in a little one-street town, a typical farm center. The choice of amusements in the place was not very extensive, and after some prowling about I wound up in the general store, where a dozen of the local population, including a sprinkling of dirt farmers, were gathered around the big stove settling the fate of the nation.

Times were not good. They were, in fact, downright bad, and almost everybody in the group who had anything to say were damning the railroads as being mainly responsible.

"What did ye git fer your potatoes down to Minneapolis last fall, Henry?" inquired one old fellow in the group around the stove.

Henry snorted. He hadn't got enough, he said, to pay the freight charges. Might better have let the potatoes rot in the ground. What chance did an ordinary man have with the railroads?

"All owned by Wall Street," Henry complained. "Jest a thievin' game..."

The incident made me wonder whether many people in the country entertain the same hostile attitude toward the railroads that I found in this country store in Minnesota. It also made me curious to find out if there is really any truth in the oft-repeated statement that "Wall Street owns the railroads."

A great many people cling to the idea that the railroads are their natural enemies, out to do them. It's a prejudice that became deep-rooted many years ago, as far back as the Credit Mobilier scandals, during the building of the Union Pacific. It was helped along nicely by Jay Gould's quaint methods of running the Erie, and by Jim Fisk's fantastic piracies. Even in more modern times there have been all too many instances of skullduggery in railroad financing, of Niagaras of water poured into the capitalization, of watered stocks and rusted rails.

It is a fact that the kind of marauding barons who used to control some of our railroad systems gave plenty of ammunition to the demagogues; and it takes a long time to restore public confidence, once it has been betrayed or shocked.

What is the truth? Well, an in-



A Beautiful Stretch of Three-Tracked Electrification on the Lackawanna Road in Northern New Jersey, between South Orange and Orange

vestigation conducted by this writer for the RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE, an inquiry with no strings on it and no object except to satisfy natural curiosity, has revealed very impressively that the railroads of the United States are *not* controlled by Wall Street. They are controlled—as any railroad executive will confess sadly—by the Interstate Commerce Commission, one of the most powerful regulatory bodies ever created in any country.

It is undoubtedly true that back in the days of those jolly old freebooters, Jay Gould, Daniel Drew and Jim Fisk, the railroads, or most of them, were owned by Wall Street; and it was a corrupt and sordid ownership, designed solely for the fabulous enrichment of a coterie of selfish men.

The good old days! Times have changed mightily, however, since fifty years ago. Public opinion and Congress have cleaned the slate and created a new deal.

What is the actual situation to-day as regards ownership? One of the best authorities in the country, Joseph H.

Donnell, traffic counselor of Lasalle Extension University, puts it this way:

> The railroads of the United States belong to the people of the United States. There are literally millions of railroad investors scattered throughout the land. There are hundreds of thousands of holders of stock and of bonds, and almost any man or woman who owns a life insurance policy is indirectly a part owner of a railroad.

The facts and figures are on record for all to see. They show that the railroads, instead of being owned by a few capitalists—as was the case, broadly speaking, fifty years ago—are owned, through their shares and their bonded indebtedness, by a vast army of Americans who, with industry and thrift, have laid by for a rainy day.

The statistics show that *a million persons directly and actually own stocks of our American roads and a million more are bondholders.* They show that about one family out of every five in this country is directly dependent upon the well-being of the iron road for the maintenance of its standard of living. They show, in addition, that through insurance companies, savings banks, and other such institutions into which our people have put their savings, there is an indirect ownership of railroads which includes no fewer than forty million American men, women, and children.

Always and invariably, in the case of some great calamity or national distress, the cry arises:

"Let George do it!"

In other words, call on the railroads as the major good Samaritans of the country. Ask them to spend their time and energy and money in the public interest.

Do earthquake and fire lay in ruins the magnificent city of San Francisco? The railroads centering there are asked to ignore their own severe losses and difficulties, and to minister to the tribulations of the stricken city until national comfort and aid can be organized. Even then, as in numerous other instances, they are expected to speed the beneficence of the nation by special trains and at reduced rates.

Let the Colorado River burst its bounds and flood the Imperial Valley.



Locamotive and First Car of L. & N.'s "Pan-American Limited" Plunged through Open Drawbridge across Mobile River, Alabama, Killing Engineer "Mose" Ingram, Firemon Ezekiel Crumpton, Baggagemaster J. Nick Vaughn and L. Whipps, Porter. Photo Shows Pullman in Precarious Position; None of Its 18 Passengers Were Hurt



The Iron Horse Has Grown Some in the Last Hundred Years. The Famous Little Old "DeWitt Clinton" Engine and Train Are Pictured beside an N. Y. C. Pacific Type Jack of the 6400 Class

Immediately the cry goes out to the railroads:

"Rescue the garden of the world e'er it is everlastingly too late!"

Thereupon the willing, good-natured roads put to work every construction crew and every dumping car in their service, and in an incredibly short time they turn back the rampant river into its channel and save the fertile valley. This experience was repeated in the deluge that swept over Dayton, Ohio, and in various other catastrophes and disasters, including the last great Mississippi flood.

It is well known that if the farmers raise more grain than they can market without driving prices down, the railroads are immediately asked to shave their rates, with the result that a road may find itself carrying the grain at a loss to itself and without any gain to the farmer. Recently the agriculturists have been asking the railroads to make good their losses from drought.

In other words, somebody is always asking the roads to do something for nothing; and that is one of the causes of the troubles besetting them to-day.

The time has come when the railroads are frankly up against it. That's the truth with the bark on it. Half a dozen railroad presidents have so assured this writer in the past few weeks, and have produced figures to prove their statements. Similar testimony comes generally from business men of impartial views. I am convinced that they are right, and that the whole railroad industry is facing a crisis such as it has never had to deal with before.

What are the conditions now confronting a business which is actually owned by the American people, and upon which our national prosperity largely depends? In plain English, what are the railroads up against? What new competitors, as well as old ones, are eating into their revenue and stealing away their substance?



First Passenger Train to Enter Ashland, Oregon, in May, 1884, on the Oregon & California Railroad, Now Part of the Southern Pacific System. The Man with the Oil Can, the Late Engineer D. McCarthy, Was the Father of H. G. McCarthy, Now Trainmaster at Dunsmuir, Calif.

Moreover—and this is the most important consideration of all—why should the railroads enjoy special consideration from the American people, aside from the fact that they are so largely owned by the people? What special and peculiar contribution do they make to the industry and commerce of the United States?

Every one of these questions would seem to belong to the primary school; yet it is actually astonishing how much ignorance exists regarding them in certain parts of this fair land—as exemplified by the conversation in the Minnesota country store.



Transportation, New and Old. Freight Engine No. 706, Central Vermont Railway, Contrasted with Primitive Types of Motive Power—Namely, the Camel, the Elephant, the Shetland Pony and the Horse

The problem of fair treatment for the railroads is one of the most important questions now under discussion throughout the country. New and unregulated forms of competition and a constant lowering of freight rates have reduced railroad revenues to a serious extent. Substantial amounts of traffic have already been lost to motor vehicles and inland waterways, while the construction of pipe line systems and the extension of electric power lines are diverting still more.

Although there is a place for these new agencies in our national transporttation system, the feeling is growing that, as a matter of public concern, their services should be controlled as are the railroads themselves. Otherwise there is danger that their unrestricted competition will reduce railroad revenues to such an extent as to impair the fine quality of service and efficiency which the country's commerce requires from our steel highways.

It is universally recognized that the prosperity of the railroads is essential to the industrial welfare of the United States. Not only do they constitute the backbone of the national transportation system, but they are most important purchasers of industrial equipment from other industries.

To meet their fuel requirements, they buy *one-fourth of the bituminous coal, nearly one-twentieth of the anthracite coal, and one-fifth of the fuel oil production of the country.* Each year they purchase *one-fifth of the nation's timber cut, about sixteen per cent of its total iron and steel production, and more than five per cent of its Portland cement output.* Their importance as employers of labor is indicated by the fact that they employ nearly four per cent of all the gainfully employed workers in the United States.



Here's Another Central Vermont Jack—the "Governor Smith," Built in the C. V. Shops at Northfield, Vt., about 1870. She Had Red Wheels, Brass Domes and Hand-Pointed Designs on Tender and Headlight. This Photo Comes from Donald Somerville, 79 West Essex Avenue, Lansdowne, Pa., Grandson of an Old-Time C. V. Conductor

These thoughts are summarized in a recent statement by Calvin Coolidge:

> Holding one-twentieth of the national wealth, the railroads can do more for the welfare of the wage earner, of agriculture, and of industry than any other single agency.

The railroads, it is pointed out, have never been operated so economically and efficiently as they are to-day. Operating expenses per thousand traffic units handled were 21.2 per cent less in 1929 than in 1920. This remarkable saving was largely due to the enormous expenditures—$6,855,416,000—made for capital improvements such as new locomotives, conservation of fuel, freight cars of greater capacity, better physical structures, grade reduction, additional trackage, modern signals, etc., during the ten-year period.

The best informed railroad executives tell me that these expenditures, which are essential to continued efficiency, cannot be maintained if the railroads' earnings and credit continue to be impaired. Notwithstanding the greater economy of present-day operation, the rail carriers have not been permitted a rate structure which would produce the return of five and three-quarters per cent on property investment contemplated in the Transportation Act. The highest percentage returned on railroad property of the Class I roads was 5.13, in 1926. In 1929, a year of great prosperity and a large volume of traffic, it was 4.95, and for the first ten months of 1930 it amounted to but 3.51 per cent.

Under the provisions of the Transportation Act of 1920, the Interstate Commerce Commission was authorized to establish rates that would be reasonable and just, and that would afford a return of six per cent upon the value of the properties of the railroads for

two years, and, thereafter, such a percentage as the commission might find fair. In 1922 the I. C. C. fixed a rate of five and three-quarters per cent. In pursuance of this policy an upward revision of freight rates, averaging about thirty per cent, was made in 1920, designed to offset higher operating costs and to produce adequate revenues. The higher rates and the severe post-war depression which came at practically the same time operated to diminish the volume of traffic; and, two years later, the commission ordered general rate reductions, averaging about ten per cent.

Since that year there has been a steady whittling down of railroad rates, during a period of steadily mounting taxes and expenses, with the result that the average revenue per ton-mile in 1929 was sixteen per cent lower than in 1921.

Statistics are dull things, and probably statisticians should be put away in a quiet place for the term of their natural lives; but sometimes we have to resort to figures for a true picture of a given condition. That is why I have tried the patience of the reader with the few paragraphs immediately foregoing. They might be expanded into a large volume, but I have said enough to show what is the matter with the railroads.

After all, since the public, in a broad sense of the word, is the real owner of the railroads of the United States and the greatest beneficiary of the service they give, it would seem to be up to the public to come to their rescue—to see, at least, that they get an even break. That is all that they are asking, so far as this writer can gather after conversations with many important executives, including P. E. Crowley, of the New York Central; J. J. Pelley, of the New Haven, and Carl R. Gray, of the Union Pacific.

It has been suggested that public influence might well be exerted upon Congress to secure the amelioration of archaic legislation affecting the roads. There is, for example, the Sherman Act, which is clearly out of date in almost any form of American business to-day. It is a law which was constructed to work in the days of the



Maybe Some Old-Timers Remember This Rock Island Station at Indianola, Iowa, as It Looked in 1881

horse and buggy, and which has little practical relationship to business as conducted in 1931. There is also the suggestion that the powerful Interstate Commerce Commission — the most powerful controlling commission that exists anywhere in the world to-day—might do well to regard the railroads more humanly, and less as if they were steel and iron monsters bent upon devouring the substance of the people.

But after all, as railroad presidents have admitted to the writer, the salvation of the roads lies with the people themselves. The answer to the whole set of facts set forth in this article is that the people all over the country must come to the rescue of the roads in which they happen to be most interested—the roads of their own particular region.

There are innumerable ways in which this invaluable help can be extended. In the first place, a friendlier sentiment can be adopted by the general public. Friendlier feeling toward the roads would be bound, sooner or later, to exert an important effect upon Congress and upon the Interstate Commerce Commission. The saying is well known that even the United States Supreme Court is not blind to the election returns.

In the second place, the shippers and business men in every community served by a railroad should throw additional business to that line, both freight and passenger, even if such a contribution may not always be convenient. The railroad, after all, is a public benefactor, deserving of public support.

It is up to the real owners of our railroads—the people.

The Other Side of the Picture

By EARLE W. GAGE

Author of "The Big Grain Rush," "The Juice Era," "Hello Service on C. N. R.," etc.



AFTER more than twenty-five years' service as newspaper and magazine writer, this is my first challenge of the statements of a brother writer. I just cannot permit to pass without protest, certain statements included in the feature article, "Railroads Buck the Breadline," by Stanley Day, in the March issue of RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE.

"Before most people ever suspected there'd be a breadline, the railroads got ready for it, and when the first one appeared the railroads began to buck it." That was Mr. Day's opening shot. Let's peek behind the scenes and consider facts which any person may readily locate and use to tell the actual story of what railroad management has been doing about the breadline.


Earle W. Gage

During the first six months of 1930 American railroads added so many men to the ranks of the unemployed as to reduce the pay roll that half of the year by $91,000,000. During

the same period, railroad dividend payments increased by $39,900,000, money wrung from human suffering.

Thousands of faithful employees, many of whom had devoted the best part of a lifetime to the service, were left hungry on the doorstep of the nation that only a few years back had contributed, out of the Federal Treasury, hundreds of millions of dollars to the coffers of those railroads.

Nearly forty million added profits have been enjoyed by railroad owners who, thanks to the alleged valuation plan, were able to exact and collect millions of dollars added income on valuations "watered" to the utmost.

Speaking of the same breadline, Mr. Day tells us that the railroads "have been bucking it ever since." Let's see if that's within a mile of true. Reports show that 161 American railroads on September 1, 1930, employed a quarter of a million fewer men than on the same date in 1929—the exact figures being 1,747,816 men in 1929; only 1,485,906 in 1930.

If we will average four dependents upon each rail employee—which is entirely fair estimate—that reduction last year alone meant that *the railroads contributed more than one million sufferers to the ranks of the unemployed,* or those whose incomes and food supply were directly contributed to by the the failure of rail executives to keep their word with President Hoover.

We all remember that striking picture used in magazines and newspapers over a year ago, showing President Hoover surrounded by thirty-odd rail presidents, as they "solved the rail problem" on the White House lawn.

We recall, equally as easily, that those rail leaders promised the President of the United States that they would not only not lay men off, but that they would maintain the wage



Boys at Play Are Believed to Have Forced the Switch Which Sent This Illinois Central Locomotive Hurtling into Two Wooden Working Cars, Smashing Them to Splinters, a Few Weeks Ago. The Engineer and Fireman Escaped with Slight Injuries

scale; that they would promptly put into operation machinery which should speed up construction and improvement programs to insure prosperity.

Scarcely had those thirty-odd rail presidents wiped the dust of Washington off their feet until there went into effect a wholesale reduction of rail employees, on lines, in the shops, in the offices. Departments that for twenty-five years had been considered essential were eliminated, the men fired.

But not because the railroad industry was facing a crisis. Nothing of the kind. As John J. Pelley, president of the New York, New Haven & Hartford, put it in a recent address to the New York Bond Club:

> There can be no crisis, because the railroads, in good years and bad, are handling the freight traffic of this country at a rate of about one cent per ton-mile, and no other transportation agency or combination of agencies can possibly provide this service.

Did the railroads retrench because the motorbus lines were killing off rail traffic? Were planes whizzing about and picking up all the pay business? Not in the least, for *nearly every paying bus and plane line that operates on a large scale in this country is a partner, silent or otherwise, of some railroad.* To talk about that sort of competition is to refuse to face facts.

Did revenue-traffic so slump as to warrant firing every seventh man? *No!* There has been a bad slump, of course, but that doesn't explain everything.

The wholesale reduction was performed after the big financial interests who own or control our railroads passed word to chief executives that a sufficient number of men must be deprived of wages to insure ripe dividends. The price of American rail securities must be kept up by making a showing at the end of the year; the spirit and pocketbooks of investors must be boosted.

The rail employee paid and paid for months by being deprived of jobs, so that the stockholders might receive and receive. *That's how the railroads bucked the breadline; and every "rail" in the country knows it to be the fact!*

30,000 TRAINMEN FILE PROTEST

WHAT was described as policy of "cutting off men from all departments in strikingly greater proportions than reduction in business would warrant" has aroused the ire of 30,000 train service employees of the New York Central Lines East, who have filed a protest, through a general committee, with President Hoover and A. F. Whitney, president of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen. The New York Central's net income during the past five years was, in round numbers, 77 million, 63 million, 67 million, 77 million and, last year, 36 million dollars.

The New York Central Railroad was the largest taxpayer in New York City last year, contributing more than $9,000,000 to the municipal treasury.

P. R. R. IS PROSPEROUS, DESPITE HARD TIMES

DESPITE the unprecedented decrease of more than $118,600,000 in operating revenues of the Pennsylvania Railroad last year, the company earned a surplus of nearly $11,500,000, over and above fixed charges, sinking and reserve funds, and a dividend, 8 per cent earned, 4 per cent paid, according to the income statement for 1930.

The Penroad Corporation, an investment affiliate of the Pennsylvania Railroad, reports for 1930 a net income of $4,468,764 after expenses, taxes and interest. This is equivalent to 49 cents a share on the 9,090,000 capital shares outstanding at the end of the year.

TRUE TALES OF THE RAILS



Illustrated by Harry Nevins

A BOY generally gets his first thrill from a Fourth of July firecracker. The second comes at Christmas. The third when papa takes him to see the circus parade. And the other when he " joins out " with a big circus aggregation.

At least that was my case. When George Dixon, the bandmaster, engaged me for bass in his band with the S. H. Barrett show, I would not have exchanged places with President Arthur, for the year of which I speak was the spring of 1882.

This colossal show was owned by Barrett's brother-in-law, Lewis Sells of the Sells Brothers. The S. H. Barrett was a good show as old-time circus people will recall.

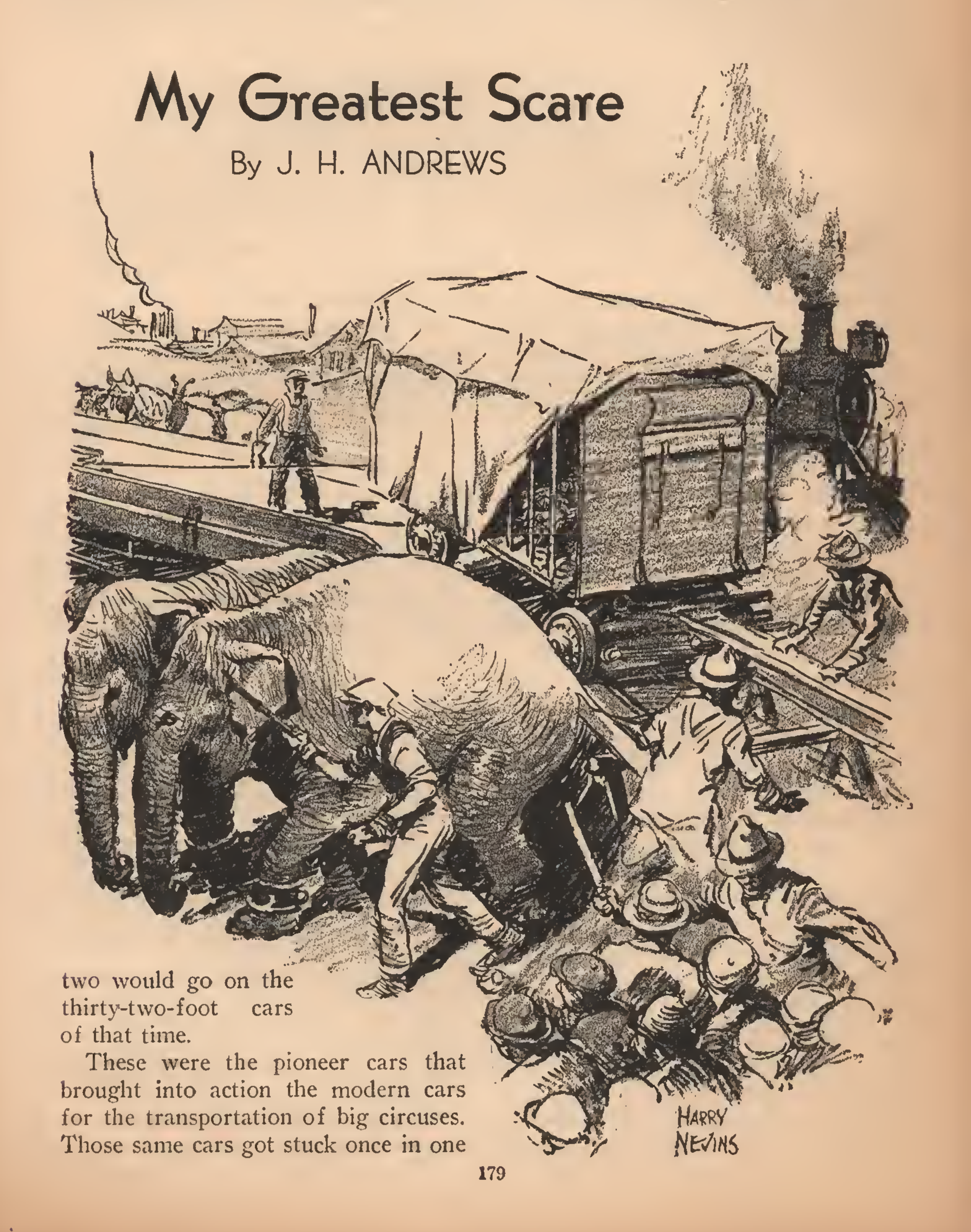
Now in the fall of 1881 the railroads made a ruling that they would charge so much a car for hauling a circus train. The fact is the railroads were never very warm on the matter of transportation of circuses, for there was too much involved should there be a wreck.

To defeat the railroads, Lewis Sells went to the John A. Gill Car Building Company of Columbus, Ohio, and ordered eleven fifty-four-foot flat cars and fourteen box and stock cars of the same length. On the flat cars four cages could be placed, whereas only

Actual Happenings Told by Men Who Experienced or Witnessed Them, with Some of the Names Disguised

My Greatest Scare

By J. H. ANDREWS



two would go on the thirty-two-foot cars of that time.

These were the pioneer cars that brought into action the modern cars for the transportation of big circuses. Those same cars got stuck once in one

of the tunnels under Pittsburgh, Pa. They were too long to take the curve. The tunnel was full of sulphur gas from the engine, and we all but suffocated.

At another time on account of these long cars we came near meeting death at Culpeper Court House, Va., because the train was longer than the siding. Before the signal could be given the Richmond-Washington express came around the curve before we could clear and crashed into our rear end.

What saved the sleepers were two carloads of watermelons and the caboose. The melons, ready for shipment, were scattered in every direction; their trucks were shoved under the caboose, and the caboose trucks under the sleepers. That was once we looked upon the big cucumber with reverence while we devoured the luscious fruit.

The S. H. Barrett show was routed by "Andy" Springer, known the country over by railroad men and circus officials as an authority on the amount of sidetrack in any city of importance in the United States and Canada.

In Johnstown, Pa., the circus was mobbed and the side walls cut into ribbons. The guy ropes were cut and the vandals were cutting the ropes to the three big center poles when Willis Cobb went out and addressed the mob, telling them they might have relatives or friends in the tent and that if those immense poles should fall they might be killed or injured. He promised that if they would let the ropes alone all would be admitted to the concert performance free. This talk had its effect.

During the parade in this town the toughs threw stones at everything and everybody. We had a number of monkeys in the pageant, riding Shetland ponies. These poor little inoffensive creatures proved an especially attractive mark for hunks of slag, and had finally to be returned to the lot, some of them quite seriously injured. These hoodlums made it a practice to mob every circus that came to town. One of our men was shot, but not seriously.

At Hoboken, New Jersey, the toughs came over from New York City and riddled our tent, crashed the gate, and did a lot of minor damage besides giving us plenty of scare.

But my greatest scare was due to the freakish construction of those extra-long cars built especially for the Barrett show.

These cars were to be ready by April 15th, 1882, so that the circus could make its opening date, which was Logan, Ohio, on time. But when April arrived the cars were not ready for the road. The brakes had not been made effective, and the journals had not been properly oiled and made ready for friction.

But there was no alternative. The towns had been selected and billed, with paper plastered on every barn, billboard and other conspicuous place. Contracts for provender for stock and for hotels, printing, *et cetera,* had been made and signed by the advance cars, and go we had to, brakes or no brakes.

It must be remembered that everything was new to everybody. New plans were required for a fifty-four-foot car, and that took time; new conditions were met up with in the construction of these cars; every point of difference had to be worked out at first hand.

The train crew had to learn how to handle these extra long and extra

heavy cars, and the enginemen were new at this game of control. The hoghead had twenty-five cars behind his engine, but he must think fifty, which did not include two sleeping cars and the caboose. This was not so easy, as we noted by the way the train was handled. No doubt there are many train crews yet alive who hauled this circus train and remember how monstrous these cars were considered for those days. This was long before the Westinghouse air brake had been applied to freight cars and the old link coupler was yet in use. We had brakes fit only for a baby carriage.

We left Columbus on that first trip about 11 P.M. and had proceeded but a few miles when we had any number of hot boxes. The train was stopped, and an attempt was made to cool the journals by throwing dust into them.

Water was resorted to, but the most effective method seemed to be to wait until they cooled. Then we would proceed, only to be stopped by more hot boxes.

At one time I looked out and it seemed as if the whole train were ablaze, for fire was coming from almost every journal down the line. It was only forty miles to Logan, but we did not arrive there until well into the forenoon.

From the first the railroads entered a vigorous protest regarding the condition of the brakes, and they'd all but refused to move the train under the present conditions. But smooth talk by Lewis Sells—and he was a smooth and convincing talker, if ever there was one—together with the work done each day upon the brakes, kept the railroad officials in a fairly good humor. So they let the train proceed as far as Steubenville, Ohio, which was reached in the manner you shall presently see.

Rains set in as we proceeded up the Ohio River. Not just rain, but a deluge, so that very little work could be accomplished each day. At Nelsonville it poured so that there was no parade except by the band.

At Salineville, New Philadelphia, Pomeroy, Gallipolis, and other points the rain continued. This condition prevailed until Bellaire, Belmont County, Ohio, was reached, and then came the near disaster.

We had been having more or less trouble, but the train crews were very careful, so that, aside from much profanity when they were stuck on some grade where they had not correctly estimated the power needed to get us over, everything was progressing passably well.

But all that day at Bellaire the atmosphere seemed laden with foreboding. Believe it or not, the animals were ill at ease, a fact for which, of course, the trainers could not account. The elephants were especially moody and morose, and when it came to driving them back into the cars after the show it proved a strenuous undertaking. Even after they were in the cars they would utter subdued, sounds. Only the horses retained their composure.

When all was in readiness and "Big Jim," the train loader, had given the engineman the "high ball," we set out for Steubenville.

Sometime in the night, as near as I can recall about two o'clock, I was awakened by the terrific swinging and swaying of our sleeper, which at once told me we were running at very high speed—much faster than we had ever done before.

I woke up my partner, Charley Ruley, an old-timer of the circus, and

called his attention to what was going on. He looked out the window and realized our situation at once. "This train is running away," was his horrified verdict. "It is going wild." Then he got up and dressed immediately.

By this time the rest of the company had sensed what was going on, and were dressing as best they could, for the car was rocking terribly. All of the two hundred men and women were frightened to the point of frenzy. For it was perfectly obvious that the train was beyond control of the train crew.

The suspense was awful. What if we should be derailed? There were one hundred and two horses; two cages of lions; two of tigers; one of leopards and two of hyenas; a half dozen camels or dromedaries; one rhinoceros and one hippopotamus; two giraffes, three elephants, and a number of cages of African small animals like the gazelle and gnu. Snakes, monkeys and birds took up a number of cages. One can imagine the catastrophe that would have occurred had the train gone into the ditch.

But the train held the rails and we landed safely in Steubenville.

Of course, the engineman and fireman were the first to be interviewed. It was simple enough. The train had got beyond control. They informed us we were going at the rate of seventy miles per hour. And while that speed does not seem particularly interesting at this date, remember that this was forty-eight years ago. What the engineman feared most was that the train would push the engine from the rails.

If there ever was a bunch of blue circus performers and employees it was we on our arrival in Steubenville. The two performances in that city were the worst ever given by a big show, for the thought of our escape from death was uppermost in our minds.

So you see, circus life is not all music, spangles and flashy uniforms. I learned much on that first big circus transportation train.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Readers especially interested in this subject are referred to "Railroading the Circus," by John Wilstach, Feb., 1930, RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE, and "Sure-Shot Gilhooly," by A. W. Somerville, Sept., 1930.

Two Feet from Death

By JACQUES GIROUARD

Illustrated by John R. Neill



WHAT is one man's meat is another man's poison, and what is one man's thrill may be only a passing incident in the life of another. I've been in lots of tight places, many a bad smashup, but to save my life I never could class them as thrills. My greatest thrill came the night I stood on a flat car and wondered which would be the easiest death to choose.

The night I'm speaking of happened in the summer of 1915. At that time

I was shacking on the Stony Island in Kansas. It was during the wheat harvest, and hoboes and so-called harvest hands were thicker than a seven-year plague of locusts on every freight train that headed west or south or southwest. And I don't need to tell you that every brake hand felt it his duty to levy tribute and collect toll from these knights of the weary pitchforks and binders.

I was one of those hardy brake clubbers, and of course I collected along with the rest. The only difference between me and most of the other shacks was that I did not carry a gun. All I ever carried was a good brake club. And I must say that in all my experience as a brakeman and a collector of hobo money, I had never found the time when I needed a gun up to the night that I got my thrill.

This night we had a drag. One of those drags that make you tired just to look at them, let alone work over them. One of those up and down drags, you know the kind I mean. A high one here and a low one there. First a gondola, then a high one, and after that a flat all over the train from the engine to the caboose.

Sure, it's a mean train for a brakeman to cover, but ideal for harvest hands, since it furnishes a lot of places to ride and hide. And this night was no exception to the rule. My partner on the rear end was a fellow by the name of "Red" Davis, whose idea of handling hoboes was to hit first and ask questions afterward.

"Listen," says he on leaving the division point. "How do you want to handle these hoboes—together or each go it alone?"

"Suit yourself," I said. "Either way suits me."

"Well, I always like to go it alone," he tells me. "Whatever you get, you keep. I'll take the rear end of the train and you take the head end. We got sixty cars all told to-night. Right in the middle of the train is a flat car with two automobiles on it. You take everything up to and including that flat car, and I'll take everything from it to the caboose."

"Okay," I replies.

About that time the brains passes by on his way to the head end with the orders. He stops long enough to hand a set to Davis and me to read. We do, and find we got a meet with a hot shot over at the first town, and we do the heading in there as was to be expected.

I mosey over to the engine and line up to let him out. We highball out of town and over to the first station and take the siding. The hot shot shows up almost as soon as we get into clear, and soon we're on our way again.

I wait until we're out on the main line with the switches closed before I start rustling my passengers. And to make sure that I don't have any guys slip by my partner and over onto my territory, I begin at the head end and work back. I figure Red will do the same from the caboose, and in that way we'll meet on the flat car.

Business is poor that night. Getting money out of what harvest hands were on that train was just like pulling teeth for a Scotchman. To hear them tell it they're all busted flat, and with nothing to show for their season in Kansas but a lot of hard luck tales.

But I'm doing fairly well at that, even if it is slow work. Now and then I wonder where Red is, and when he's going to start his collecting. So far I haven't seen any signs of a lantern back on the train since I left the head end. And I know Red isn't so foolish as to start out without a lantern, es-

pecially on a dark night like this one was.

It was not only a dark night, but a gloomy night, and about the only time you had any light in the sky was when the fire boy opened the door of the pig up ahead to bale in some more hay.

At last I reach the flat car with the automobiles on it, both covered with tarpaulins to keep them free from dust or rain. Not a sign of a soul on the car.

"Well," I says to myself, "I guess I've finished."

I perched myself on the edge and balanced the bank roll. All told I had some thirty dollars to show for my evening's work. Not bad at all, but I had done better at other times. Along with what I had in the bank roll back home, it would enable me to live easy for a while after the slump hit and I would get cut off the extra board.

Up to that time I never thought of inspecting under the tarpaulins for possible passengers. I had merely taken it for granted that there was nobody there. To this day I don't know what gave me the idea, but more than once after that I wished I had been smart enough to let well enough alone.

Anyway, the idea comes to me that maybe somebody has climbed under those tarpaulins and into the cars themselves. And just to see if it was true, I get up and crawl under the first one to inspect it. I'm not surprised to find it is empty. But I can't help thinking what a nice place it would be to ride. The car is a touring car, with nice great big wide seats and soft leather upholstery.

So up to the second car I go. Under the tarpaulin, and up on the running board, I crawl, with my lantern in one hand and my trusty brake club in the other. One flash of my lantern and I knew my hunches were right. There, curled up in the seats of that touring car, are two hoboes, one in the front seat and one in the back. They made me think of a couple of lazy tomcats sunning themselves in the sun or warming themselves by a fireside.

"Hey!" I calls to them. "Where you guys headed for?"

No answer. I'm satisfied they'd heard me, and are playing 'possum. That kind of makes me peeved, and I get a good hold on my brake club and ask them again.

Still no answer. Up comes my old brake club and I swat the soles of the shoes of the fellow nearest me, just like I'd had cops slap mine at times.

Do I get results? I do. Up comes the owner of the feet like he'd been stung by a bumblebee, and the way he threw cuss words right and left was enough to make a mule skinner hide his head in shame to think there was so much language left in the world that he didn't know to use. At the same time the guy in the rear seat sits up to see what's going on.

"Shake out of there!" I growls in my meanest voice. "This is no free excursion train. What 're you boys riding on, anyhow?"

"Well, if it ain't a—brakeman!" snarls the one in the front seat. He glares at me in the way an angry tomcat does just before he starts fighting. "Say, bozo, did you hit me on me feet?"

I nodded. "And I'll hit you on something softer than that if you don't come out of there mighty quick!" I snap.

"So-o-o!" bawls this guy real mean like.

A move so swift that it makes me think of stories I'd read about old hard-boiled Western two-gun men, and

I'm looking down the barrel of a gun that looks at least the size of a small cannon.

"Up with them, bozo!" says this guy in a voice that tells me he means business. "Make it pronto or I'll let daylight through that big head of yours. I been wanting to kill me a shack for a long time, and now looks like my chance." He turns to the guy in the back seat. "Go through him, Tom, and see what he's got worth while."

Tom did. First he took my lantern and brake club, then my watch and money. My money was in my pocket-book along with my lodge receipts. Tom puts them all in his pockets and announces that I got no gun. Then the gun boy makes me turn around and climb out from under the tarpaulin ahead of him and Tom.



Two Feet from Where I Stood Was Deoth if I Jumped

"Now, shack, you better get ready to kick off," says this baby to me. "You ain't got long to live."

"Listen," I tell him. "I was only joking with you guys. You boys can ride here for all of me. Can't you take a little joke?"

"Sure we can," laughs this gun boy in a way that sends a chill all over me. "And we can take a joker and his money. Tom, hold the light up a little so I can see where to shoot."

Tom does, and I can see their faces better. There, on that swaying flat car, in the gloomy darkness, I don't

think I ever saw two meaner faces than the mugs of those hoboes. And if I've been foolish enough to think they're joking with me, I might as well change my mind right now. Maybe if I hadn't been so worried and scared I might have started begging for my life. But as it was I was so scared I couldn't talk at all.

The hoghead has the train on a downhill grade by this time, and we're clipping off the miles at a pretty good pace. All I could see on each side of the train was blank spaces, with little black dots in between that might have been anything from telegraph poles to trees. I wondered what chance I might have to make a sudden jump for life, and immediately decided I wouldn't have any at all with the pace we were going. About that time Tom speaks up.

"Let's don't kill him in cold blood," says Tom. "Let's make him walk the plank like the old pirates used to do. It 'd be a lot more fun. Of course, if you want to, you can shoot at him in the darkness after he jumps off."

That's when I found my tongue, and believe me I used it. I told them they didn't want to commit murder, and that I knew they were just joking, and if they would give me back my watch and lodge receipts they could have the money and we'd call it square. To all this they gave me the horse laugh.

"You ain't got no say about nothing," says the man with the gun. "We're boss here now, and you'll do as we say. We'll keep what we got and you'll get a chance to walk the plank and no more. And take it from me, you're lucky to get off so easy."

"I'll say," Tom echoes. "Well, let's get the show over."

"The curtain is going up on the main act now," grins the gunman. He waves the weapon at me. "All right, kid, get a little resin on your feet so you won't slip as you step out. I'm counting three and then I'm starting to shoot if you ain't moving."

My legs began to buckle under me as he leveled the gun. Even if I had wanted to jump I could not, I was that weak in the knees. A thousand desperate thoughts went through my brain as I wondered how I could get out of it all. But the one that stuck there was to make a fight for it, gun or no gun, and take my chances on getting shot and coming out alive.

"One," says the guy with the gun just then.

My heart moved up in my throat. Almost at the fellow's feet was my brake club. If I had had it I might have stood a chance in a fight. Of course the odds were two to one that I'd get plugged the first move I made, yet I was that scared and desperate that I was willing to dare anything.

"Two," says this gunman slow and meaning like. "Move those feet, smart boy."

I moved my feet. In fact, I merely shuffled them. There was no feeling in my legs at all. Like the rest of me they were numb and cold. I looked out over the edge of the swaying flat car and my heart went sick inside me. Two feet from where I stood was death if I jumped. On the other hand, barely two feet away was death in the hands of the hobo.

I clenched my fists and set my teeth as I faced back to the hobo. My mind was made up. Once he said "three," and I would be upon him. Maybe I could knock the gun from his hand and shove him over the edge of the car between the cars in the doing. After that I could handle the one

called Tom. At least, he did not have a gun.

"Last call, smart boy," said the hobo with the gun. "I'm going to say—"

His words died away in a gasp of surprise as there came a dull thudding sound and he pitched forward on his side in a heap, the gun spinning out of his hand and sailing over the side of the flat to be lost on the right of way. Behind him I saw a burly figure step from out of the darkness, and the next minute a flash light played on me and Tom. Then a voice that was like that of an angel in my ears said in cold tones:

"Put down that lantern, you mangy cur, and jump yourself."

It was Red's voice speaking. And even as he spoke a bullet plowed the floor of the flat almost at the feet of Tom. Before the gun could bark again, Tom had started to leap over the edge of the car. I tackled him like a football player on a muddy field and brought him back to the deck in a heap.

"He's got my money, Red!" I yelled. "He's got my money."

That held Red. While he held the gun on Tom, I took all the money in his clothes that I could find, and also my watch and pocketbook. He began to whimper when I had finished. I think it was that whimpering that made me see red. Before I knew what I was doing I slammed him in the face with my fist. He bellowed like a stuck hog.

"Beat him up!" Red commanded me. "I'll do the same for this guy," as he reached for the guy who had held the gun on me.

But Tom did not wait to be beaten up. With a yell like a wild cat, he made a dash for the car ahead and went up the rungs like a monkey on a stick. Red fired twice in the air, which didn't help Tom's nerves any.

But Red sure worked on this other guy. When he quit it was because he was worn out himself. Red hit this hobo with everything on that flat car except the automobiles where I'd found them. After that we took him over to the engine to shovel down coal for the fireman. There, on the engine tank, we found Tom, who began to beg for his life. I hit him once for luck, then let him go. After all, he had not been so mean to me.

"It's a good thing you came," I told Red. "I figured I was gone for good."

"I was there when you all crawled out from under the tarpaulin," Red grinned. "Guess I must have climbed down there while you were under there. I was just waiting to see what was going to take place. And all the time I had my gun trained on this bird. You never was in no danger at all—only you didn't know it."

"But your lantern," I said. "What did you do with it?"

"Caboose," says Red. "I never work a train with no lantern. I use my flash light. You can slip up on them that way."

Well, to make a long story short, we took these two hoboes into Wichita and called the police and told them we'd prefer charges, if necessary. The police said they'd take care of that, as there was a law against bums riding trains. But me, I wanted to see them do time for the scare they'd given me, and said so. The police said for me to show up the next day and I could charge them with murder and all else if I wanted to.

I never did, because it wasn't necessary. Those two fellows had criminal records, and were wanted in a dozen

places. The State gave them twenty years for past offenses, I heard later with some satisfaction.

But I had my thrill, and it was enough to last me a lifetime, even if Red did say I never was in real danger. One thing, though, it taught me a lesson. I rustle no more hoboes. Always afraid that maybe I might run into these birds again, and the next time there would be no Red to save me.

The Wreck at Snake Curve

By RICARDO P. DÍAZ

Illustrated by Fred Small



I SUPPOSE the railroad was in my blood. My father was born and brought up in a pretty little town in the Berkshire Hills country in New England, and, like his father and uncle before him, he went "on the road" at an early age. Since he was firing for his Uncle Bill, railroad life came pretty easy to him.

One bright spring morning, as they came puffing down through the Harlem Valley, Uncle Bill almost caused my father's premature death from shock.

"Hank," said Uncle Bill, "this is going to be our last run together. I'm quitting to-night. Have you heard of the big salaries they're paying American railroad men to go down to Mexico? They're offering double the salary I get here, and all expenses. I hear living is very cheap down there; so I signed up."

When dad had partially recovered from the shock, he asked his uncle if the Mexicans needed any firemen. Uncle Bill answered that from what he heard he gathered that they would take dad on as an engineer at once. Well, the result was that Uncle Bill and dad came down to Mexico together in 1897. They must have liked it here, because Uncle Bill sent for his wife and kids, and within a year dad married a Mexican girl. I was born near San Lazaro in 1900.

Later we moved to Tlaxcoapan, where I learned telegraphy at an early age.

I knew "ops" were getting big pay in these troublesome times—for this was while Carranza was President; and a friend found me a place in a fourth-class office in the State of Vera Cruz. In no time at all I was taken out of there and sent to a more important office at Cordoba.

The whole State of Vera Cruz was infested with rebels, or, as the government called them, bandits. They were scattered all along the railroad lines and in the mountains near by. Ahead of every passenger train that went over the route a pilot train was sent to guard it. The cars of the pilot train were heavily armed, and carried about a hundred and fifty soldiers, with machine guns and two mountain cannons on a revolving platform. If the passengers were well guarded, shipments of oil from Vera Cruz to Mexico City and gold and silver shipments from Mexico City to Vera Cruz were even more carefully protected. Train No. 18

brought oil from the coast, while No. 16 carried out the more important shipments of gold and silver from the capital.

The engineer of the first No. 16—the first, that is, of four sections—was an American and a friend of mine. He lived in the town of Cordoba, at the same hotel as myself. He was a good-looking fellow, and was popular with the girls in several towns along the line. His salary was four hundred dollars a month in American money, with double pay for overtime. The railroad had to offer high pay, for few engineers were anxious to run so dangerous a route. His name was Fred Burke, and the Mexican girls called him Federico.

I said that the girls all along the line liked Federico, but there was one girl in Cordoba who seemed to be crazy about him. She was a beautiful brunette, with a small tip-tilted nose and enormous black eyes. She and her sister used to come to the *vestibulo* of the hotel, sit down at one of the little round tables, and drink soda water until Fred appeared to pay the bill.

Almost every night, when I was working the shift from 11 P.M. to 7 A.M., the two girls would come to the station about one o'clock, to talk to Fred for the fifteen or twenty minutes the engine was in the Cordoba roundhouse. As the trains weren't running on very regular schedules in those days, the girls used to come into the office to find out from me when Federico's train would arrive. I used to tell them as soon as I got the signal from Orizaba; and within an hour the first No. 16 would be in Cordoba.

About a quarter to one the dispatcher at Orizaba would often ask me if the first No. 16 had arrived yet. As you may know, every telegrapher gets to recognize the sending of the people with whom he is in connection on the line.

One night, strange to tell, when the dispatcher asked about No. 16, there was nothing familiar to me about his sending; but I thought he might be an extra dispatcher, and I answered that the train had not come in. It happened that night, as I had told the girls earlier in the day, that the train carried no cargo.

Early next morning Colonel Araiza, who was in command of all the pilot trains on our division, came into Cordoba with about four hundred men. A little later the two sisters came to the hotel and got me out of bed, just to ask me to please let Federico know that they couldn't come to the station that night, because there were so many rough soldiers around.

Areli, the one interested in Fred, asked me:

"You don't think he will be angry at me?"

I told her that he would probably have to stick close to the engine anyhow, since they were carrying a big shipment of gold to the coast that evening.

"Oh, I shall be so worried!" she answered. "If the *bandidos* should learn of this, Federico might never come back!"

She began to cry, and I tried to comfort her by telling her that they would send a big pilot train ahead of the first No. 16, to see that the road was safe.

That night, at 1.15 A.M., the dispatcher again asked for No. 16.. Again it was an unfamiliar sender, but this time I did not answer; and I had a reason for doing so. The dispatcher always began work at midnight. About 12.30 I had received some orders from the regular dispatcher, and so I knew there was no explanation for this

questioning by a strange sender. There were many night offices on the line, but the dispatcher was always on the first wire. The dispatcher was on the line to the west, so I put a ground on the first wire, cutting off all the lines to the west, and discovered that the sender was still coming in.

Then I knew two things—it was not the dispatcher, and it was coming from the east; so on the second wire I called Orizaba, the headquarters offices, and told the dispatcher that some one was asking about No. 16. He ordered me to take out the ground, so that he could listen to the strange sender. After listening for a minute or two, however, and hearing no repetition of the call, he gave up the quest, seeming to take little interest in the matter.

I wasn't satisfied to give up so easily. Calling Paraje Nuevo, to the east—on the second wire, since the intruder was using the first wire—I asked the operator there to put his ground to the west and see if he could hear anything to the east—that is, between his station and Vera Cruz. He heard nothing.

Then I asked him to put it to the east. He could now hear the strange sender calling me again; so I had located the interloper to the east of me and to the west of Paraje Nuevo. There were no night stations between us, so I knew it must be some one who had cut in on the wire.

I now asked Paraje Nuevo to keep his ground to the east, thereby cutting off the wire to Vera Cruz. I thought that there might be more rebels between Paraje Nuevo and Vera Cruz, and that if they found their comrades to the westward had failed, they could finish what the first assailants had not been able to do.

I also notified the dispatcher at Orizaba; but in the meantime he had decided that because of the poor sending of the wire tapper, it might have been some beginner practicing at Peñuelas station.

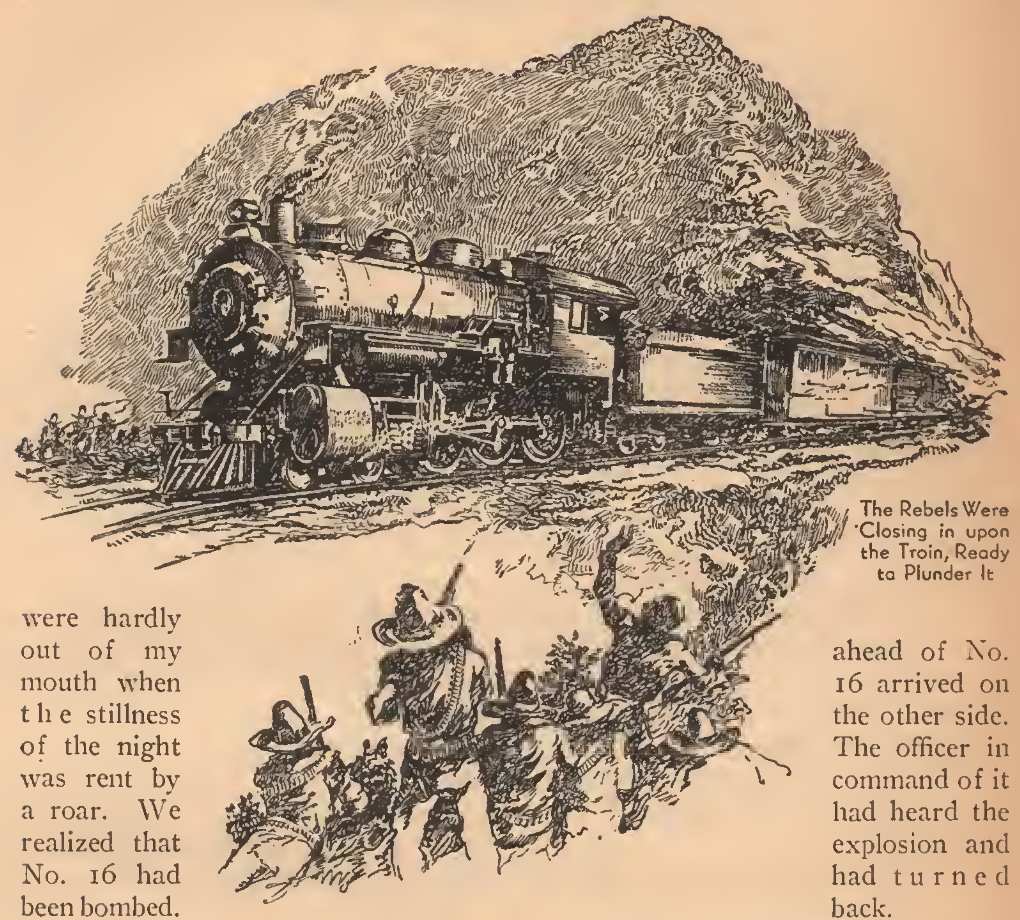
Just then the first section of No. 16 pulled in. Fred Burke came into the office, and I delivered the message from Areli. Then I told him about the strange sender I had discovered on the line, but he agreed with the dispatcher that it was probably a beginner at Peñuelas.

For a minute I thought that perhaps Fred had another girl friend down there, who was bothering the operator to find out at what time No. 16 would come in; but then I remembered the train didn't stop at Peñuelas, since that is only a day office.

Not without some fear of getting into trouble, I called Colonel Araiza by telephone, and told him what had happened. My fear increased when I discovered that I had interrupted a party at which the commander of the pilot trains was the guest of honor. Fortunately, however, the colonel didn't take it as lightly as the dispatcher had. It took him only ten minutes to get to the station, which he reached just after the pilot train of No. 16 had left.

It took me only a few minutes to explain my suspicions to Colonel Araiza. He understood readily, since he had once been a telegrapher himself; but when he found out that the pilot train had gone ahead, he decided to let No. 16 follow. By this time the passenger train was delayed about fifteen minutes behind its pilot.

Araiza, nevertheless, was somewhat disturbed, and he decided to stay around the station. It was a clear, quiet night. The train had been out about fifteen minutes, and I was telling the colonel that I had a feeling that everything was not all right. The words



The Rebels Were Closing in upon the Train, Ready to Plunder It

were hardly out of my mouth when the stillness of the night was rent by a roar. We realized that No. 16 had been bombed.

We rushed out from the office and instinctively looked toward the east. In no time the colonel's own pilot train was ready. Thinking of Fred Burke, I ran back to the hotel, which was just behind the station, and got Chief Operator Garfias to take my place, so that I could go on the colonel's train. As we started, we could see the flames rising from the burning cars, about a dozen miles away, and we could hear the shots of the rebels attacking the train. They were being held off for a short time by the fact that there were about twenty soldiers on the train.

When we reached Snake Curve, the rebels were closing in upon the train, to plunder it. Just as we got there, however, the pilot train that had gone ahead of No. 16 arrived on the other side. The officer in command of it had heard the explosion and had turned back.

Araiza's men now opened fire on the rebels from our side, while the soldiers from the pilot train attacked them on the other side. The rebels had a large force, and they held us for a couple of hours; but our artillery and searchlights gave us an advantage which proved decisive.

Two of the middle cars of No. 16 were in flames, and it seemed as if the whole train would soon catch fire. Colonel Araiza ordered some of his men to cut off the burning cars from the rest of the train, and this was done while the rebels were still firing from the woods. All this time I was wondering what had happened to Fred Burke.

About five o'clock daylight began to

appear, and the rebels saw that they had no chance of capturing their rich prize. They went back into the hills, leaving behind them ninety men wounded, dead, or dying.

At last they opened the doors of the armored cars. It was light now, and I made straight for the engine. How happy I was to see that it was practically untouched! It seemed that the middle of the train had been blown up, and the first few cars and the last cars were still on the rails; and there near the engine stood Fred, safe and sound. It was almost a miracle. He told us that at the first shots they had put out the lights of the engine and crawled beneath the wheels, and there they had lain during all the fighting.

By six o'clock the repair train had arrived, and by eight we returned to Cordoba with the wounded and dead. The gold shipment was saved, but the two cars that burned had been loaded with a valuable consignment of raw silk.

Fred and I were given a few days off to rest up our shattered nerves; and believe me, we needed it. Almost everybody in Cordoba that we knew, and many whom we hadn't known before, came in to see us; for we were the heroes of the day. There was one thing that bothered Fred a great deal, however. Neither Areli nor her sister had visited him or sent any one to ask about him.

As it was annoying him so much, I suggested that we might walk around to where the señoritas lived; so just before dinner one evening we walked up a street bordered with palm trees, and came to the house where the girls had told Fred that they lived with their grandmother. The servant who answered the doorbell showed us into the living room, and left us there. In a few minutes she came back, followed by a little old lady.

Fred seemed to have lost his ready tongue, so I explained why we had come. I thought the old lady was going to throw a fit.

" They told you they were my granddaughters, did they? Witches—that's what they are!" she screamed in a thin old voice, waving her bony hands wildly. " Evidently they bewitched you as they did my son. He is my last boy. Three months ago he brought those two girls to me, and told me they were the sisters of his friend. Do you know whose sisters they are?" She shrieked the answer to her own question. " They are the sisters of Panuncio Martinez, the bandit!"

We had to believe the old lady. Besides, a hundred significant incidents flashed through my mind. I looked at Fred, and I don't think I'll ever forget his expression.

" My son was wounded and taken prisoner during the fighting the other night. I went to the hospital where he was, and, because he thought he was dying, he told me the whole story. He is not badly hurt, *señores,* but when I left the hospital I did not know that. I swore to myself that I would kill the evil creatures in my house; but alas, when I arrived here they were gone!

" That is all I know about them. No, that is not all. He told me how they went to the engineers and got them to tell when shipments were going through, and where the pilot trains were at night, and in which stations there were detachments of soldiers. Possessed of the very devil they were in their cleverness!"

I thanked the old woman. I could see that Fred wasn't able to say a word. Much later he made his only comment: " I'm off women for life."

An Ocean of Hogs

By ALONZO WYNN

Illustrated by J. Campbell Farren

BACK in 1906 the Boston & Maine was having a tough time to pay operating expenses. Rolling stock had deteriorated to the point where it was a joke for some and a dangerous menace to others. All the



Like a Wave of the Ocean They Were Sweeping toward Us

best stuff was pushed to the main lines; the branch roads took what was left.

On the Northampton Branch, where I was stationed as signal towerman, good freight engines were scarce. Every eagle-eye out of Boston cast a suspicious eye over his junk pile and disgustedly squirted oil at worn-out bearings and clattering side-rods. Every run was a race against trouble, with the devil hanging on behind.

One cold winter night Patsy Dover and I were holding down the warmest seats we could find in BN tower, known as Black Marsh, a junction point where the B. & M. crossed the New Haven at grade. Both branches were single track lines, but were kept hot with night freight traffic.

Patsy, who was repair man, grumbled at being kept on duty on account of drifting snow. My job was to take train orders on both roads, also to set up the tracks and signals as the trains came along. Wind wailed, snow slithered about the tower and drifted over the tracks; signal lights were blurred, heavy freight trains were slowed up.

Patsy stormed through the door for the sixth time since dark, grumbling: "Helluva night!"

I shivered as an icy blast struck my back. Looking up from the telegraph where I had just copied a meet order, I scowled disgustedly.

"Yeah. But why not shut that damn door?"

Patsy grinned and closed the door with a kick.

"Yuh know what I'd like about now?" he drawled good-naturedly as he pulled a black pipe from his coat and lit it. "About three good juicy slices of fresh pork roasted over a sizzlin' fire—"

Just then a long drag roared noisily by on the B. & M., sparks showering out of the engine stack. Patsy opened the door of the shack a crack and stuck his tousled head out into the storm. In a moment he was back, slamming the door after him.

"Thought I heard a queer noise under one of them cars," he mumbled carelessly. "T' hell with it, I'm not goin' out in this storm—"

I turned inquiringly. "What do yuh mean, Pat? You think somethin' was draggin' under that train?"

Pat knocked his pipe against a signal lever.

"Yeah, sounded that way. But let her drag. We should worry on a night like this!"

I gave him a sharp look, then answered the telegraph. If the track were torn up, it was Patsy's job to fix it, not mine. I glanced calculatingly at my watch which hung over the telegraph table.

"Gosh, it's time for that fast freight from Lowell," I remarked lazily. "Have to give her a good show tonight so they can make the hill—"

The words were hardly out of my mouth, when the annunciator bell rang its warning, and the circular indicator over the interlocking machine showed a train approaching from the north.

"There she comes!" With a hard pull, I changed over the switches and derails, then one by one set up the signals; home, near-home, and distant, which gave the train a clear route. As the caution signal dropped, I heard a shrill whistle a mile up the line.

Curiously Patsy and I went to a window and watched the headlight of the approaching train grow larger. Soon we could see the black smoke surge up from the stack and clouds of steam spurting from leaky cylinder heads.

Like a meteor the long train thundered down the grade toward us, the white glare of the headlight pointing like the finger of doom. Side rods flashed up and down, the big driving wheels increasing their speed with each revolution.

"Gosh, old Miller has her rolling to-night!" I shouted above the thunderous noise. "Guess he'll make th' hill."

Regulations called for speed not over fifteen miles per hour when crossing tracks of the intersecting road, but few engineers paid any attention to the rule and officials winked at the necessary violation. To go slow there would mean a stalled train.

As the locomotive roared by, Patsy and I rushed to a window facing the track to the south. A hundred yards ahead of the train was a long passing track, or siding where sometimes a few loaded cars were set off. To-night a dozen steel gondolas, each containing about fifty tons of coal, were standing on this siding.

As the switch connecting the side track was controlled from the tower, there was no stand or light-target indicating when the switch was turned. The engineer was guided by the position of the main line signals. But to-night it didn't work that way.

As I watched the swaying engine, it suddenly swerved and plunged to the right. Horror-stricken, I stood as though frozen. *The heavily loaded train had taken the siding!*

Patsy bumped awkwardly against me. "What th' devil!" he cried.

His frightened voice was drowned as fifty loaded box cars piled up in the ditch, catapulted over each other and ripped open. The crash and scream of shattered boards, twisted steel and escaping steam filled the air. For an instant there came a lull in the awful noise, then a new kind of pandemonium broke loose.

Patsy stopped with the door held wide open, his head bent forward, eyes bulging. Squeals, shrill cries, and weird noises never before heard about a railroad junction were being broadcast from that wrecked train above the storm-ridden air.

"Hell's bells!" he cried as he pointed a shaking finger down the track. "See what's come to town!"

One quick look over his shoulder was enough. Struggling through the drifted snow was a young army of gray-coated, four-footed soldiers. Like a wave of the ocean they were sweeping toward us, and rails, ties, interlocking, disappeared from sight. Apparently the train had been a live-stock special, and it had unloaded at Black Marsh.

In a few moments the right-of-way was completely blocked with the squalling mass. Hogs to the right of us, hogs to the left of us, before and behind us, they grunted and squealed. And the worst was not over.

Just then the New Haven dispatcher asked for a train report. "Forty-six by yet?" he ticked curtly.

My hand shook, as I telegraphed back the sad news. Came an awful silence. Then: "Valuable freight on that train. Get 'em rolling somehow—"

"They're rollin' O. K.," I cut in disgustedly. "Four million hogs tyin' up th' whole road!"

By this time the army of porkers had spread out over the B. & M. and both main lines were as securely blocked as by a blizzard in February. Trains slowed up, whistled, then stopped.

Eagle eyes glared from cab windows. From north, east, south and

west brakemen and conductors fought their way up to the tower. Profanity stabbed past the whirling snowflakes and melted frost on the tower windows.

Each time the door opened I turned disgustedly. " Nice day . . . yeah, help yuhrself. We're hogged in for the winter. This is Hoggville Center! Welcome to our city."

Hours later the tracks were finally cleared. After many suggestions from frenzied trainmen, a bright official of the New Haven road solved the problem. He dispatched a snow plow with a double-header pushing it. This cleared the right-of-way without injuring too many precious angels.

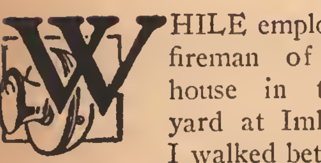
Did we find the cause of the wreck? Yeah. After the four-legged army had gone on to greener fields, Patsy pawed around the interlocking that controlled the New Haven siding. He found it had been badly bent by something evidently dragging under a B. & M. train. The heavy iron rods had buckled just enough to open the switch, and naturally the mechanism hadn't taken the trouble to notify the engineer.

Yes, Patsy had fresh pork for lunch the following night. Then he got a two weeks' vacation without pay.

The Night Fireman

By G. F. GIFFORD

Illustrated by Harry C. Temple



WHILE employed as night fireman of the power house in the division yard at Imlay, Nevada, I walked between two of the battery of six Babcock and Wilcox 100-horsepower boilers, roaring over their oil fires, and knocked the ashes from my old cob pipe, refilled the black bowl from the sack in the hip pocket of my overalls, struck a match on the brick wall and looked across the bare stretch of desolate, sandy desert at the headlight of the limited, racing westward with her full complement of fourteen Pullmans, filled with sleeping passengers. Once I turned my head to read the story of the polished steam gauges, listened to the rhythmic clack of the Corliss compressor, noted the depth of oil in the tank, the height of water in the gauges, and looked once more at the approaching train, now grinding to a stop for water.

Glancing at my watch, I mentally noted that she was on time to the second. I read the number on the engine, 3466. That would be Bill McGrath, and it was Bill's boast that he brought them in on time. The limited stopped at Imlay only as long as was necessary. No passengers ever boarded or left her, and I knew Bill McGrath was wiping the sharp particles of sand from his face and glasses, while his fireman took water, and I could see the lanterns of the night crew working along the Pullman trucks, inspecting the journal boxes. I could hear the air pump working. Looking along the line of darkened sleepers, I wondered who were the people peacefully sleeping in the berths, where they came from, and where they were all going.



Many Had Been Hurt by Broken Glass. One Side of the Pullman Was Afire

Then I gazed out at the big engine coupled to the front end of the limited, and now observed Bill McGrath with his oil can, feeling each bearing and oiling around, and I put my hand in my pocket and brought out a bit of curved, smooth metal and looked at it. It was a cap badge, and from long rubbing among my keys, pocket knife and money, the letters stamped upon it were faint and almost illegible, but could still be read. They were, " Pennsylvania Lines, Locomotive Engineer."

I turned the bit of metal over and over in my hands and vividly recalled the times when I walked proudly around an engine and felt of her bearings and poured drops of oil into them. I remembered the days of shoveling coal when I was young and strong, and my leg muscles tensed again. I remembered the day I had been promoted and first sat on the right-hand side of my engine, coupled to a long string of freight cars, as we moved west out of the Fort Wayne yard.

I remembered the little cottage with its bit of grass and flower beds, and the girl standing in the doorway smiling and waving me good-by as I started for the roundhouse with my overalls and jumper under my arm and my lunch pail in my hand. I remembered returning to that little home one night, just a few months later, to find her gone and the house empty and dark and desolate. I recalled every word of the short letter she had left on the table for me. For a few trips I had gone on with my work, cooking my own meals and telling a story that my girl, my adored Zelda, was away visiting her people, and hoping she would come back. But she never did.

I remembered the talk I had had with my pal who had been promoted at the same time I was, and in whom I had at last confided the truth, and the impossibility of remaining longer at my work among men who suspected the truth and no longer believed the tale of my wife's prolonged visit. And I remembered my resignation, against the super's advice, and my trip westward in search of forgetfulness, and my drifting from job to job until finally I was just a night fireman in a power house in the most lonesome and most barren town on the Nevada desert.

Again my eyes took in the string of Pullman cars and widened in horror just as the switch engine coasted down the main line and plowed into the last car of the limited. The impact shoved the whole train forward in spite of the air brakes, and the switch engine rammed itself nearly halfway through the Pullman. I ran to the valve and cut down my oil fires by half, and hurried, stumbling, across the yard to the switch engine. There was much excitement, men yelling and women screaming. I swung myself into the cab, reversed her, and jerked the throttle wide open. With a roar and much spinning of her drivers, she tore herself loose from the wreck and I stopped her a few yards up the track, just as her crew, who had left her standing while eating their lunches, came running up to her.

I joined these two men and we hurried to the wrecked sleeper. There was much confusion. Many had been hurt by broken glass. Two had already been carried out and tenderly laid on the sand beside the track. Members of the train crew and men from the roundhouse came running to help. Awakened passengers from the other Pullmans began to arrive. One side of the wrecked Pullman was already on fire. A yardman uncoupled the car, and the rest of the train was moved ahead out of danger.

I sprang in beside the other men to help. There were one man and one woman pinned fast by part of the wreckage. Both were alive and moaning. Bars and jacks were brought from the shops and pits and set in place. Doctors and nurses had been sent for. The conductor of the limited was making a report to headquarters, and the wrecker would soon be on its way, but it would be at least three hours before it could arrive. Working like madmen the yardmen were gradually raising the side of the car with their jacks and blocking it up. It was slow work and tedious and tiring. However, the great weight was at last lifted from the bodies of the man and woman, and eager hands pulled them out and laid them on blankets.

I walked over to the two still forms on the blanket, and peered down into their faces.

I was very tired, yet I was cool and calm, and what I saw did not stagger me. The face of the girl was white and drawn and pale, but still beautiful. Her lovely hair was stringy and clotted with blood. It was my wife, my Zelda.

The man was cut nearly in two across his chest. His face was red and blotchy from dissipation, yet I knew him. He was my trusted friend, my pal, promoted the same day that I had been, who repaid my confidence by stealing away my wife. I took from my pocket my most cherished treasure, the worn and tarnished old cap badge, laid it upon the man's crushed chest and walked back across the sand to my boilers. Just as the morning sun peeped over the eastern hill, the two

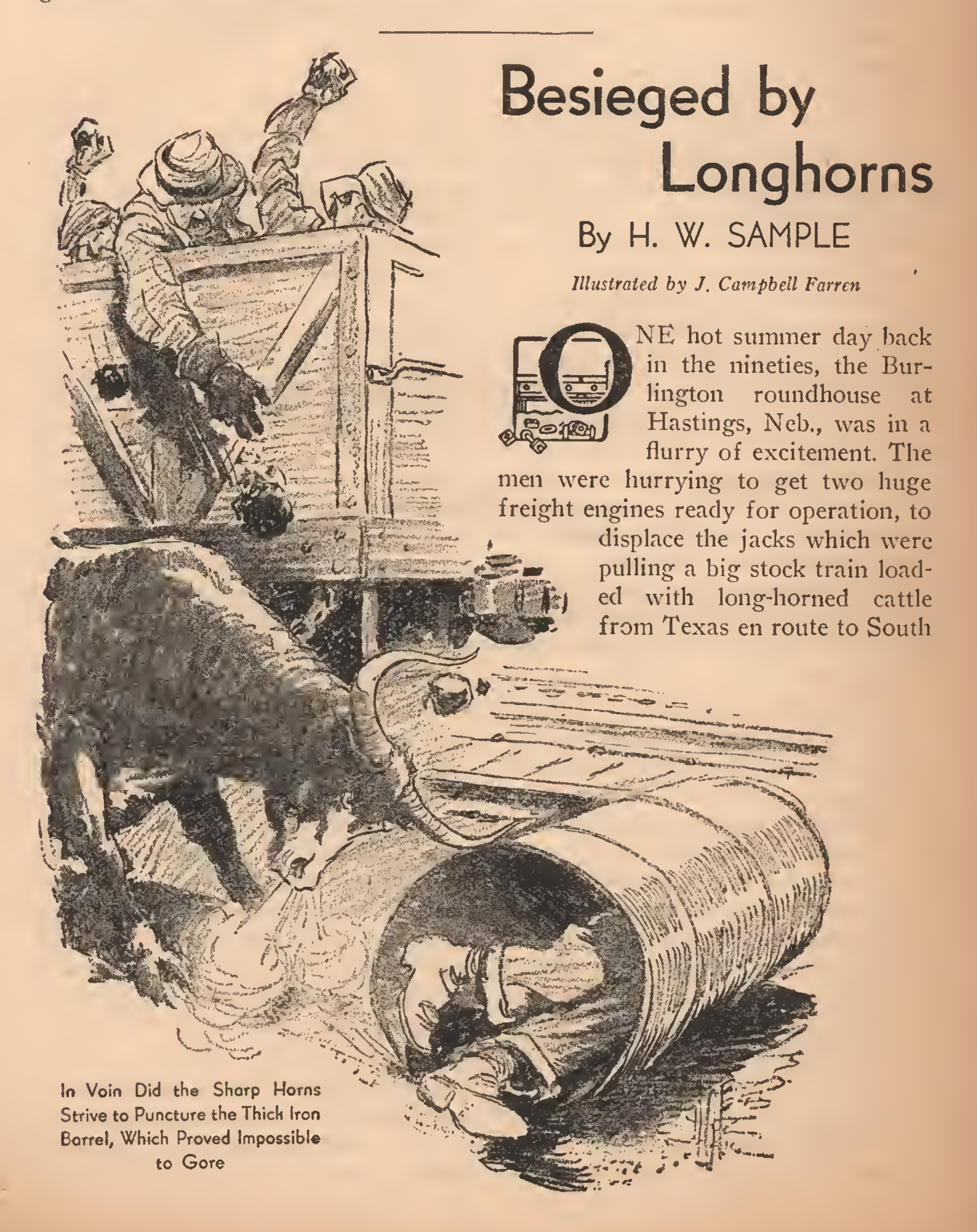
bodies were taken away; where, I never knew. It was over.

When the day fireman came, the steam in the gauges was correct, the water level was exactly half in the glass, and I walked out from between the boilers. I knocked the ashes from my old cob pipe, filled and lighted it, picked up my lunch pail and walked out of the power house toward the miserable shack which was the only home I knew.

Besieged by Longhorns

By H. W. SAMPLE

Illustrated by J. Campbell Farren



In Vain Did the Sharp Horns Strive to Puncture the Thick Iron Barrel, Which Proved Impossible to Gore

ONE hot summer day back in the nineties, the Burlington roundhouse at Hastings, Neb., was in a flurry of excitement. The men were hurrying to get two huge freight engines ready for operation, to displace the jacks which were pulling a big stock train loaded with long-horned cattle from Texas en route to South

Omaha, scheduled to arrive late that afternoon.

The whistle of this approaching train—still a couple of miles west of town—could be heard just as one of the switching crews shoved two loads of black diamonds up the eastward hump into the coal chutes. After spotting these gondolas, the crew hastily backed down to get everything in the clear for the stock train. To the coal heavers they left the job of setting the safety block at the head of the incline.

Perhaps the jarring of the inclined trestle by the heavy switch engine was responsible for what happened next. At any rate, a gondola which had been next to the engine somehow came uncoupled from its neighbor and started to crawl over the brow of the incline just as the switching crew reached ground level.

The heavers, up in the shed, tried desperately to block the runaway, but too late. For the heavily loaded coal car was fast gaining momentum down the steep incline—a drop of twenty-five feet in about two hundred—and headed directly to meet the long double-header stock train, now drawing near!

Realizing the danger to this incoming freight, the switch crew made a dash, with the throttle wide open, in an effort to beat the gondola to a certain switch. There they hoped to turn it on another siding, which was clear.

By a desperate run the engine had gained perhaps four or five times its own length ahead of the runaway, and "Shorty" Reynolds made a wild leap for the switch not more than fifty paces ahead of the speeding car. He yanked crazily at the lever—it stuck, another determined jerk and it yielded—just as the runaway shot past.

The front trucks followed one siding; the rear took another. Any old-time railroader knows what happened next.

After rolling over two or three times the gondola collapsed, leaving the twenty-five tons of coal which it had contained piled in a great heap directly in front of the rapidly approaching freight.

The trainmen did their utmost to check the speed of this ill-fated train, but in vain. A few seconds later the head engine plowed into the wrecked gondola. The second jack rooted the tender of the first one off the rails, just as both engine crews set the air and jumped for their lives.

A deafening noise followed, which made the very ground tremble, when the bumpers of the long drag banged together. The crash of splintering cattle cars mingled with the hiss of escaping steam as the long train buckled. A dozen cars nearest the locomotives crowded off the track, rolling and toppling over each other into the ditch, in a confused heap of twisted iron, broken timbers, dead and crippled cattle. A very long car had landed on one end, where it remained, balanced. The cattle were a scrambling mass at its lower end, while the sides of the car bristled with long horns thrust through the cracks.

For a time pandemonium reigned. The bawling of frightened cattle and the shouted orders of trainmen and local officials were almost drowned in the roar of escaping steam.

Soon it became very apparent that not all the cattle had been killed, or even seriously disabled. In an incredibly short time at least six of those long-horned Texas steers had crawled out of the wreckage and, with inflamed eyes, a tossing of their formidable weapons and loud, defiant snorts, were

ready to charge any and every living or moving object in sight.

The conductor and a brakeman rushed up from the caboose, far to the rear of this long train. One of the maddened animals met them and, with a dash and a deep bellow, had them both "treed" on a box car in less time than it takes to tell.

The roundhouse foreman, "Jim" Robbins, who suffered from defective eyesight and had to squint long and sharp at any object over fifty yards away, came running, hatless, to the scene of the wreck. Robbins was almost face to face with one of the animals before realizing his danger.

His only chance for escape was to duck under the bumpers between two near-by freight cars, and the bloodthirsty beast, seeming to hold Robbins in some way blamable for its plight, pursued him. Despite its lengthy horns, it, too, managed somehow to crawl under the bumpers; but Robbins had scaled a side ladder of one of the cars by the time the steer had accomplished this difficult task.

Six of the yard steel gang were shoving a push car, heavily loaded with ties, when suddenly overtaken by one of the great brutes. They scattered instantly.

The red color of the car maddened the steer, which assumed the job of butting it on down the track, in the same direction the gang had been pushing it. Scattering ties right and left the animal proceeded until, near the business district of the city, policemen with revolvers dispatched it at close range.

At least one of the wild brutes strayed several miles out, terrorizing the whole countryside and necessitating the suspension of school for more than two weeks. A farmer who attempted to drive what he supposed to be a neighbor's stray steer out of his cornfield, congratulated himself, later, for having been mounted on a fleet horse.

But the most ludicrous incident occurred near the roundhouse. An employee, named Becker, was rolling a very large, long, iron barrel—one end open—toward a small sand house. Becker was a large, plump, smooth-faced fellow who had been nicknamed "The Roundhouse Clown."

Being on the night trick, he had just arrived and, having heard nothing of the wreck, was taken by surprise when one of the besiegers, with horns fully as long as a man's arms, came dashing around the corner of a small building with lowered head and a vicious bellow.

Quick as thought, Becker dropped on all fours and darted into the barrel he had been rolling, like a prairie dog into its hole.

The maddened steer charged the iron barrel viciously. Its long horns played a regular tattoo on the heavy iron as it rolled its imagined foe about the cinder and gravel-covered yard. All the while Becker's protruding feet flopped helplessly around while the barrel revolved.

Several of the men, who had taken refuge on an open coal car near-by, began bombarding the beast with chunks of coal—some of the wilder shots hitting the barrel instead.

In vain did the sharp horns strive to puncture the thick iron barrel, which proved impossible to gore. At length, tiring of its fruitless efforts, the steer dashed away.

For the rest of that evening at least most of the pedestrian traffic about the railroad yards was via the tops of freight cars standing on the various sidings about the yard.



The Red Caboose

By W. H. STOBER

I'VE heard many songs
Of the Red Caboose
And have listened vainly
For some abuse,
So while others the praises
Softly croon
I'll sing you a song with
A different tune.

Have you ever heard the
North wind roar
As it sought the cracks
Beneath the floor;
And crept inside where
A board was loose,
On a little, dinky,
Red Caboose?

Have you stoked the stove
With a "number two,"
When the smoke poured out
Till the air was blue,
While the flame backfired
With a cloud of soot,
And the pipe was bent
And loose to boot?
If not, I'll say you've
Some excuse
To sing your praise
Of the Red Caboose.

Have you rode this van
When she had flat wheels,
Till you must lie down
To eat your meals;
When the dynamite as
The air brake works,
Made you juggle the beans
Between the jerks?

Oh, I love this car,
Yes—like the deuce!
This rickety, rattlety
Red Caboose.

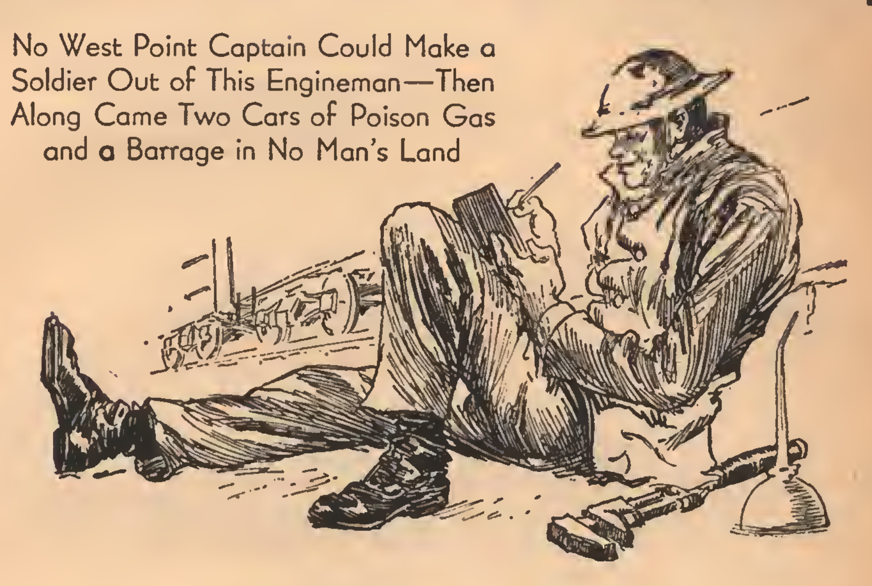
Have you ever stretched
Your weary bones,
When the bunks seemed
Paved with cobblestones;
Have you ever heard
The switchmen shout,
"On your bellies, and
Then look out!"
Have you braced your feet
While your head got bumped,
And the windows shattered
And dope was dumped;
Have you ever thought
"Oh, what's the use?"
While you tried to sleep
In the Red Caboose?

For many years I've
Rode the rails,
On many cabooses
On many trails;
But I never yet
On any pike
Found a Red Caboose
I could really like.

In days to come
When I'm retired,
Or by some cruel
Super fired,
I may hunt the bear
Or seek the moose,
But I'll keep off the trail
Of the Red Caboose.

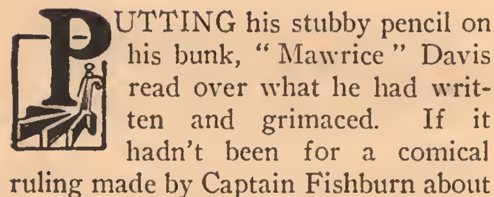
Mawrice Adds a Postscript

No West Point Captain Could Make a Soldier Out of This Engineman—Then Along Came Two Cars of Poison Gas and a Barrage in No Man's Land



By GILBERT A. LATHROP

Illustrated by John R. Neill



PUTTING his stubby pencil on his bunk, "Mawrice" Davis read over what he had written and grimaced. If it hadn't been for a comical ruling made by Captain Fishburn about cursing in the barracks, Mawrice would have expressed himself more whole-heartedly.

What he had written was this:

DEAR CLARA:

I got your letter yesterday, so am answering to-day. Note that you say Bill Jennings got himself one of them medals for bravery.

Well, he should. You take a fellow that's in the infantry, and he's right up where they give them things away free handed. Medals for bravery up where Bill is fighting are like overripe peaches down at the Fruit & Produce Company back home in the fall of the year. A fellow can have all he wants of them for the asking.

Take me, now. You see, Clara, I'm in a railroad outfit of the engineers. About all I have to do is haul stuff up to the trenches. I could tell you more, but these censors would chop it out.

I'm running an engine, but can't say I'm stuck on the job. There's hard feelings between me and my commanding officer. He don't like me. He's a West Point officer, and he ain't used to being around railroaders. His name is Captain Fishburn.

And about me getting one of them medals for bravery? Well, us railroaders don't have no chance to be brave. We just go along like we did back in the States, only we don't get no time and a half for overtime, and there ain't no sixteen-hour law. Outside of that, it's about the same.

Yours with love,

MAWRICE DAVIS.

Medals! With D. S. C.'s being tossed around haphazard over here, Mawrice stood about as much chance

of getting one as an armless, peg-legged man would have of catching a greased pig!

Back in the States Bill Jennings had always been lucky. He had been able to sit into a poker game with two bits, and walk out with every penny of cash in the gang. He had been able to cast an oily smile at a girl, and walk off with her heart.

All that until he had met Clara.

Clara was never a girl to be dazzled by oily smiles. Mawrice Davis had stood first out on her seniority list back home, prior to the war. Bill Jennings had tagged along about halfway down.

Even after Mawrice and Bill got to France with the A. E. F. the same thing had prevailed until Mawrice got his last letter from Clara. It seemed that Bill's having received a D. S. C. was going to make a difference.

Mawrice hauled his six feet two upright, reached for his greasy cap, slammed it on his thatch of light red hair and strode out, headed for the corrugated iron house in which his engine was kept.

II

"CORPORAL DAVIS!"

Mawrice smothered a curse. He should have known it. The minute he poked his nose out into the open Captain Fishburn would want to talk to him.

Mawrice had no love for his C. O. Captain Fishburn, being a West Point man, was primarily a soldier, not a railroader. Why he was in command of his present outfit was one of those stunts, mistaken for efficiency, that are commonly pulled during the heat of war. He was even optimistic enough to believe that he could whip this bunch of hoggers, tallowpots, stingers, and shacks into a company of the best disciplined military men in the whole A. E. F.

"Corporal Davis!" rapped the C. O. with glittering eyes, as he halted before Mawrice. "I just came from the engine house. I was looking over your locomotive!"

Mawrice nodded. This thing of keeping a common barnyard variety of engine as speckless as those Craig and Springfield rifles was beyond his imagination.

Yet that is what Captain Fishburn expected.

"I found a revolting condition around that locomotive! It appears that you struck a cow on your run last night," resumed the C. O.

"It wasn't a cow, sir," Mawrice corrected. "It was one of them little Jersey bulls. I suppose the government is gonna have to pay a stock claim over that; but, yuh see, I was whippin' tonnage behind me. Had a flock of them little forty or eights, an' orders to get 'em up to the lines as fast as possible. I didn't see that damn—"

Mawrice was interrupted.

"You didn't see that what?" barked Captain Fishburn.

"That animal. Bull he was, sir. He stepped in front of my engine—"

Captain Fishburn blazed into an eloquent oration of his opinions regarding his present outfit of railroaders. They were all alike. They were sloppy, worthless, dumb, insolent, undisciplined and many other things along similar lines.

"Yes, sir," agreed Mawrice, as the C. O. finished.

"That fellow who's firing for you!" Captain Fishburn wound himself up to a new start. "The last time I made an inspection of this company he was in an utterly disreputable condition! He appeared to have been sweeping out the



Captain Fishburn Choked with Anger. Then He Said: "This Outfit of Railroaders Is a Disgrace to the Service!"

smokestack on his engine! His clothes were so black it was impossible to tell their original color. When he came into formation his jaw was bulging with a chew of tobacco! He didn't even stand straight at attention! His conduct was inexcusable."

Mawrice shook his head in condolence. "Yuh see, sir, 'Slickery's' bow-legged. An' he was cleanin' up our engine when that inspection was called. He likes his chewin' tobacco, too—always did fer that matter. But he's a plumb good tallowpot."

"A what?"

"A bakehead, sir. Stoker, fireman, sir."

"Does that give him permission to wander around this company looking like a bum?" demanded the C. O.

"No, sir, but he's a good fireman, sir."

"You are in charge of your fireman and your engine! The non-commissioned officers are the backbone of military organization! They are the bonds which tie the privates to the commissioned officers! The bulwark of discipline, you might say!"

"Yes, sir," agreed Mawrice. He had thought that his two stripes had been given to him because he was a locomotive engineer, and they established a differential in pay.

"In one hour I am coming down to inspect your engine again. I am going to inspect her with a white silk handkerchief. If my handkerchief is smudged when I get through rubbing it over that locomotive, I am going to use drastic discipline! I am going to reduce you to the ranks, and put you on a kitchen police detail!"

As Mawrice proceeded toward the engine house he was thinking. Why pick on him? There were other dirty engines in the outfit. There were other sloppy engine crews. Making an ex-

ample of somebody, that was it! And Mawrice had been picked for the honor.

III

"SLICKERY," which was a shortening of his original "Slick an' Greasy," was on the job when Mawrice arrived at the roundhouse. Slickery was a good railroader, but a poor soldier. He had an affinity for grime, and wasn't happy unless he was as black as the coal in the tender.

When Mawrice came up beside his engine, Slickery was mopping at his face with a chunk of waste. The waste had been used to wipe the valve oil from the lubricator earlier that morning.

Mawrice halted, surveyed the engine and grunted. She wasn't what could be called speckless. Her jacket was smudged with white mud where she had foamed over the night before. She was dusty and greasy.

An American engine, 4-8-0 type. Beneath the new coating of black paint given her by Uncle Sam could still be discerned the initials on the cab—"C. M. Ry." Mawrice knew where she had originally come from. The defunct Colorado Midland Railroad had sold all of their engines to the government for use in railroad service by the A. E. F.

Slickery came crawling down beside Mawrice. He had oiled his face to his satisfaction, and was now tearing off a chunk of tobacco the size of a small apple. A squat, broad-shouldered man was this Slickery. His bullet-shaped head rose directly from his shoulders with no neck in evidence.

"Slickery," began Mawrice, "the C. O. just had a nice little heart-to-heart talk with me. He told me that if we didn't clean this old teakettle up so he could wipe his white silk handkerchief over her without smudgin' it, I was gonna be put on one of these kitchen police details."

"What's he gonna do to me?" asked Slickery.

"He didn't say, but it 'll be worse than I get. Yuh see, me bein' a corporal an' you only bein' a private, there'll be a difference in the kinds of work we have to do. I don't know what would be worse than K. P., but you'll be doin' it, whatever it is."

Slickery nodded.

"He also told me that I'm the backbone of the army. You're one of the ribs. The backbone holds the ribs in place, yuh know. He raised the devil about the way you come out to inspection the other day, too. You know, Slickery, when you're at inspection, you should swaller your chew of tobacco if you can't spit it out."

"Never could swaller chewin' tobacco. Tried it once, an' it made me sick."

"Well, he just give us one hour to clean up this bunch of scrap iron. Maybe we better get busy," suggested Mawrice.

In the next fifty minutes the pair eliminated the traces of the bull with liberal applications of the squirt hose. They used some fifty pounds of cotton waste. The engine took on an appearance of respectability.

Captain Fishburn glowered at them in silence when he finally arrived for his threatened inspection. He began rubbing his handkerchief indiscriminately over the machinery and the jacket of the locomotive.

Suddenly the C. O. grunted. He extended the white handkerchief. A large smudge of black showed on its white folds.

"Do you see that?" he barked.

"Yes, sir," agreed Mawrice.

"Dirt!" accused Captain Fishburn. "I am going to make an example—" His voice choked off in a gurgle of horror. Slickery had twisted his body so he could expectorate a stream of brown liquid behind Mawrice's back. The C. O. had seen it.

"What have you in your mouth?" he demanded.

"Tobacco, sir," admitted Slickery shamelessly.

"Have you no sense of military discipline?"

"Not much, sir," said Slickery with a wry grin. "Yuh see, I'm a railroader more'n I am a soldier."

Captain Fishburn choked with anger. Then he resumed in a voice which quivered: "As I was saying, I am going to make an example of you men. This outfit of railroaders is a disgrace to the service! It is a festering sore on the body military! Not one of you men know what discipline means. Not one of you have any idea of military authority, or the respect due military authority.

"On my way down here I passed a conductor. What did he do?" gurgled the captain. "When he heard me coming he leaned up against the side of a box car and greeted me with, 'Hello, Cap, Old Dynamiter.' He didn't even salute me! He didn't even stand at attention! And me a West Point man!"

The C. O. began pacing back and forth in front of Mawrice and Slickery.

Suddenly he halted. "You men will both report for kitchen police in the morning! Corporal Davis, you will cut the stripes from your uniform. I am reducing you to the ranks!"

Captain Fishburn was gone.

Slickery had retrieved his chunk of oil-filled waste and was mopping his face with it again. "That C. O. is one of them kind of officers that gets shot in the back when they lead a flock of doughboys over the top," he remarked with no malice.

IV

Back in the company street Captain Fishburn was unburdening himself. His confidant was Major Lacey, who was an unexpected visitor at the rail head.

Major Lacey was a railroad man. He had been a division superintendent back on the Rio Grande Western. He had worked his way from the bottom, and he understood the idiosyncrasies of railroad men.

"To think that I, a West Point officer, used to soldiering with real soldiers, am forced to command a company like my present one," sputtered Captain Fishburn.

"What seems to be the matter with them?" asked Major Lacey with twinkling eyes.

"Everything, sir. They lack discipline. Very few of them know how to salute. None of them have any idea of the respect due a commissioned officer."

"They're good railroad men, aren't they?"

"They manage to keep trains running, but they have no sense of discipline. They seem to think I'm only another cog in the machine like they are!"

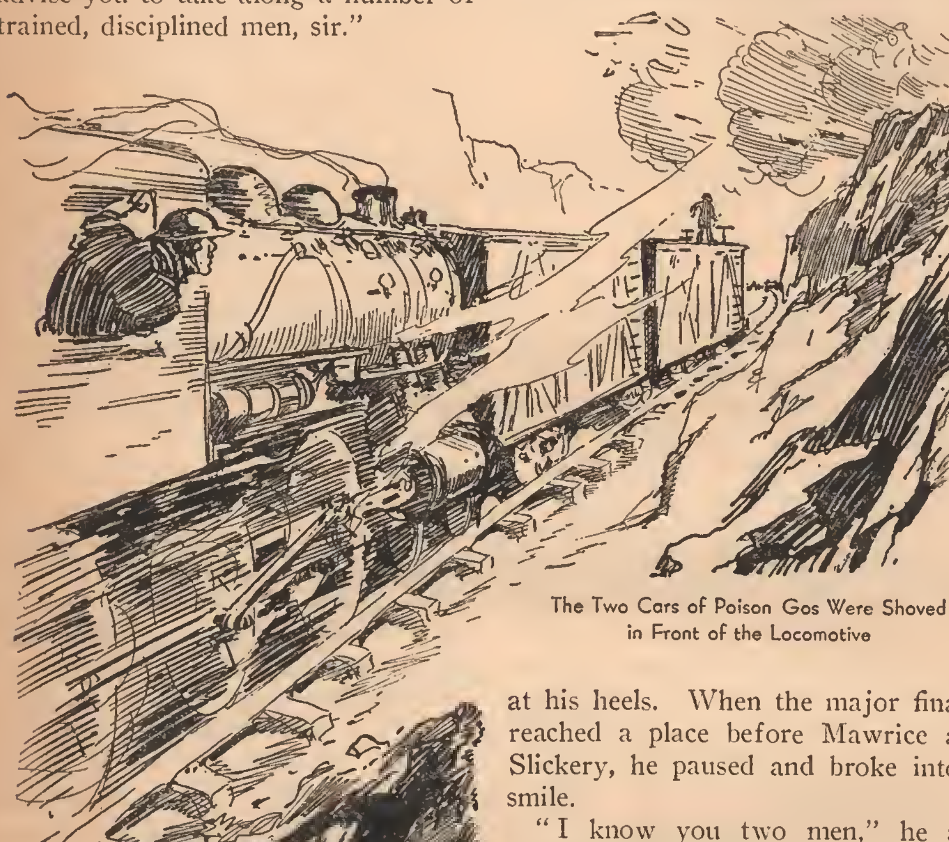
"Have you tried disciplining them?"

"Yes, sir. Not over twenty minutes ago I broke a corporal for disregarding my instructions about the cleanliness of his engine. I am putting him, his fireman, and a conductor to kitchen police in the morning!"

Major Lacey nodded. "Call out your company, Captain Fishburn. I'd like to look them over. Incidentally I want to pick out a crew to take with

me on a mission of more or less delicacy to-night."

"If the mission is delicate, I would advise you to take along a number of trained, disciplined men, sir."



The Two Cars of Poison Gas Were Shoved in Front of the Locomotive

"The ones I pick will serve my purpose," said the major shortly.

. . . . .

Mawrice and Slickery heard the summons to fall out while they were still down at the engine house. They clambered from the pit where they had been working under their engine.

Major Lacey saw them coming. His eyes twinkled. He recognized in them two of the best enginemen who had worked under him back on the R. G. W.

Captain Fishburn watched the pair shuffle into line with a feeling of misgiving.

Major Lacey slowly walked down the line looking at the men. He said nothing. Captain Fishburn tagged along at his heels. When the major finally reached a place before Mawrice and Slickery, he paused and broke into a smile.

"I know you two men," he announced. "You worked under me back on the R. G. W."

"Sure enough we did," agreed Mawrice with a grin of welcome. "What are yuh doin' over here?" he blurted.

Captain Fishburn glowered over the shoulder of Major Lacey, trying to impress on the mind of the engineer that he was addressing a superior officer.

"I am picking a crew to take with me to-night," said the major. "What are you doing in this company, Davis?"

"Runnin' a engine. Slickery here's firin' fer me."

"Just the pair of men I want," announced the major. "You will be

ready to accompany me to-night with your engine."

"Yes, sir," chorused Mawrice and Slickery, eying Captain Fishburn with "I-told-you-so" glances.

A few minutes later, Major Lacey dismissed the company.

"Major Lacey, sir," sputtered Captain Fishburn when the men had gone back to their barracks, "that engineer and fireman you picked are the pair I disciplined to-day."

"I'm sorry about that. But I happen to know the ability of those men. Discipline or no discipline, they go with me to-night!"

. . . . .

Later that day, Major Lacey hunted up Mawrice and Slickery.

"Since I have picked you men to go with me to-night, I had better explain just what we are going to do," began the officer. "Over here in France the railroads were divided into État, Nord, and Sud lines. The État lines prior to the war were east and west main lines. Nearly all of them were standard gauged. The Nord and the Sud lines were north and south, and mainly narrow gauge.

"Now the line which runs into this rail head used to be an État line. It crossed the border, and penetrated into Germany. It was put out of commission beyond here at the beginning of the war. Recently it has been fixed up so that a train can be moved slowly over it.

"To-night I am going to take two cars of poison gas. As you know, this gas comes compressed in steel tanks. If the wind is right we are going to run the gas loose, accompany it with a heavy barrage, and, under cover of the barrage, our infantry is going to make a drive. The Boche may make a drive of their own at the same time. If that should happen, we will be in the direct line of their attack."

Mawrice beamed. He tingled all over with joy at being chosen for this difficult task.

"You men will be issued gas masks, iron hats, and automatic revolvers. Just how quietly can you run that engine of yours, Corporal Davis?" asked the major abruptly.

"What with the rods keyed up the way I got 'em, I can run her so quiet yuh can't hear nothin' but the rumble of wheels over the rails, sir," said Mawrice.

"Fine!" boomed the major. "Just fine! Then you will hold yourselves ready to depart by 8.30 P.M."

V

"KEEP those gas masks handy all the time," admonished Major Lacey as they crept slowly toward the lines that night.

Mawrice and Slickery nodded. The place where the gas was to be released was eighteen miles from the rail head. They were now over five miles toward their goal. Major Lacey and Captain Fishburn were both in the cab with the pair.

The two cars of poison gas were being shoved in front of the locomotive. A brakeman was stationed on the front of the head car where he could watch the track and report back if anything went wrong.

Not a click or a rattle came from the engine. Major Lacey could appreciate what that meant. The engine crew kept its engine in first-class condition. As a matter of fact, the major was just a little disgusted with Captain Fishburn. He realized that the captain was out of place with these railroad men. And he recognized the fact that Captain Fishburn was making a

mistake in wanting to discipline Mawrice and Slickery.

Captain Fishburn was still smarting under the affront dealt him by Major Lacey when the major insisted on taking Mawrice and Slickery with them. The captain had tried to make an example of the pair, and the major had overruled him. It was an insult to the A. E. F. in the eyes of Captain Fishburn. He consoled himself with the thought of what he would do to the pair when the major returned to headquarters.

Mawrice sat up on his side of the cab, his keen eyes glinting ahead, his left hand resting on the throttle, and his right on the automatic air valve.

They were getting close enough now so they could hear the drumming of some heavy artillery stationed ahead of them. Shortly they passed the first of the artillery pits. A German shell crashed about a hundred yards from the track with a thunderous roar. It lighted up the surrounding desolation in its glare.

Major Lacey glanced at Mawrice. The big engineer had not changed his expression. He had a half grin on his lips. His gas mask dangled on his breast, and his iron hat was perched at a jaunty angle on his head.

Another shell exploded farther away from the track.

"Not one chance in a thousand of one of those shells hitting us," Major Lacey called reassuringly across to Mawrice.

Mawrice chuckled. "Them shells ain't nothin' to a trip I made back on the R. G. W. one time. Had a fruiter, an' one of them fast-time orders. Rocks through the cañon was fallin' like hail. Had to buck against 'em makin' fifty miles per, an' nothin' but my headlight to show 'em to me. To-night we could stop on a dime, as slow as we're movin'."

VI

"THOSE Boche are up to something," gritted Major Lacey about an hour later. Behind the engine and her two cars, a perfect hail of heavy shells was crashing.

"How much farther is it now?" asked Captain Fishburn.

"Only about a mile. The track goes through a deep cut about a quarter of a mile from here. There's a ridge there. The top of the ridge on both sides of the track are held by our machine gun nests."

In the center of the track ahead of the train came a vicious explosion. It illuminated the steep sides of the cut.

Then hell broke loose. In some manner the Huns had found out the range of the Yank machine gun nests on the tops of the ridge. A heavy barrage of German shells began dropping on them with deadly execution.

Mawrice halted his engine. His face was wreathed in a grin. His eyes sparkled. "This is better than a Fourth of July celebration back home," he declared.

For twenty minutes the German shells rained along the ridge on both sides of the cut. Then abruptly they ceased.

Mawrice squinted his eyes ahead. Then he frowned. "They's somethin' movin' in that cut!" he rapped out.

Every eye in the cab strained toward the cut. The brakeman who had been riding the head car came rushing back toward the engine. He pulled himself into the cab.

"That cut's full of Boches!" he barked. "They're headin' this way, usin' that cut to get through!"

Like a flash Mawrice was on his feet.

He threw in the switch which controlled the electric headlight. In its silver beam he saw hordes of gray-green, advancing figures, pouring into the cut.

A lone Yank machine gun sang into action from the right-hand side of the ridge. It poured lead into the Boches below.

Bullets began rattling against the boiler and the cab of the locomotive. Suddenly the headlight went out.

"Jump off, you fellows," barked Mawrice. "I'm gonna stop that flock of Huns by puttin' this engine into 'em!"

Captain Fishburn dropped off, his automatic belching into the ranks of the Germans. Major Lacey followed him. Slickery whipped out his gun and opened the front door on his side of the cab.

Mawrice heaved the throttle open. The engine and her two cars of poison gas leaped forward, rattling toward the cut.

Mawrice was on his feet, eyes straining into the darkness ahead. "Jump, Slickery!" he bawled. Slickery faded into the night. Mawrice leaped from his side of the cab.

The thundering locomotive roared toward the cut, struck the shell hole where the track had been. Amidst the screams of demoralized Boches, she turned to her side. Some of the tanks of poison gas had broken, and the deadly gas released. In a second the scene had become a shambles.

The lone Yank machine gun rattled viciously, throwing deadly steel into the cut below. Behind them several batteries of Yank artillery opened up. They had the range on the German big guns now.

Mawrice hauled out his automatic and leaped toward the wrecked engine. His gas mask was pulled down over his face. With a savage grunt he was into the mass of Germans.

Off to one side of him Mawrice heard a guttural "Kamerad!" At the same time something smashed into the side of his head. He saw thousands of shooting stars, and then darkness.

. . . . .

Mawrice regained consciousness to the jolting of wheels beneath him. The air smelled strangely of disinfectant.

Later the conveyance halted. A door in the back end opened, admitting a shaft of light. Mawrice blinked.

Hands felt for him, but he shoved them away.

"Where am I?" he demanded.

"First aid," said the driver.

"Yuh wasted a flock of time," grinned Mawrice. "Ain't nothin' wrong with me except a bump on my head. I got to be gettin' back to the company so I can get disciplined."

VII

MAWRICE was back at the rail head. He was putting the final touches to the letter he had started to Clara.

> P. S. That Captain Fishburn I was telling you about got transferred today. He went up the lines to a infantry outfit. He wasn't no railroad man. We got Major Lacey over us now. You remember Superintendent Lacey who was on the R. G. W. when I worked there? Well, he's the same one. MAWRICE.

Mawrice read it over, then, remembering, he added:

> P. P. S. Oh, yes, I wanted to tell you that me and Slickery is both getting medals. Them D. S. C.'s. So you see, Bill Jennings ain't the only one that can get one of them things. Hope you'll be feeling better toward me from now on. MAWRICE.



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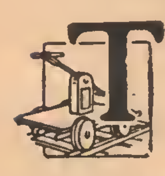
President Roosevelt Was Fond of Riding Engine Cabs and Chatting with Railroad Men. This Photo Was Taken in May, 1903, on the Santa Fe near Redlands, Calif. Can Any Reader Identify the Eagle-Eye Pictured Above or the One on Page 213?

When the President Rides

He Pays Fare on the Iron Road Just Like Any Other Passenger, but Extraordinary Precautions Are Taken for Safety and Comfort

By SIDNEY SMITH

Author of "When the King Travels," "Opening the Cherokee Strip," etc.



THE President of the United States is obliged to pay railroad fare just like any other passenger, and since traveling, for our Chief Executive, means a special car each time and a total of many thousands of miles to be covered, the thing runs into money.

Obviously such a bill would be an excessive burden to a private individual, but not until June 20, 1906, did Congress pass a bill appropriating $25,000 a year for the President's traveling expenses. The story back of this appropriation is interesting.

At the beginning of President Roosevelt's second term, in May, 1905, it was discovered that the cost of his railroad trips during his term of office had amounted to $118,398. It was also discovered that the Pennsylvania Railroad, on which all Presidents had traveled since that company has had a line into Washington, had borne the brunt of the expense—charging it to advertising.



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"Teddy" Roosevelt Shaking Hands with an Engineer at Emery Gap, N. M., on the Colorado & Southern (Burlington System)

Considerable agitation was aroused by an article in *The Railroad Gazette** which stated that the President's major-domo had requested a special car, porter and menus for a projected trip and that, when the railroad complied in almost full detail and submitted a nominal charge of $50 a day, it was told that, unless the service could be furnished gratuitously, it would not be acceptable to the President. The service was given free of charge, and the company paid the bills.

Coming, as this did, at the time when President Roosevelt was agitating for rate regulation on the railroads, a policy to which the Pennsylvania was opposed, this incident drew severe criticism down on the Chief Executive's head. Not only was such an acceptance of favors from railroads in bad taste—it was regarded as illegal.

The President's salary cannot be raised during his term of office, but in the following year the appropriation was made.

* No longer published.

Unlike foreign potentates, America's President does not have a special train maintained for him permanently, nor even a permanent special car such as railroad executives have. Moreover, he cannot procure better rail service than is accorded to private citizens who can afford to pay for *de luxe* transportation.

The Pullman Company has never been known to grant the free use of a car to any one. When the President wants a special car, he hires a private Pullman and pays all charges, including full fare for twenty-five persons, although the car itself accommodates only about a dozen. The usual cost of a Pullman car and crew for twenty-four hours is around $175. This does not include regular fare for the hypothetical twenty-five members of his party, for which the President must pay, plus twenty per cent service charge and tips.

Rarely, the President of the United States travels as guest of some high railroad official, but not on a pass. In such cases the general manager of the road personally sends down to the ticket office and procures a ticket for the distinguished guest.

Sometimes the First Lady of the Land journeys without the President. Her usual custom is to hire a drawing-room on a

Compound Passenger Jack No. 1840 Protected a Roosevelt Special



A Presidential Special Waits for Roosevelt to View Colorado's Famous Hanging Bridge. Scene on the D. & R. G. W. in the Royal Gorge, Grand Canon of the Arkansas, May 8, 1905. Secretary Loeb, Wearing a Cap, Is Facing the Right. Roosevelt's Dog, "Skip," Accompanied the Party. A Recent View of This Bridge Appeared in Sept., 1930, RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE

Pullman. The individual charge amounts to three railroad fares and three Pullman fares, plus the charge for meals and any other service which the President's wife requests. This assures her comfortable accommodations.

Every time the President plans a trip, his schedule and route must be carefully supervised and the route must conform with the dimensions of the car in which he is to ride.

As all railroad men know, a Pullman cannot travel with the facility of an ordinary day coach or freight car. In the case of Pullmans, the battery boxes, the water boxes and the charcoal boxes, some quite large, hanging down from the bottom of the car and easily seen from the outside, contain supplies necessary for a Pullman car and commissary. This equipment handicaps the car slightly. For instance, when it turns curves or bridges, the boxes are likely to graze the abutments of bridges, and for this reason Pullmans are somewhat limited in their ability to travel along certain lines. Even the steps of the Pullman occasionally scrape against obstructions. But in every respect, traveling for the President is as easy as traveling can be.

Safety is of first importance, of course. Usually an engine or train goes in advance of the President's special, to see that the tracks are clear; in President Roosevelt's time, one such engine was the 1840 on the Union Pacific, pictured on page 214.

The old 1840 protected a Roosevelt special from Green River to Rawlins, Wyoming, in the year 1903. She was photographed on the turntable in the roundhouse at Green River. The man by the pilot beam is Engineer "Con" Ryan, since deceased, father of J. Ryan, now a U. P. conductor. The small boy shown in the group is the late Ralph Nolan, brother of W. J. Nolan, the present district foreman at Green River.

On a trip that President Coolidge made to Vermont by way of the New York, New Haven & Hartford, he was so well guarded that, when the Associated Press signaled the train to notify him of his father's death, a railroad policeman snatched at the message, tearing it in two, so that it had to be delivered verbally. The policeman insisted that he had received orders to permit no communication of any kind with the train; he had only obeyed his orders to the letter.

Before the President ever started out on this trip, the highest executive of each division of the road traveled the length of his territory to see that all was in order. Between the passage of the pilot train and the Presidential special all train movement was suspended to prevent the slightest chance of a wreck; while along the entire route, relief locomotives waited with steam up—just in case. When the President travels, railroad heads spend weeks in planning precautions.

On March 19, this year, President Hoover was riding a special train from Washington to Old Point Comfort, Virginia. Fifteen miles north of Richmond a coupling between the baggage car and the first coach tore loose, automatically applying the air brakes on the free cars.

A flagman quickly planted fusees a half mile in back of the train to prevent a rear-end collision, and in a few minutes the engine highballed with its full train in tow. Our Chief Executive apparently was unaware of the mishap.

One night last October, President Hoover slept at Muleshoe Bend, off the main line of the Pennsylvania Railroad. This mountain spur lies between Altoona and Galitzen, Pa.; and the residents of neither town knew of the presence of their eminent guest.

Pennsylvania Railroad officials had taken care that no word of the intended stopping point should leak out, and, when the train pulled onto the little-used track, no one was there to see. Three cross-ties, lashed to the track with heavy chains, prevented the least possible chance of the train slipping backward down the mountain grade should well-tested brakes fail, and all switches leading onto the tracks were spiked to prevent the accidental entrance of another train. Railroad police guarded the train outside, while secret service men watched within.

Another night a few weeks later, President Hoover's train sped along the B. & O. tracks near New Albany, Ind., and probably not a passenger took note of the route. Yet only two hours before, two Negroes had purposely stalled their car across the tracks, hoping to collect insurance. They might have collected it, had not the track been on the Presidential route; as it was they had figured without the extra-rigorous inspection that made an accident on that line an impossibility—when the President rode.

Every man from the railroad president to the mudhop must be on his toes when the Chief Executive travels, and to insure such attention, a book of orders was issued from Baltimore, before

this trip, naming each man who was directly responsible for the safe conduct of the B. & O. Presidential special, and noting down in black and white his specific duty. Not a bolt of that train went uninspected, and the locomotive, perfect in every detail was manned by a specially picked crew.

Nor did inspection stop with the special. Strings of freight, ordered to a standstill at sidings an hour before the President's train was due, were carefully examined for unsafe projections and dangerous contents. On the millionth chance that a passing engine might choose that inopportune moment to jump its track, even the crack limiteds were ordered "in the clear."

Needless to say, every inch of track and wayside underwent a rigid survey, while a road foreman who knew every twist of the route rode at the engineer's side.

So much for safety. As for comfort, the engineer was well trained for his rôle. Should he for a moment relax the uniform easy speed which he was ordered to maintain, each unnecessary jolt was recorded automatically, together with the unavoidable ones, by a special scientific device in one of the cars. Thirty miles an hour was his speed limit over switches. His whistle signal must be used sparingly—if at all. And no other train on the line must use its bell or whistle while the President passed.

And these are only a few of the infinite precautions planned and scrupulously carried out for the safety and comfort of the President. Like any other citizen, the President must pay his railroad fare, but in return he receives the utmost in service that "brass hats" and employees can possibly give.

FORMER RAILROAD MAN BUILDS PACIFIC MODEL



HIS father is a Boston & Maine hogger with thirty years' service back of him; his uncles, brothers, cousins have been railroaders in a host of different capacities; he himself was everything from a tallowpot to rear shack in the space of seven years. And although he's in the automobile repair business to-day, P. S. Ross is still a railroad man, and his heart is still in the game. He lived at 20 Auburn Ave., Somerville, Mass. Photo shows specimen of his handiwork.

It's no wonder, then, that building model locomotives is his big hobby in life. The first one he built—he is still working on it—is an exact replica, on a twelve to one scale, of one of the B. & M.'s big Pacific jacks. Up to date he has put no less than 2,500 individual pieces of wood, metal, etc., into it. It is true to life in every respect; not only are the springs equalized as in actual practice, but even the throttle and Johnson bars are fitted with real working latches. This one will be run by electricity, but Mr. Ross is planning another Pacific type locomotive which will carry 150 pounds of steam and will develop approximately four horsepower.

ENGINE CAB, "TWENTIETH CENTURY LIMITED"



1 Power Stoker Elevator
2 Air Operated Fire Door
3 Arch Tube Inspection and Washaut Plug
4 Clear Vision Windaw
5 Train Steam Heat Regulating Valve
6 Driving Wheel Flange Lubricotor
7 Water Glass
8 Stoker Engine Steam Gauge
9 Train Steam Heat Gauge
10 Feed Water Heater Gauge
11 Boiler Pressure Gauge
12 Superheater Pyrometer
13 Booster Engine Steam Gauge
14 Stoker Coal Distributar Jet Gauge
15 Water Column and Water Glass
16 Boiler Gauge Cock Operating Handles
17 Back Pressure and Cut-off Gauge
18 Hand Whistle Lever
19 Order Light Switch
20 Air Brake Gauges
21 Injector Operating Lever
22 Throttle Lever
23 Pneumatic Sander Operating Valve
24 Independent Engine Brake Valve
25 Train Control Brake Valve Actuator
26 Pneumatic Whistle Blower
27 Pneumatic Cylinder Cock Operoting Volve
28 Power Reverse Gear
29 Autamatic Brake Valve
30 Train Control Acknowledging Contoctor

A Northern Pacific Freight Conductor Gets the Thrill of a Lifetime Riding 961 Miles Continuously in the Cab of the Twentieth Century Limited from Chicago to New York

Flight of the Century

By H. L. ("CUPID") CHILDS



AMAZINGLY fleet of wheel, scientifically perfect in precision of operation, the best close-up view a man could have of the flight of the Twentieth Century Limited is from the cinder-beaten confines of the engine cab. That is an experience which, after nineteen hours and fifty minutes of rocketing through day and night over the high irons, fairly leaves one speechless.

A quarter of a century ago, when the present writer began serving as a freight brakeman of the Yellowstone Division of the Northern Pacific Railroad, the fame of the Twentieth Century, then a new wonder of the rails, was spreading through the West. It was kindling in many a railroader's heart a strong desire to see something of this notable streak of lightning.

Vivid as youth's dreams may have been, there was no thought in that young brakeman's heart that one day he would ride the Century, in the cab of its engine, from one end of the system to the other without a break. It is a trip of nine hundred and sixty-one miles, covered in eleven hundred and ninety minutes of terrific running, from La Salle Street Station, Chicago, to the platform of the Grand Central Terminal, New York. The average speed is forty-eight miles and a half per hour for the entire distance, including stops. Get that experience once, and you can talk about its thrills for the rest of your life.

It is true that in years gone by men have ridden the cabs of the Century engines at still higher speed. From June, 1905, to December, 1907, the running time of the train was lengthened to



Photo by Lanza, N. Y. Sun

It's a Long Trip from the Bad Lands of North Dakota to the Bright Lights of Broadway, but "Cupid" Enjoyed Every Minute of the Journey

nineteen hours and a half; but in April, 1908, it was changed back to eighteen hours. No further alteration was made until November 24, 1912, when the eighteen-hour schedule was abolished, apparently for good, and the twenty-hour time established. Regardless of these changes, however, no one, so far as the writer could learn, has ever ridden the Century locomotives through one continuous trip before.

You don't have to work your imagination to picture the thrill your correspondent experienced when the editors of RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE assigned him to the task of watching the operation of this famous train from the sharp end.

It is small wonder that a slight palpitation was experienced as this veteran Northern Pacific freight conductor passed through the gates at La Salle Street, to be met by Assistant Superintendent J. P. Smilie, Conductor F. M. Smith, Engineer P. O. Super, and Fireman M. J. Harris. These men formed the committee of welcome, and a hearty welcome it was.

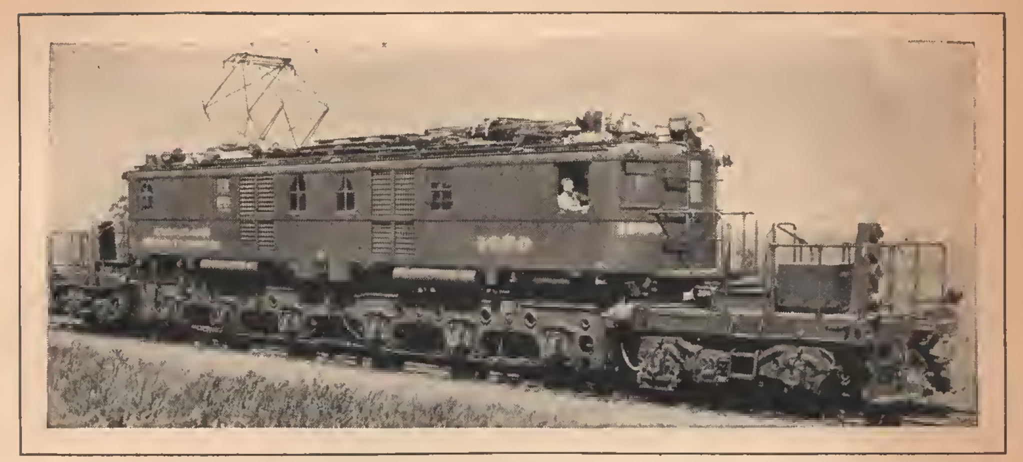
We walked along the platform between two trains of thirteen cars each. On the left of us the 5298's pops blubbered, and green flags fluttered from her smoke box front. At the head end of the Pullmans to the right, Engine 5235 stood in readiness. The two trains were twin Centuries, a first and a second section.

They were marked on the time card as No. 26; but we were not to run as 26 that day. The green tissue from the telegraph office told us to display signals and run as "fourth 6." A message added that we would have to "make the time of No. 26 or better."

"You see," explained Engineer Super, as I followed him into the cab of the 5298, "No. 6 is the regular Fifth Avenue Special. They"—mean-



The Twentieth Century Limited Swinging around a Curve Makes a Beautiful Picture. No Wonder the New York Central Advertises Its Crack Train as "A National Institution"



At Linndale, O., the Century Exchanges Its Big Steam Jack for a Classy Little Electric Such as the One Pictured Here, Which Pulls the Train through Cleveland Union Terminal

ing the powers that run the railroad—"gave 6 an order to carry the green. Then they annulled the first and second sections of the Advance Century, and ran them as second and third 6. Now we come along with the regular Century, and they annul our schedule and run us as fourth 6, while that 5235 over there"—he pointed to the neighboring track—"which is the second Century, is running as fifth 6. That gives us a chance to roll 'em, you see, without respect to the schedule of No. 26."

"What time is No. 6 due out of here?" I asked.

"No. 6 is due out at 10:30 A.M.," Super explained; "which means that we, leaving at 12:40 P.M., can roll 'em for all we're worth and still never catch up with the schedule."

I looked at my watch. The time was within ten seconds of 12.40. I stuck my head out of the gangway. The fireman opened the stoker valves. Super perched up on his seat box and looked back down the string of varnish. It was a moment of railroad drama, yet it is lived day in and day out on these marvelous high irons of the East.

"'Bo-o-a-rd!"

Conductor Smith's arm was raised in the starting signal. It was time to highball! Super's arm came back with the latch. The deep throat of the big Hudson type rumbled, and the 5298 gave forth a commanding bark. A surge of steam, a flash of rods, and she had us rolling. On the neighboring track the great 5235 coughed in unison with us, and rolled out behind us.

Here truly was a picture of the poetry of motion. I don't know enough words, and I don't think this typewriter has enough keys to enable me to tell you just how it all looked. I know that I went over to the engineer's side, stood there on the deck at his elbow, and watched the smoothest locomotive operation I have ever seen on any road. I watched the needle on the speed gauge indicate thirty—forty—fifty—sixty miles per hour. Rolling 'em down the railroad! Walking through the dew!

"Green eye!" the fireman shouted across the cab, naming the glaring light on the bridges that beckoned us.

"Green eye!" the engineer called back from the left side of his jaw, without taking his eagle eyes from the steel.

Rolling 'em east to Gotham! What a sight for railroad eyes! Three irons, four irons, six irons—all the yards and switches in the world seemed to face us at intervals in that Chicago district. Shortly we headed into more open country, and Super, smashing through Whiting, Indiana, took a turn on his screw reverse, touched the throttle lever, and we headed out at a seventy-mile pace, while the quality folk in the plush behind us were lulled by the music of our amazing motion.

"Roll 'em like this on your road?" Super shouted in my ear.

"We could," I said, "but our time card on the N. P. says sixty miles per hour. Yes, we could beat 'em out like this with the old North Coast Limited."



Here Is Harry Lucian Childs at the Smoky End of the Twentieth Century, just before Leaving Chicago

The gilded dome of Notre Dame hove into sight from the distance. South Bend lay ahead of us, and Super eased her off. Thirty miles an hour, now, all the way to Mishawaka. It's a local restriction.

As we were running as the fourth section of No. 6, we arrived at Elkhart ten minutes ahead of No. 26's time, the Century's regular schedule. Here O. E. Opperman took the throttle, while E. L. Yoder officiated at the stoker controls; and, five minutes from the time we stopped, away we rolled for a dash of one hundred and thirty-three miles over the Toledo Division.

To one who has spent most of his life in the open country of the Far West, a first view of these thickly populated industrial centers is indeed a contrast. Towns larger than a whole group of ours in North Dakota or Montana flitted by, and we passed them as a rum runner would pass a hitch hiker displaying a dry agent's badge. After leaving Butler, Indiana, the Central boasts almost seventy miles of absolutely straight track. A long curve into the bustling city of Toledo is the first interruption of this veritable speedway.

At one time, on this four-track stretch of steel, we rode as one in a bunch of three trains, the other two being an eastward freight on our right and a westbound one on the track at the extreme left. Only by a few seconds did we miss having all four tracks occupied at once and side by side, for we had scarcely passed the westbound freight when a passenger express shot by in the same direction. It is indeed a thrill to be in the cab, traveling at seventy miles



Photo by H. W. Pontin, Allston, Mass.

The Veteran Hoggers Who Sit at the Throttle of the Century Are Making Railroad History Every Day in the Year. Above Is a View of the Famous Limited with Engine No. 5220 Pulling out of Schenectady, N. Y., at Twilight

an hour, and to have another train roar past at equal speed, scarcely more than arm's length from where you sit.

At times, even with fifteen and eighteen cars, the twenty-four ton tank of coal will take a train from Chicago to Cleveland. Possibly it was my added weight that caused Opperman to decide that a little additional fuel might be needed, and we stopped at Mina, Ohio, for some coal. A little over sixty seconds and the shute man had us filled up; but as it is a rather difficult place to start a train, some five minutes slipped away before we were rolling again for Toledo.

Arrived there, an entire crew change took place. H. L. Gilbraith relieved Conductor Smith, H. W. Betow climbed to the right side of the cab, and R. W. DeVore kindly divided the left seat with me. Just at sundown we pulled away from the station; and, glancing at the time-table and watch, I found that the Century had just about held her own over the Toledo Division, and was still ten minutes ahead of No. 26's schedule.

At many places along the line the boys on the head end had pointed out interesting things. One of them, in particular, was the immense amount of work that had been done in changing grades and cutting curves to eliminate highway crossings. In spite of all this effort there are still many dangerous intersections; but from what was told me it appears that most of the accidents occur at places where visibility is fairly good. Saving motorists from themselves seems to be the greatest problem of the railroads in nearly every locality.

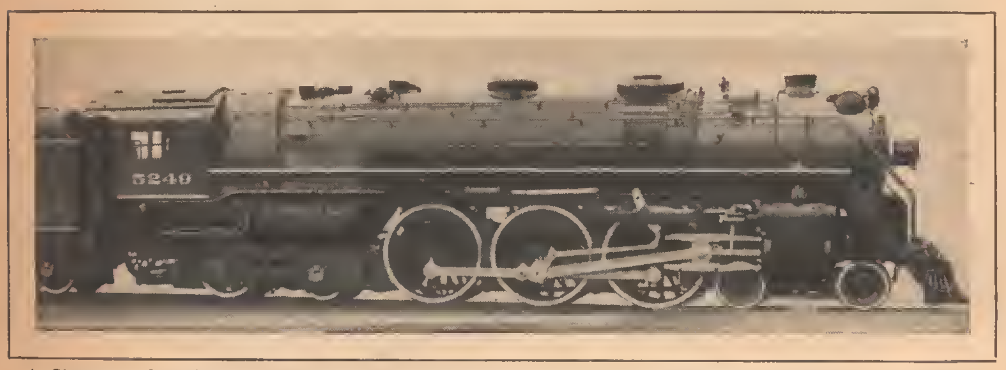
The run of one hundred miles from Toledo to Linndale, outside of Cleveland, was covered in home stretch style by the 5298, which ended its day's work here. We now exchanged the big steam locomotive for one of those classy little electrics, so that we might go through the fine new Cleveland Terminal and dispose of our mail.

F. W. Stoll, road foreman of engines, met us at Linndale, together with A. E. Pollock, to dispense the "juice," and F. D. Dagnan to officiate on the left side. At the terminal Captain A. F. Henry took charge, and at East Cleveland, after a total of seventeen miles behind Motor 1066, it was cut off, and the 5222, with Tom Bradley as engineman, and E. Swagger as fireman, was hooked on.

The next stage of the run was through Erie, Pennsylvania, to Buffalo, one hundred and seventy-eight miles. As we approached the great yards of the latter city, the maze of lights was indeed a spectacle to a visiting railroader. There seemed to be a million of them, all red; but "yellow ahead," followed by the track location, first from one side and then the other, bolstered my nerve, and I decided that the men in charge knew just what to do. So it proved, for in a few moments we pulled into the Buffalo station, still several minutes to the good.

Here again we got an entire new crew, consisting of Conductor W. W. Boughpon, Engineer L. J. Kells, and Fireman G. E. Dawson; and then away we rolled for Syracuse, one hundred and forty-six miles to the east. Shades of the old 999, how we did tear through the night! One after another we met west-bound trains—Detroiters, Commodore Vanderbilts, Southwest Limiteds, and others too numerous to mention. Ho, my single-iron brothers!

Our tissues now said that we were the umpty-steenth section of No. 6, and that the 5222 should again put up the green, which had come down at Cleveland on account of our detour to deliver Uncle Sam's mails—the result being that we had been "jumped," as the boys term a run-around in the land of four tracks and many trains.



A Close-up of Hudson Type No. 5249, One of the Great Iron Monsters Which the American Locomotive Co. Built to Haul What Is Claimed to Be the World's Most Popular Train

At about two strategic points on each division one may see the emergency engines that are kept ready for instant use in case any of the locomotives on these fast runs should break down. Seldom, however, do they have to be mustered into service.

For the run out of Syracuse and over the famous Mohawk Division to Albany, one hundred and forty-seven miles, another entire new crew came on, consisting of Jack McGann, conductor, C. J. Potter, engineer, and J. W. Paris, fireman. Here again we had to unload mails between terminals, so Utica was honored by a stop of the Century.

It was just beginning to get gray in the east as we neared Schenectady and the historic piece of track where the De Witt Clinton made its first run between that town and Albany. This piece of track remains to-day the stiffest grade of the entire run. Here is where machines of the Hudson type receive their severest test, especially going westward. It is a locomotive proving ground, so to speak.

At the capital of New York State we again changed crews, and E. Robillard, conductor, Cliff Turner, engineer, and J. J. Daly, fireman, took charge. Soon we rolled out over the Hudson River, crossed to the east side, and turned southward for New York. This part of the line—the Hudson Division, one hundred and thirteen miles from Albany to Harmon — is a winding road. The curves are not bad ones, but a stretch of straight track is a rarity.

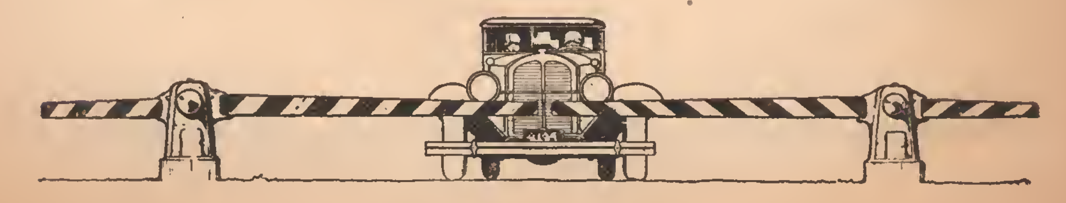
Until now I have neglected to mention how many times I took water from the troughs between the rails. I would lean out and watch the big splash as we plowed along at forty miles an hour or more, taking a drink. It reminded me of the way the cowboys out West used to pick up their hats from the ground, while riding by on the backs of their speedy little ponies. Not once on the entire trip did we fill the tank from a water spout. To stop for water with the Century just isn't done—at least, the boys say that it would require a lot of explanation.

Nearing Harmon, we scooped water for the last time, and some minutes later the 5222 came to a grinding stop at the end of the division. Here she was cut off, her crew remaining with her, for from this point the line is electrified, and again one of those silent little "sneakers" came down the track and was hooked to the head end.

These electric locomotives look small indeed beside our faithful old steam jacks; but if there is anything to which the expressive but inelegant phrase "little, but, oh my!" may fitly be applied, it is to them. Sad indeed shall we be if the day arrives when they replace our beloved steamers; but there are those who solemnly declare that it is bound to come. If such be the case, even an old fogy will have to admit that they perform in a very efficient and businesslike manner.

As A. La Paugh, engineer, and his helper, C. O. Sackel, backed on with Motor 1175, the train took on a different appearance and seemed to lose its symmetry; but for riding comfort and smooth handling one has to hand it to the electrics.

I listened with much interest while La Paugh paid tribute to the men who built the tunnels that lead under the city and into the Grand Central Terminal. Like so many of the works of man to be seen in our wonderful metropolitan city, these seem to be built to stand the test of time. They are worthy of this great railroad and of the magnificent train that landed me at my journey's end in New York at 9.30 A.M., nineteen hours and fifty minutes from the start in Chicago.



Illustrated by Charles Durant

"Instead of Settin' on That Chair All Night, Supposin' You Go Out and Check a Few Cars."

Old Four-Eyes

Yardmasters' Orders Were as Wind in Benny's Ears, but the Hoarse Command of a Silk Special's Engine Sent This Independent Yard Clerk Highballing into Peril

By. CLIFFORD KNIGHT

Author of "Hill-Billy"

HREE hundred miles out on the Pacific a Japanese liner with red-banded funnels and a bulging superstructure like the heavy shoulders of an athlete, bucked a quartering sea.

She pitched upon the restless, gray-green water like a cork, taking the cold high wind blowing from far out of the Arctic and the flying spindrift heavy as a mist upon her port side. Wind and sea did their best to hold her back, but on she went, plowing through the whitecaps, her tngines clanking, her propeller shafts turned up to top speed.

For in her hold—the last to be loaded at Yokohama and the first out at San Francisco—she carried silk. Raw silk from the Orient. Silk for milady. That fashion should be served there was no rest ahead for all who should touch it until it rolled into warehouses in New York.

. . . . .

At the same time four days distant, measured by the best that steam could do—in the Ridge Hill yard office, to be exact—"Jap" Waters, the tall, lean yardmaster, was building a fire under one Benny Pew. Benny Pew, night yard clerk, took it without a murmur. He merely blinked at the yardmaster through his thick lenses, a worried look upon his round face.

The high wind of Jap Waters's sarcasm, the spindrift of his profanity beat upon the short, thick-set, light-haired youth; Jap stormed about the office, his small dark eyes blazing, his temper turned up to top speed.

"You ain't checked a car number down there in the lower yard for a week," he squeaked. "Whiskers No. 1 this morning was full of stuff nobody knew nothin' about. You ain't looked into the lower yard. You're supposed to check it now. The day force is handlin' the upper yard."

He quieted a bit. "Let me suggest Benny Pew," he said almost pleadingly, "that you do a little work around here if you expect to stay. If you don't care anything about the job itself, then do it as a personal favor to me."

"That's a two-mile walk down there and back, Jap," said Benny.

"What of it?"

"I'll check it whenever I can, but there ain't time to do everything. They hadn't ought to cut that yard checker off."

Jap Waters made no reply to that, but slammed on his hat, yanked his coat off its nail and started on his flat-flooted way home to supper.

II

Benny Pew, when the yardmaster left, sat down at his desk and put his feet on its top. He fingered the bit of light-colored floss on his upper lip that he was training to be a mustache. Benny didn't mind working. And he did work. But there was a difference between working and doing everything there was to be done at Ridge Hill yards. He'd started twice to check the lower yard and got called back to more urgent tasks.

No use to tell Jap that, though. Economy had pulled off one of the car checkers, and economy had tried to hang part of the extra work on him. The next bright idea, he thought sarcastically, would be to pull off the night switch crews and let the yard clerk push box cars around by himself.

By midnight two eastbound strawberry specials had iced and gone, while three red ball hot shots and the nightly empty tank car drag had departed westward; all of which was complicated, of course, by the movement of the varnished cars, of which there were four regular besides three sections of 17 extra.

Benny Pew put his feet on his desk at the end of that time and turned his near-sighted eyes toward the clock. If Jap Waters were to have his way he should be going down into the lower yard in the rôle of car checker. But this was only a breathing spell. In thirty minutes the struggle would break out all over again.

If ever he could get any coöperation from the night yardmaster, things might be different. But whenever the rush was over, Dell Smick, the said

night yardmaster, went in the hole some place, and only the caller knew where to find him. If Dell Smick would come in and do some of the pencil pushing that had to be done when things quieted down Benny wouldn't have minded grabbing a few numbers, but he wasn't going to do it all by himself.

So Benny took a French harp from his pocket, blew experimentally upon it a couple of times, then hunched his shoulders, settled comfortably into his chair and turned out hungry heart songs to an unknown jazz baby.

The operator interrupted his musical interlude with a new line-up that extended the half hour of loafing to a full hour, and just then the lower yard crew dropped by with a drag. Whereupon Benny had a change of heart. At least he could ride one way to the lower yard.

He swung onto a box car and hopped off at the beginning of the yard. There was not much to check there; a half hour was sufficient to finish the job. With lantern in the crook of his arm he walked along the length of the silent yard filled with stored cars, jotting down car numbers, initials and kind.

Vague figures appeared from between two cars as Benny walked along. He had no time to wonder who or what they were; in fact he was scarcely aware of them, for there was only the faint sound of feet on the cinders, and shadows. That and a pair of dark eyes which, seen in the flash of his lantern when things of a sudden happened, he never could forget.

Benny woke up with the wind blowing in his ears, and a sick feeling in the pit of his stomach. Overhead he watched a star swing crazily in the sky. He sat up and shook his head, and felt of his face. His glasses were gone. His left eye smarted and his upper lip felt as big as a football. His lantern was broken, and he sat in darkness in the midst of the shadowy, silent cars.

Benny got up. He tried to fix up his lantern, but found the effort vain—there in the darkness. He searched for his glasses and found them with the frames broken. His head ached now, and tiny points of light were flashing in his eyes. He turned and walked toward the yard office, his head throbbing at every step he took.

III

The next afternoon the Japanese liner with the red-banded funnels docked at San Francisco. Its donkey engines began to hiss, its cargo winches to rumble, almost before the lines were made fast. Over the side went great slings of matting bales, which the shore gang fell upon and trucked away. And before the room stewards had carried the last piece of luggage from the cabins to the dock a hoghead not far off on a high seat of a Pacific type cracked the throttle of his mount and moved away.

Behind him was a train of eight cars of raw silk and a coach for the train crew. Once clear of the yards she straightened out, laid back her ears and roared up toward the crest of the Sierras. Before midnight she would be over the Nevada line and by daylight far away in desert country, smoking down upon extra fare trains that had gone in the hole for her, and ripping by in a fog of fine gravel dust as though she would tear the landscape wide open with her passing.

. . . . .

Jap Waters, day yardmaster, greeted Benny Pew that evening with a brusque statement. "The trainmaster's office is on my neck about the yard

check again. It's all here except what you're supposed to get. Where is it?"

"Didn't get it," said Benny.

"Too busy?" said Jap with great sarcasm.

"Call it that if you want to," said Benny. Benny thought a moment. "You know, Jap," he said, "it ain't safe for a man to go down to the lower yard by himself after dark."



Jap laughed. "Afraid?" he asked contemptuously, glaring at the short thick-set figure standing uncertainly before him.

"No."

The yardmaster got up to go home. "Do you want me to get Charlie Semple to come down and go with you?" he asked with light sarcasm.

"I ain't askin' for no personally conducted trip by a railroad dick," answered Benny quickly. He walked over to the yardmaster and looked him in the eyes. Then he pointed to his face. "See that shiner there, Jap? And that lip?"

The yardmaster looked and touched with a questing finger. Then he laughed.

"Bump into the door, did you, son?" he asked.

"No." Benny related the incident of the night before.

"I ain't denyin' the shiner, Benny, or the lip. They sure spoil your beauty. But, all the same, you check a few cars to-night. If you're afraid, get a cop to go with you."

Benny watched Jap foot it out of the yard office homeward bound. Later came Charlie Semple, the special agent, to listen to Benny's story.

"Bums? Hell, Benny, there ain't no bums ridin' the rails now. They're all cruisin' in flivvers on the highways, so they say. You tell me you wasn't robbed. You got your specs fixed up. What you kickin' about? This is the peaceablest pike in the country nowadays. Nothin' ever happens no more."

Benny gazed at the other. He pointed to his eye. "I suppose I got this shadow boxin' with myself?"

"Sure you didn't fall out of bed?" said Charlie lightly, pulling his derby hat tight down upon his head and walking out of the yard office.

IV

And then came the deluge. All the strawberries in Arkansas and Missouri were headed east that night. Three trains of live stock had to rest and feed. A wreck on the D. & A. threw the detours of another busy line upon the Ridge Hill yard. Seven trains of Shriners were going west to convention on the Coast. Hot shot get cold waiting to move.

Dell Smick, night yardmaster, ran around in circles, while Benny fought

waybills and switch lists and consists all night. And only with the arrival of the day crew at seven o'clock did Benny cease his labors. He went home before Jap Waters showed up and pounded his ear for a full nine hours.

After that came the correspondence. That's all the superintendent's office was good for, to write letters. Letters which always ended with "Why did you do that?" or "Why did you not do this?"

"You answer the questions, Benny," said Jap Waters, shoving a letter under Benny's nose that evening when he came back to work.

Benny read it and found it had to do with checking the lower yard. Somebody had left a couple of cars of hot shot in the lower yard where they shouldn't have been placed, and somebody had found them after three days of tracing by wire. "Why were these cars not on your yard check?" was the pertinent question which must be answered satisfactorily; that, or else somebody was due to execute a back handspring off the pay roll.

"Go on and tell the gentleman," said Jap, getting ready to go home.

The yardmaster went out the door. Benny folded up the letter and shot it into a pigeonhole; then he sat down and put his feet on the table.

He took his French harp from its bright red case and gazed at it. He touched his upper lip, drawing together his pale eyebrows because of the soreness that yet lingered. He blew a note or two. He couldn't do much, but he discovered that blues were not so very hard on his sore lip. So he tried to work out something he thought he could call "The Yard Office Blues." Heaven knows there was enough grief around a yard office to make a dozen blue songs, he told himself.

And thus the situation remained until the following night, which was a Sunday. Four days had passed since the Japanese liner plowed along among the whitecaps three hundred miles out. And, since that length of time had elapsed, there was now one silk special whose contents were valued at close to a million dollars due in Ridge Hill yards about 3.00 A.M.

Ridge Hill yards handled a silk special once in a while, but not often. Eddie Hilton, the trainmaster, because of the importance of the matter, walked down into the yards and whispered the fact into the ear of Jap Waters, admonishing him to keep it under his hat, imploring him to see that nobody in the yards that night gummed things up.

"We're changing engines," he said, "but the engine and train crews are going through. They are taking the cutoff to Nokes Transfer." He started off, then stopped to add: "There ain't any guard, except Charlie Semple. They've given him some artillery, and he's riding with the crew."

"O. K., chief," said Jap Waters. Later he whispered the information to Dell Smick, the night yardmaster, and when Benny Pew arrived told him the same, daring him to get under foot that night and do anything to stab the special.

"And another thing," he said, "this is Sunday night. Instead of settin' on that chair all night suckin' on that mouth organ, supposin' you get out and check a few cars. The Old Man's got a can all ready to tie on somebody's tail. And that somebody's tail ain't mine. Get me? You check, or else—"

"All right," said Benny, putting his feet on his desk. Then he added: "This job ain't worth havin', Jap—honestly. I guess I'll be movin' on."



Benny Guessed It Was Charlie Semple's Artillery. His Curiosity as to How the Thing Worked Was Strong, and He Began to Tinker with It

"Go on," said Jap. "If you hop it I'll promise to give you a start with my foot. I think I've got your number; you're afraid to go down to that lower yard after dark."

Then suddenly Jap's temper flared at the sight of his yard clerk, blinking at him through thick lenses. "All right, 'Old Four-Eyes,'" he said heatedly. "You're through as far as I'm concerned. You can't stick around here unless you railroad."

Benny watched Jap flat-foot it off for home. He guessed he was fired. He did what work there was, though, which was never heavy on Sunday.

The clock hands crawled around to two thirty. From midnight on he had played his French harp, or just sat thinking. His lip was better, and he had figured out the "Yard Office Blues."

Having worked out the musical lament to his profession, Benny felt better for it; more in harmony, as it were, with his situation. He did have time to check that lower yard, and he guessed he'd do it. Sort of a final gesture to show Jap he would do it if there were time. He could catch 17 and ride down to the yard, and when they slowed there he could get off.

V

But 17 was thirty minutes late. Benny walked down toward the passenger station, for he had heard the silk special whistle in. They got in just as he stepped upon the platform. The engineer stopped on a dime, and he and the tallow, carrying their tin boxes, jumped off and ran toward the lunch room. They beat the conductor and the brakeman and Charlie Semple by only two jumps as they slid into stools at the counter.

Outside the car knockers went down the train at a dog trot; journal box lids were jerked up and packing oiled, brake and draft rigging inspected, and

a test made of the air when the new engine was put on. Inside the lunch room the crew gulped coffee and swallowed pie and doughnuts. They ran out, still chewing, got orders and highballed.

Benny, standing on the platform, pulled out his watch. Six and a half minutes he figured it. The train began to move, and he swung on. Since the train was taking the cutoff to Nokes Transfer it would stop at the lower yard for the cutoff switch. It would save him half of his walk to the lower yard, or a mile, which was something.

The cough of the silk special's engine rapidly increased to a purring rumble, as Benny clung to the grab iron of a baggage car midway the train, his lantern tucked in the crook of his left arm. The engine with the light train had a pickup resembling a motor car. They passed the yard office and shot on toward the lower yard, and only as the cutoff switch neared did the speed slacken.

Benny saw the brakeman's lantern emerge in the gangway of the engine, as the man got ready to jump off and race to the cutoff switch; and, as the speed slackened further, Benny unloaded. The train drew past him, and he crossed over the track. He set his lantern down and stopped to watch the train out of sight before checking the yard.

The soft night breeze of early June blew toward Benny from the direction of the train as he waited. He figured the shack would make the switch and throw it, letting the hoghead pull through without stopping. But it looked to him from two hundred yards behind the tail lights that the train had stopped. He guessed the shack had fumbled the lock. Benny waited for the sharp cough of the engine to tell him the gate was open, but the sound was delayed. Vaguely he looked about in the darkness. Ahead were the red tail lights of the train; behind, dimly, were a few yard lights; nowhere else was there any illumination.

Suddenly there came the sound of a shot down near the train. Benny stopped breathing. Something like a magnet was drawing him toward the train. He stooped to pick up his lantern, then paused. Better let it stay right where it was.

As he walked toward the train he heard some one shouting in an angry voice, high-pitched and profane. Drawing near the rear of the train, Benny became cautious. The lights of two motor cars, standing hitherto unseen on a little-used road near the track, were switched on. Benny could see figures about the cars now. There was much cursing, and he heard blows struck; several men were being forced into the two cars.

Presently the commotion quieted and a voice said:

"O. K., fellas; keep 'em hid away till dark to-morrow."

Somebody else said:

"Got his orders?"

"Yes," was the answer.

"Highball!"

Figures moved from the cars now and started running swiftly toward the engine.

Benny, within fifty feet of the rear platform, continued to move softly forward, watching the headlights of the motor cars as they moved down the road away from him. Something still drew him toward the train. Then the engine coughed sharply and the sound was a spur to Benny Pew. He ran the few steps to the rear car and, seizing the grab irons, pulled himself on. Before he realized it the train had

passed the switch. It did not stop, and the switch remained open behind them.

VI

THE cutoff was primarily a freight line, a speedway that eliminated many grades of the main line, and avoided congested yards farther east of Ridge Hill. It was ten miles shorter than the main line between Ridge Hill and Nokes Transfer, which measured 128 miles.

For ten minutes or more Benny lingered on the rear platform. Maybe he had done a fool thing. For the train was moving too rapidly now for him to get off. He was staying for the ride whether he wanted to or not.

He peered into the lighted coach and could see nothing but empty seats. Cautiously he opened the door and went inside, expecting to find somebody. But there was no one. He even looked under the seats to make sure.

Through the window was only a vast blackness; no farmhouse windows were lighted up; there were no lights from passing automobiles. The cutoff ran for miles through a wooded section of the State.

The speed grew steadily; the wheels hummed with a whining note; now and then a flange screamed on a curve. Benny tried to estimate the speed by counting the rail clicks, but gave it up. He guessed it was better than seventy-five an hour.

He went outside on the rear platform again. A fine dust from the roadbed blew about him and got into his eyes. He descended a step or two, clinging to the grab irons, and looked ahead.

Back inside the coach again, Benny felt strongly the presence of somebody. Yet when he searched the car again thoroughly he could find no one.

In a locker not previously examined he found a sub-machine gun with extra rounds of ammunition. He brought it out and looked at it, guessing it was Charlie Semple's artillery. His curiosity as to how it worked was strong, and he began to tinker with it. He solved the problem with the loss of only two window panes in the coach as the leaden hail cut loose under the pressure of his finger.

All the while the speed was stepping up. Boy, they sure were rolling! He'd never ridden that fast before, so he put down the gun and went out to the rear platform again to reap the full thrill of the occasion. A switch light flashed past, only a red streak on the black wall of the night. Another flitted by.

Now they were running alongside a freight train standing on a siding. The noise was deafening. With a final roar almost like an explosion they rocketed past the engine. Back behind in the freight engine's headlight Benny could see the head shack walking to the switch.

Benny went back inside. He had known all along, but without admitting as much to himself, that he was up to his neck in a hijacking racket that took his breath away to think about. There had been a tip-off along the line; everything had worked like a clock, and the company stood to lose a trainload of silk.

The bandits had waited at the cutoff switch. They had surprised the train and engine crews, including Charlie Semple, kidnaped them and stolen the train. Evidently the gang had cleaned out both engine and crew coach and then all climbed on the engine, leaving their confederates in the motor cars to spirit away the trainmen. Benny wondered a bit if that same gang

hadn't given him a black eye and a swollen lip a few nights before in the lower yard.

But what was a man to do? pondered Benny. If those birds up ahead found him back here they would pick him off, for what was one four-eyed mudhop compared to a million dollars' worth of silk? Benny went out on the rear platform again. He thought he might pull them down with the conductor's valve on the tail hose.

He reached for it, started to put the weight of his arm on it and then changed his mind. He might turn the train over, running the way it was; seventy-five an hour was a snail's pace to what they were doing now. And, besides, what was the good of that? If he stopped them they'd only come back and bump him off and highball again. Maybe he could stand them off with the machine gun; maybe he couldn't.

He ought to get word to somebody back at Ridge Hill, but how? They ripped through a dark station, and the clash of steel as wheels struck rail joints at the front of the buildings came back to him like the rattle of machine guns.

His only chance was to throw off a message to some operator. On an old envelope he penciled his message:

> DISPATCHER, Ridge Hill:
> Am on silk train captured by hijackers. Train crew was kidnaped at cutoff switch. Get State police and try to help me.
> BENNY PEW,
> Yard Clerk.

Benny looked for something to weight the piece of paper and found nothing except a cartridge from an ammunition clip. He wrapped the note around this, secured it with a rubber band and went to the rear platform.

There he crouched down on the steps, waiting for a station that was open. He had to pick one where there was an operator or he was throwing the note away. He climbed back to the platform and opened the door on the other side. He wasn't familiar with stations except as numbers to put on switch lists, and he didn't know where he was exactly. The station he was looking for might be on either side of the track. He was afraid his eyes might trick him.

He crouched and waited, then crossed over and crouched again. Presently lights showed ahead; the town was of some size. He guessed it was Merryvale. Soon ahead he made out a semaphore at clear; twice he crossed the platform to make sure he would be on the right side to throw.

VII

THE station was upon him in a flash. He had no time to estimate the distance, to think where to place his weighted message. Of a sudden he saw a dimly lighted telegraph window, and he let loose, aiming at the lighted square. If the operator was sitting there it was just too bad; he hoped, though, that luck was with him. And he thought it had been, for through the darkness and the haze of following dust he fancied he saw a figure emerge upon the station platform under a light and stare at the receding train.

A half hour later Benny looked at his watch. An hour had passed since they left Ridge Hill. Already he thought he saw a faint light in the east, as though the dawn were coming. It was getting light now a little after four.

They had passed the wooded section, and now there was a highway parallel to the line. There was an occasional



Benny Unslung the Machine Gun, Shoved It over the Rim of the Coal Bin and Trained It upon the Cab, Swinging It from One Side to the Other

motor car headlight; some truck gardener starting to town, he guessed. And Benny was still up to his neck in this racket; if he got out with a whole skin he would have to do it by himself. Almost anywhere along here perhaps the birds up ahead would decide it was far enough and head in on the spur they had already picked out. When that happened Benny could drop off the tail end, run to a farmhouse and telephone for help. He could do that. But he wouldn't.

Benny went to the locker, crammed what ammunition he could carry into his pockets, slung the gun on his back and went ahead. He opened the vestibule door and swung out, clinging to the grab irons with a deathlike grip.

The wind tore at him as though it would pull him off and dash him on the track below. The ammunition and the gun on his back weighed him down. He reached for the grab iron on the baggage car ahead and stepped into the darkness, feeling with his foot for the step.

He missed it and went down, hanging by one hand, dangling breathlessly in the wind that tossed him ruthlessly about. For a moment he thought his arm would pull out of the shoulder joint. He managed, however, to bring up his other arm and get a grip on the grab iron, then, feeling with his feet, he found the step. The irons up the corner of the car all seemed to him to have been misplaced as he fumbled for them fearfully.

But at last he reached the top. He lay down for a minute or two to rest, then got up and tried to walk. But the wind was too strong for safety; he dropped on hands and knees and crawled. He jumped the gaps between the cars, making a short run, then gritting his teeth and closing his mind to what would happen if he missed. The third one from the front end he took just as the train hit a curve, and

he went spinning. The grab iron at the edge of the roof saved him, for when he rolled against it he froze to it.

The sky was brighter now, dawn was not far away. From the top of the first car he looked down upon the tender and toward the cab. He could not see into the cab, and he trusted that when he jumped no one would be looking.

Before he sprang off into space Benny took one look around. He saw a truck on the highway, then farther ahead another, and both looked suspicious to him.

But Benny had no time for meditation. Holding his glasses on his nose with one hand, he jumped for the tender. He struck, stumbled forward, and fell against the iron lid of the water hole. His glasses were safe, but his leg felt as though it had been seared by a hot iron. He paused a moment and rubbed the spot, then he crept forward to the edge of the coal bin.

VIII

Ahead in the cab Benny saw four figures; the hogger was sitting alone on his box, a solid hulk carved from shadows, one ear and the side of his cap reflecting the faint glow from the gauge lights. Two men were on the fireman's seat. In the gangway looking out at the highway stood a fourth figure. A deadly quiet was upon them all, the silence of strain.

Benny unslung the machine gun, shoved it over the rim of the coal bin and trained it upon the cab, swinging it from one to other, making sure all were in range. He was in plain view of any who should glance his way, but as yet his presence was undiscovered.

The train overtook and passed another truck on the highway. The man in the gangway turned to call to the hogger, and his words were lost to Benny. But, as the man turned back, his eyes roved over the tender and for a brief second fell upon Benny. They were the eyes that Benny had seen in the light of a lantern a few nights before. Eyes he couldn't forget. Suddenly the man whipped up an automatic and the bullet spattered on the rim of the coal bin a bare three inches from Benny's face. One shot was all he fired, however, for the sub-machine gun cut him down, tattooing a line across his shoulder to the neck.

The sound of the shots brought the remaining three figures to life. The two on the fireman's box jumped down, both reaching for automatics; the hogger pushed in the throttle and half turned on his seat. But Benny swept the cab with the muzzle of his gun.

"As you were!" he cried out above the noise of the pounding engine. "Back on the box, all of you!"

The train was slowing perceptibly. Benny could see out of the tail of his eye that there were more trucks along the highway now. The engineer started to call across to the two who were climbing back to the fireman's place, but Benny checked that move abruptly.

"None of that, hogger!" shrieked Benny. "Widen out on her!" The man's hand hesitated to take hold of the throttle, and Benny drilled the glass in the window ahead of him. "Keep going! If you stop here I'll kill you!" he threatened.

The hoghead pulled open the throttle, and the train began to pick up speed again. If he hadn't missed count, Benny had seen no less than ten trucks along the highway, all moving the way the train was running. The rendezvous could not be far ahead.

Then Benny glimpsed it in the grow-

ing light. He knew it only as B261. The spur leading a mile off the main line to a large zinc smelter now closed temporarily. Back in there off the highway they could plunder the silk train undisturbed.

As they came up to the switch the hoghead's hand trembled on the throttle; Benny saw the man's whole arm shake. The machine gun roared, the bullets flattening on the back head of the boiler above the throttle, and the hogger jerked his hand off.

"That's right," jeered Benny. "Keep it in your lap."

On the highway a heavy touring car had come up behind them. Fast as the train was traveling, the automobile was overtaking them. It came abreast the engine and kept pace with it. As the spur at B261 flashed up and rolled beneath them, the engine swaying at the switch, Benny saw a head in the touring car poke out. The man was shouting, and he began to wave his hand and point back at the spur, but no word reached the tense group in the engine.

For two miles this pantomime continued. The man in the car even brought out an automatic and aimed it at the cab, but he didn't shoot.

Somehow intelligence at last passed between the man in the automobile and the cab. Whether the hogger had trailed his right arm out the window in a signal Benny could not be sure; perhaps the man in the car at last had noticed the huddled figure lying in the gangway and reasoned from that. Whatever the cause, of a sudden Benny realized, as he lay upon the tender, his head and shoulders and the machine gun poked above the rim of the coal bin, that he was observed.

He saw a flash from the automatic in the man's hand, and involuntarily he winced as a bullet flattened against the rim, a foot from his face. The second went wild, the third ripped through the billowing balloon of his shirt across the small of his back, but without touching his skin.

Benny Pew reflected with growing disgust that he had let himself in for a fine mess. If he had been into it up to his neck before, where was he now? If he shifted the gun to shoot it out with the car on the highway those birds in the cab would drill him in a second. If he killed them all first he could turn his attention to the car. But that was too cold-blooded; he wasn't a racketeer.

Sooner or later the man in the automobile would pick him off, but his aim was bad right now. Benny saw flashes, but nothing struck near him.

Then once more a bullet flattened near his face. As he ducked instinctively he thought he saw signals pass between the three in the cab—signals with their eyes. The engineer was waving his right arm again from the cab, and the man in the motor car made a gesture as though in answer. Benny stirred the muzzle of the gun, weaving it back and forth at the men who now had turned to face him, leaving the engine to run wild. A bullet from the automobile grazed Benny's shoulder lightly, and he thought for a moment he was hurt.

Something seemed to sing in his ears. It grew more insistent, rising above the sounds of the engine. It was his ears ringing, he felt sure. Perhaps that was the way it felt when you were badly shot. But the singing kept up, and presently Benny was aware that the men in the cab heard it, too, for they glanced around questioningly.

Then suddenly, out of the corner of his eye, Benny saw the automobile on the highway slow up. It slowed so

violently that it skidded broadside, left the road, and, as the train flashed onward, Benny had a glimpse of it turning end over end into the ditch.

And there ahead was the reason, the answer to the singing noise in his head. It was a siren he had heard. He saw them coming, four motor cycle riders. It was the State police coming with their sirens wide open. And as they came up Benny risked his neck to wave to them with his left arm, to wave and point ahead for them to follow.

Five minutes passed. He wondered if they had seen and understood, for the train had shot past them with no slackening of speed. He waited in anxiety and then at last heard again the whining note of the sirens. Presently two riders drew abreast and paced alongside the engine. Benny drew a deep breath and sighed. He raised his voice and cried out to the hoghead, "Shake 'er up, old-timer! We're going on in to Nokes Transfer now!"

. . . . .

At eight o'clock that morning Jap Waters stepped into the yard office at Ridge Hill and wrote a telegram. "Rush it," he told the operator to whom he gave this message:

BENNY PEW, Nokes Transfer:
Forget what I said last night. Come on back. Mr. Hilton promises to put back the yard checker.
JAP WATERS.

UNIQUE DEVICE KEEPS TRACK OF N. P. TRAINS

THE watchful eyes of a transcontinental railroad, with never-ending vigil, peer out over 6,000 miles of lines! These eyes are in a blackboard device in the Northern Pacific's general office building in St. Paul, Minn., which is pictured on the frontispiece of this issue of RAILROAD MAN'S.

Telegraph instruments, the huge blackboard dotted with holes and numerous pegs enable P. H. McCauley, general superintendent of transportation, constantly to watch every moving passenger train on the transcontinental system.

Mr. McCauley has worked out his own unique system to direct all N. P. passenger train movements between the Great Lakes and the Pacific. A glance at his board at any time will show him the consist of each train, the number of cars and their type. The location of the train requires only another glance at the train sheet, which records by telegraph the movements of various trains.

The superintendent of transportation's system provides a peg for each car. It is properly marked, bearing the name or the number of the car. Just before a train on the system is set in motion and after orders have been given for its makeup, the proper pegs are placed side by side in the blackboard. If the train requires ten cars, ten pegs are in the blackboard train.

Along the line at proper designations are the additional cars which will be required for the train. When the train sheet shows that the train has reached a point where its consist is to be changed, the blackboard train is changed accordingly, with pegs removed or inserted.

On the blackboard at one time are as many as 26 through trains operating between St. Paul and the Pacific coast and 90 branch line, local and special trains. The blackboard and train sheet combination enables Mr. McCauley to visualize train operation on the entire system.

More than 1,000 units of passenger train equipment are required for the service. One section of the board is given over to pegs which indicate available cars and their location.

Should a sharp unexpected increase in passengers develop at any point along the system, Mr. McCauley needs only to look at his board and order into service additional equipment which would be available at a point which the train is approaching. The equipment is distributed at all times so that such an emergency could be met without delay. Every unit of passenger equipment, Mr. McCauley said, can be checked and located within 20 minutes.

Mr. McCauley, who has been employed in the transportation division offices of the Northern Pacific for 41 years, has been superintendent of that department for 21 years. Not only does he direct all passenger train movements, but he has supervision over movement of freight trains and all car handling.

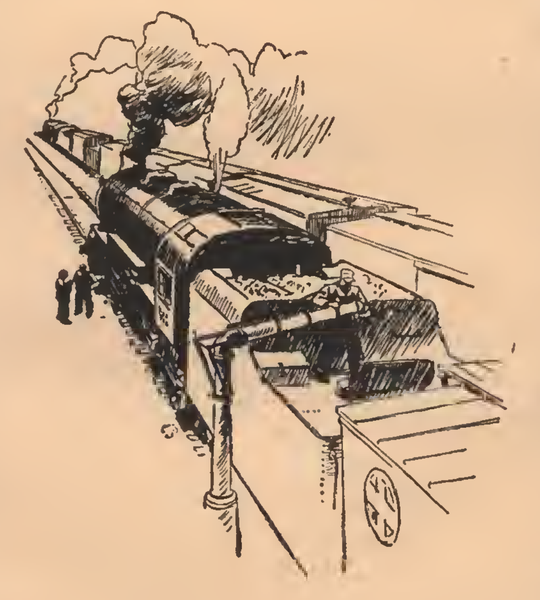
A Drink for the Iron Horse

It Costs $35 Million Dollars a Year to Quench the Thirst of American Locomotives, for Water Is the Stuff That Keeps Trains Thundering along, Pounding the Rails Day and Night

By JOHN A. THOMPSON

WATER has lots of other uses besides running under bridges. Some people drink it. Without plenty of water railroads would cease to function. Their locomotives would become merely so many cumbersome pieces of ironmongery. To phrase it less politely—junk.

A pulsing, white-hot blaze in the firebox is no help at all unless there is water in the boiler, water that can be converted into steam to push the driving wheels around.



The iron horses that highball fast freights across the continent, whip long strings of modern, heavy passenger coaches over the rails on a sixty-miles-an-hour schedule, or haul branch line locals, have a tremendous thirst.

It is estimated that the railroads of United States use water at the rate of *more than five hundred billion gallons* yearly! Of this vast stream, locomotives consume about seventy per cent—or a little more than three hundred and fifty billion gallons per annum. That is quite a bit of H_2O to be diverted to any purpose other than floating battleships.

Recently, and only recently, has the problem of water supply become a highly specialized branch of railroad operation. Most roads now have a definitely organized water service department. Why? Because collectively and individually, the railroads have suddenly discovered that their combined investment in water and its accessories, such as pumping stations, tanks, track tanks, pipe lines and so forth, runs up to *between three hundred and five hundred million dollars!*

The 43rd Annual Report of Railway Statistics says that the railroads spend about thirty-five million dollars every year on water for their locomotives.

And when the iron road—or any other industry—spends thirty-five million a year on one item, it establishes a department to look after that item.

Next time you quench your thirst or pay a water tax, think of all the water you could get for thirty-five million dollars, and you will have some idea of how much it takes to keep the country's locomotives from going dry.

A few years ago the water needs of the railroads were not nearly so great as they have developed since fast freight became the order of the day and high-powered passenger jacks were built to speed the increasingly heavy limiteds from one center of population to another.

Bigger locomotives meant a bigger thirst. Tenders for some of the largest jacks now in use are each equipped with a tank having a 22,000-gallon water capacity.

Steam pressure has been increased tremendously in the newer types of locomotives. Just another contributory cause to the demand for water.

Another side of the picture—one that efficiency experts and railroad economists are quick to point out—is the investment involved in a modern first-class locomotive. When it is temporarily idle or laid up for repairs because the quality of its water wasn't what it should have been, the stockholders have an expensive piece of machinery on their hands that isn't earning anything. Meantime, interest on the investment is eating up money that might otherwise be dividends.

So water supply departments have been organized not only to see that the steel horses get plenty of the stuff that flows under bridges, but that the quality of the water is suitable as well. Just to show what can be done along this line by people who really set their minds to it, some one hundred and twenty million pounds of scale-forming solids are removed every year from water intended for locomotive use.

Sixty thousand tons of solids! Quite a mass of material, and the damage it could have done to locomotive innards runs into big money.

Now then, let's go on. Locomotives must have water and it must be the right kind of water. Obviously the third important item in the consideration of railroad water supply is distribution. Locomotives have to be able to get a drink not only at terminal points, but where and when they are apt to need it most along the road.

To do this with more or less satisfaction there are some eighteen thousand water stations in the country, about twenty thousand pumps and pumping plants, and upward of twenty-five thousand storage tanks of various types and designs distributed strategically along railroad rights-of-way, in yards and close to roundhouses.

Water is the life blood of steam railroad movement. It is the stuff that keeps trains thundering along, pounding the rails day and night . . . north, south, east and west, wherever trains are running it is essential that the glass on the water gauge shows the engine driver he has something in the boiler out of which to make the steam that drives his pistons.

Shut off or interfere with his water supply and you have a stalled train. Stalled trains cause delay. Delays cost money. Verily, a railroad's water supply must not fail.

A strange incident in connection with the watering of locomotives was related by John C. Walker, 1117 St. Marks Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., which Walker insists actually happened:

Some time ago, when small motive power was in service, a circus train came to town and, after the afternoon and evening performances, the equipment was moved down to the railroad yard. A switch engine made up a train, which was loaded up with coal,

water and other necessary supplies; shortly after midnight it got the gate and took the main iron for its destination, the next circus's next stopping place.

About an hour after the train had got under way, the injectors broke on the locomotive, and it was discovered that the tank was bone dry. The engine crew did what they could to save the situation, but before the fire could be dumped the engine was burned.

Naturally, the eagle-eye—whom we will call Old Jack Henderson—was summoned for investigation. His rather weak story was that he could not account for the disappearance of the water supply, and, because of the engine being damaged and the train delayed, he was fired.

Several months later he made an amazing discovery one morning while fishing near the right-of-way. He was sitting beside a lake, dreaming of the days when he used to highball the high iron. Looking up, he spotted the first section of a circus train skipping through the dew.

His eyes bulged, he gulped and threw away his fishing pole. Then he hightailed it for home, put on his other shirt, washed his hands and neck, and presented himself at the superintendent's office. Henderson had seen a clear demonstration of what had probably happened to his water the time he had burned his engine, and was happening now to another train. He knew there would be an investigation, and wanted to be in on it.

Just as the ex-hogger reached the super's office, he found Engineer Joe Howell on the carpet. Joe's explanation seemed as fishy as Old John's had been. It was a case of no water and a burned jack.

The super was unwilling to let Henderson open his mouth, but Henderson persisted. He told what he had seen while fishing. The car next to the engine was loaded with elephants. Old John, watching the train as it rattled by, happened to notice a trunk coming out through the slatted end of the elephants' car, lift the manhole lid and snake down into the tank, apparently taking a deep draught of thirst-quencher.

"Impossible!" the super retorted, but finally consented to ride the engine and observe for himself. Well, he did just that. It resulted in Joe being exonerated and Old Jack reinstated with back pay.

Railroads have several sources from which to obtain water. Rivers and streams running close to their tracks, or over which their tracks cross, are often quite suitable. As a rule, all that is needed in such cases is an adequate pumping plant and storage tanks of sufficient capacity. Sometimes when the streams carry much fine silt and mud, filtering is necessary.

Lakes, natural or artificially formed by impounding the waters of a small stream behind a retaining damn, are



The Old Engine House and Wooden Water Tank on the D., L. & W. Railroad at Ithaca, N. Y.



The Iron Horse Is a Thirsty Animal, and Needs a Lot of Water to Make the Steam That Drives Piston Rods. Above We See a Pennsylvania Jack Taking a Good Long Drink

another frequent source of supply. At times lake and reservoir water may have to be carried considerable distances by pipe lines to the tracks, but four or five miles of water main mean nothing to a railroad that has thirsty locomotives waiting for a drink.

In many places where the demand for water is not too great, springs may afford sufficient flow to keep a storage tank full. Deep wells may do the trick. A pump will lift the water into a trackside tank of the old type.

Finally, in large cities where there are extensive freight yards, busy terminals and a lot of railroad business, water for the locomotives may be bought from a private water works or directly from the city's own water supply.

In the old days wooden storage tanks set beside a track or siding were quite a feature of railroad scenery. They generally dripped water over the heavy timbers of the cribbing on which they stood and were covered with a green slime inside. A long, large-diametered nozzle like a gigantic elephant's trunk stuck out from the base. When a locomotive needed a drink it had to run out, stop with the tender's water tank directly under the nozzle, and wait for the fireman to do the rest.

It was up to that amphibious individual to scramble over the coal in the tender, get the nozzle in proper position and open the outlet valve. The result was often a cascade that all but drowned him, before the locomotive had drunk her fill. Even in the best of weather on the balmiest of summer days, the wetting was uncomfortable.

On a chill night, it was a sure rheumatism-producer. In winter with an icicle hanging from the nozzle spot—it had to be knocked off first—and the water icy cold, watering the iron horse was agony. When sleet, snow and other unmitigating concomitants of cold weather railroading were present the task was often actually dangerous.

However, the old system has been improved somewhat. In the busier yards of some railroads, water spouts

of an improved type and a lot easier to handle than the ancient nozzles are set beside the tracks. Water under pressure from city mains or from a central storage tank is pumped to them.

Locomotives can drive up to the handiest spout and drink their fill without much fuss and flurry. The water flows faster and at a uniform rate, being regulated by check valves set somewhere in the pipeline system. A good pressure speeds up the filling process.

There is less time lost waiting to get to a water spout when several of them are placed about the yard and it takes less time to fill a tank in spite of the fact that modern locomotives require a water tank with a far greater carrying capacity than was ever dreamed of in connection with the old engines.





New Jersey Water Tanks, Old and New, on the Lackawanna Road. The Wooden One Pictured in the Upper Corner Is Located at Lincoln Park, while the Modern Steel Tank Shown in the Lower Corner Is at Boonton

The Delaware, Lackawanna & Western uses the system outlined above in its great terminal yards at Hoboken, New Jersey. The water is supplied by Hoboken's city water works and it takes some four million gallons of water daily to supply the demand made by thirsty D., L. & W. jacks.

The figures, of course, are for the Hoboken

yards only. Altogether the road uses perhaps between fifteen and twenty million gallons of water a day, every day in the year.

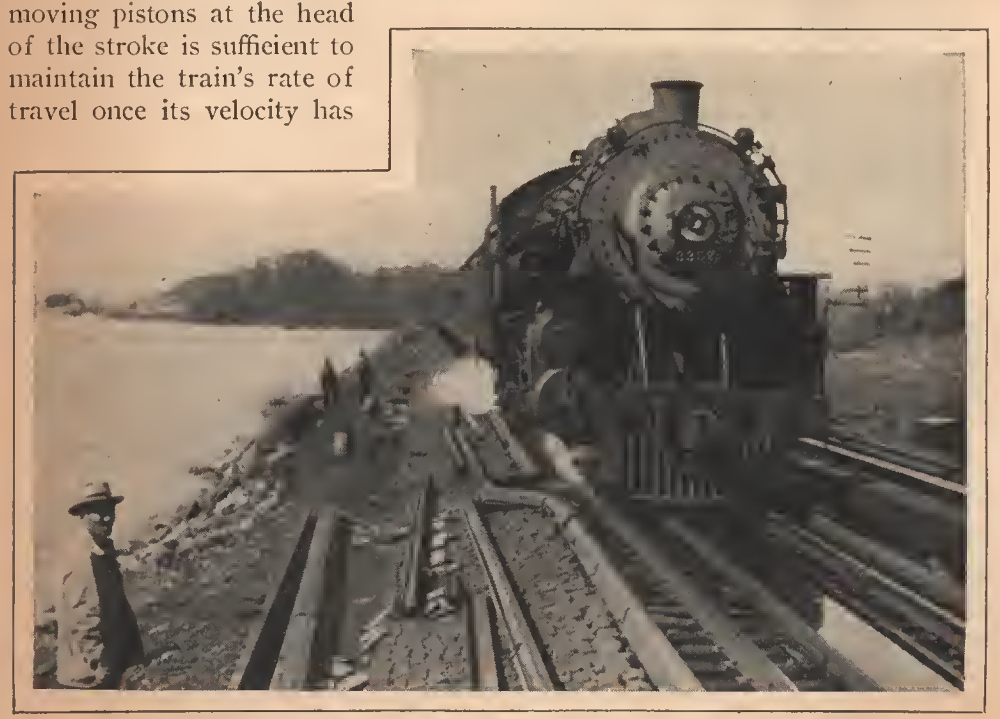
Think of that, you who probably fill a bathtub once or twice a week—maybe oftener—or take a shower every morning and never drink water except between meals! Perhaps you can get some idea of how much water it takes to run a modern, first-class railroad.

About three quarters of the water used by the D., L & W. is turned into steam by jacks hauling freight trains over the Pocono Mountains where the grades are steep. Aside from the road's relative volume of freight and passenger traffic, there is another easily understood reason for the extra water used by the big freight locomotives. It lies in the application of steam itself.

In the case of passenger jacks rolling over the rails at high speed, a frequent, short, sharp impulse on the rapidly moving pistons at the head of the stroke is sufficient to maintain the train's rate of travel once its velocity has been attained. Freight, however, is a heavy drag; a long, steady pull is necessary. Steam, and plenty of it, must be admitted into the cylinders sufficient for a long, continuous push on the piston.

On a mean upgrade freight and passenger trains alike require the strong, steady push that gives that heavy solemn *chug-chug* sound of a locomotive laboring uphill.

In order that its iron horses may not want for water anywhere *en route,* the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western has some thirty locations where locomotives may be given a drink on its main line between New York and Buffalo. About half the water the railroad uses is purchased from local water works and city supply systems. The other half is provided by the road itself through its own pumping plants from streams and other water sources along its right-of-way.



Locomotive Taking a Drink on the Fly from Track Tanks on the New York Central

Track tanks—long, shallow troughs kept filled with water to a constant height—have in many instances superseded the practice of giving a locomotive a drink by jockeying it alongside a spout and letting the bakehead do the rest

With a track tank laid between the rails, a locomotive can get its water on the fly. The performance is spectacular, as a portion of the water bat wings from under the tender wheels in a fan of spray, but it is a quick and efficient method of watering a busy jack that hasn't time to stop for a drink.

The tender of such a locomotive is equipped with a scoop, up which the water rushes into the water tank at a tremendous velocity.



From an Oil Painting by William Norman Foster

"The Broadway Scoops a Drink of Water"



Photo by H. W. Pontin, Allston, Mass.

How's This for Picking up Water? The First Section of the Lake Shore Limited on the New York Central Lines, Eastbound, Running Full Speed at Twilight. The Engine Is No. 5279, Hudson Type

One thing that must be guarded against in track tank water feeding is the danger of the water in the troughs freezing in cold weather. To overcome any possibility of such an unfortunate happening, track tanks—at least those of the New York Central Lines—have small steam jets running up into the bottom of the water pans every track length. When the temperature drops and indications point to a long hard winter, the man in charge simply turns on the steam and keeps it on sufficiently to prevent the water from solidifying.

Incidentally, the New York Central's stud of iron horses do considerable water drinking of their own. Immediately out of New York City the road is electrified, so the first big water supply depot is up at Harmon, where the electric jacks are dropped and the steam locomotives coupled on.

About a million gallons of water a day quenches the thirst at Harmon. The stuff for making steam comes all the way from half a mile beyond Oscawanna by pipe line, and Oscawanna is

three or four miles out of Harmon to begin with. But a little thing like that means nothing when it is a question of securing the right kind of water for a locomotive, and enough of it.

Because of the heavy freight traffic continuously rolling through Selkirk, the latter is a water call depended upon to deliver daily more than two million gallons of *aqua pura* (high hat for water). The whole twenty-four hours is included in a day's disbursement. Track pans there are kept pretty busy with panting locomotives roaring down on them. Fast freights can pick up their water on the wing quite as well as the Twentieth Century.

Rome, N. Y., is another water supply point on the New York Central that deals out over two million gallons daily for locomotive consumption. There's a reason for this. It is a long jump to the next filling station at Seneca River. Trains headed for Seneca River invariably fill up at Rome, while locomotives coming down from Seneca River are likely to find their water reserve uncomfortably low when they swing into Rome. So they take a long drink, too.

Hitherto, with increasing traffic, heavier trains, bigger locomotives and one thing and another, a distressing bottle neck situation sometimes held up running schedules with unhappy delays. Everybody that went through wanted to get on tracks 1 and 2 for a whack at the important water-filled track pans.

This congestion occurred in spite of the fact that the track pans at Rome are much longer than the standard length of eighteen hundred feet.

Clearly it was up to the road to do something, and not take too much time about it, either. The operating department pondered over the problem.

"Come, come," they said, "what is this new-fangled water supply service good for anyhow, if it can't water our locomotives fast enough at Rome? We've got a lot of trains going through there every twenty-four hours and they require an unholy amount of water. We can't fill locomotive tender tanks with a tin dipper and the locomotives are forever jamming up on tracks 1 and 2. Besides, what will happen when our business increases?"

The solution involved the laying of some more water pipe lines, a study of the capacity of the distribution arrangements and a lot of other numerous details, but it was essentially simple. The city of Rome said it had plenty of additional water to supply the railroad, so the New York Central decided to build two more track pans, this time between the rails of tracks number 3 and 4.

These two new pans are whoppers, twenty-five hundred feet in length, but hereafter red-ball freights can pick up a drink on their own tracks, eastbound or westbound, and they won't have to be switched over to the passenger lines to have their thirst assuaged, as has been the custom in the past.

The condition at Rome is just an example of the little things that are always bobbing up to keep water supply departments on the pay roll and earning their money. In many instances where the New York Central has important water depots that draw from local city supplies, the road has taken the precaution to install emergency pumping plants and reservoirs of their own.

These emergency stations may never be called on. But they'll be ready if they are ever needed, and a railroad cannot afford to take chances on its water. Its trains must run. Its iron

horses must be assured of plenty to drink.

Another thing railroad water supply departments must look after is quality, as well as quantity. What the wrong kind of water can do to the inside of a good iron boiler is just too bad, but it keeps the manufacturers of boiler compounds doing a thriving business which, after all, is something.

Clogged up pipes also are likely to interfere seriously with the water supply. Broken mains may be disastrous if the break occurs at any strategic point. Curiously enough, most broken water pipe lines are caused by the sudden shutting off of valves; in other words, by checking the velocity of the water's flow too quickly.

Water is fluid, but it is not very compressible. Try squeezing a kettleful into a smaller space and see how far you get. When water is rushing out of a pipe and the valve is closed down suddenly, the oncoming flow pushed by pressure from behind doesn't sqush, it knocks. In fact, it knocks with tremendous force, sufficient sometimes to burst the pipe that confines it.



D., L. & W. Pump House for Water Tank at Lincoln Park, N. J.

The expansive power of water when it freezes is another frequent cause of broken mains and worry in railroad water supply departments.

Aside from accidents, breakdowns, emergency water stations and the general need of providing more and more water every year to meet the demands of an increasing railroad business, the water service branch of railroad operating has a thousand and one things to attend. It is a mighty important factor in keeping trains running OS—or even running at all, for that matter. Yes, sir, the iron horse is a thirsty steed.

HOW FRISCO SIGNAL FLAGS ARE MADE

EVERY month, 1,820 signal flags are used by the Frisco Lines, and the entire supply is made by four widows of Frisco employees—all of Springfield, Missouri.

Back in 1901 when her husband died in the service of the Frisco Lines, Mrs. C. E. Foland—now of 1527 Summit Avenue—secured from the company's store department permission to make the flags which, up to that time, had been made by ladies of a local church.

In those days the Frisco was running more trains than it does now, and Mrs. Foland had her hands full with orders for flags. Needing help, she gave part of her orders to Mrs. Mary Ketchum, another Frisco widow. Since then the work has been divided with two other widows whose husbands died while in Frisco service—Mrs. M. A. Willigan, of 720 East Walnut Street, and Mrs. C. W. Cresson, of the Mary E. Wilson home on North Main Street.

As the bunting flags need to be sewn on only two sides, it is possible for each "Betsy Ross" to make between 100 and 200 flags a day, at the rate of three cents a flag.

This Photo of Miss Marjorie Timm, of the New York Central Car Record Office, Shows the Comparative Size of the Volumes Used to Keep Tabs on Rolling Stock

By
STANLEY DAY
Author of
"Railroads Buck the Breadline"

Riding Herd on Freight Cars

Two and a Half Millions of Them Roll All over the United States, down into Mexico and up into Canada, but They Always Come Bumping Back to the Home Yards Like Tired Horses into a Barn at Night



T'S the biggest herd in the world! Two and a half million head, to be approximate. And it travels farther than anything else that moves, either afoot or on wheels.

Every freight car in the United States rolls an average of thirty-one miles every day, including Sundays, holidays and the twenty-ninth of February. So in a year one car covers eleven thousand, one hundred and fifteen miles. Two and a half million cars—well, figure it out yourself.

They move from Nova Scotia to California, and from Key West to Vancouver, north into Alaska, south into Mexico. And how many get lost? Well, now, you could hardly expect all those cars to travel all those miles without something slipping occasionally!

But, as a matter of fact, the answer is *none*. No, sir, not a single freight car. And they don't stray, either, for very long at a time.

Always they come bumping back to the home yards like tired horses tramping into the barn at night sniffing eagerly for a feed of oats.

Of course, there is the story about the Mexican bandits, who, feeling chilly one evening, set a blaze under a nice, dry United States box car that was sojourning south of the boundary line. So pretty soon they had a comfortable fire going. With the result that the Freight Car Service Department of a certain railroad in course of



You Might Call This "Watered Stock." A Steamship Collided with a Barge Which Was Giving New Jersey Central Freight Cars a Ride in New York Harbor Early This Year

time wrote into its records the shameful word "missing" and the accounting department of the same railroad charged the item off under the heading of "Profit and Loss."

But in many quarters that story is heatedly denied and branded libelous. Because your box car herder simply can't admit of an eventuality that would find his system at a loss, bad Mexicans, Johnstown floods and tidal waves not excepted.

And after an examination of his freight-car-punching methods, one feels inclined to agree with him.

For instance, suppose Mr. John Doe, of Doe, Ray & Me, toothpick manufacturers, gets hot under the collar about his carload of grade A rubber toothpicks, consigned from New York to Buffalo. Mr. Doe has just put in a bad five minutes on the long-distance telephone with Mr. Giltz, the big Buffalo restaurant man, who claims his customers have quit eating corn on the cob because of the toothpick scarcity. Naturally, Mr. Doe wants to know what's what about that carload.

So he calls up the railroad. And after being assured that the president really is in conference, or he'd attend to the matter personally, Mr. Doe is put in touch with a young lady whose



A Car Checker at Work. Senator Couzens of Michigan Used to Have a Job Like This in the Days when He Was Young, Poor and Ambitious



tral, for instance, maintains a battery of six telephones operated by six girls highly trained in the business of smoothing the tempers of irate shippers who think they should get air mail service at Interstate Commerce Commission freight rates.

"Mr. Doe?" the young lady continues brightly, after a brief lapse of time. "Your car N. Y. C. number so-and-so was pulled from house track number seven at Rochester at 9:20 P.M. Eastern Standard time yesterday. Car number so-and-so was made up in train LQ4, fourth car behind the engine. It left Rochester at 4:17 this morning and at the present time is probably passing—

"Well, can you beat that?" Mr. Doe murmurs faintly.

"Certainly, Mr. Doe! As I was saying your car is now passing tower GQTRO and, barring acts of God, it will be in Buffalo at 6:27 this evening,



These Freight Cars Were Piled Like Jackstraws on the West Bank of the Hudson River a Few Weeks Ago when a Train Was Derailed at Greendale, N. Y.

(Upper Photo) How the New York Central Files Thousands of Its Duplicate "Wheel Reports," Which Give Details of Cars in Each Train

sole object in the organization is to look after shippers with grievances like his.

"Listen," says Mr. Doe belligerently, "what about that carload number so-and-so of toothpicks from Doe, Ray, Me & Company—"

"One moment, Mr. Doe," interrupts the girl.

She's used to this, of course, and she knows her job. The New York Cen-



All Day Long These N. Y. C. Girls Jab Slips of Paper $\frac{5}{8}$ of an Inch by $4\frac{1}{2}$ Inches on Spindles. Each Slip Accounts for One Freight Car. The Close-up Shows Miss M. Early, World's Champion Car Record Clerk, Who Spiked 19,000 Slips on 64 Spindles in One Day

where, if you care to look for it, it will be found on team track number four just back of the red shanty. Not at all, Mr. Doe. Good-by!"

And this, as they customarily say in Spanish, is no boloney. Though the above may be a hypothetical case, thousands like it are handled every day in all parts of the United States and Canada. It would be no trouble at all to determine the exact whereabouts of any one of the two and a half million freight cars that are at this moment scattered widely across the map of these here United States, to say nothing of the Maple Leaf Dominion.

No trouble, that is, if you know how. The movements of every freight car are recorded, division by division, in great ledgers, each section of which is headed by the car number.

In determining the whereabouts of Mr. Doe's carload of toothpicks the sweet young thing mentioned previously would consult records looking something like this: 61261233 o Sy . Sy-s S-B L .

Which means simply that car number 61261233 started from New York, represented by the symbol o, Selkirk Yards, abbreviated to Sy, loaded, which is represented by the . in red ink; progress from Selkirk Yards to Syracuse is indicated by the Sy-s and arrival in Buffalo is recorded by the S-B, meaning Syracuse to Buffalo. The L means West Line.

And there are other symbols; hundreds of them, in fact. One for every railroad and divisional point. The fact that a car is empty is indicated by - .

And if the car is carried through



Port of the N. Y. C. Office Stoff Which Rides Herd on Rolling Stock

to Chicago and there handed over to a "foreign" line the operation would be recorded by the symbol C&NW for Chicago and North Western and beside it the symbol for Chicago. And every time thereafter the car is delivered to another road the agent at the junction at which the delivery takes place forwards a report back to the owners.

But to start right at the beginning: A shipper at a certain station applies to the agent for a car. The agent locates an empty of the required class on the siding and has it "spotted" or placed, on the siding by the shipper's warehouse. The car is loaded and turned over to the agent, both of which facts are immediately recorded.

If this takes place at a large station, at which full trains are made up, the agent forwards to the car service department a report called a "consist," containing the number and initials of every car in the train. These consists are temporarily filed. At the end of a month they are filed permanently. They serve as cross-indexes in case of error.

Next, the conductor of the train to which the consist refers, forwards to the car service department a so-called wheel report. Why it is designated a wheel report no one seems to know.

The wheel report covers every car in the train and is made in duplicate. The carbon copy is filed immediately. But the original, which is made on stiff, ruled paper with a hole punched in the margin opposite the space for de-



A Long Drog of Erie Tonkers Woiting for the Highboll to Heod Northword

tails on each car, is placed on a machine with spindles to fit each perforation. It is then run through a paper cutter, which slices off a line at a time, so that the division record of each car is contained on an individual slip half an inch wide and about five inches long with a hole in the margin.

So every time one of America's two and a half million freight cars moves from one division to another, or is loaded or unloaded in the middle of a division, its activities are charted on one of these stiff paper slips.

The slips are then delivered to a staff of clerks in the car service department for filing.

The New York Central Railroad maintains its car service department headquarters in Buffalo, with a staff of sixteen girls, each one expert in the matter of handling these slips.

Each girl sits on a high stool before a "sorting rack," which is simply an upright board from which protrudes sixty-four spikes, or spindles. Each spindle is tagged with the insignia of a certain railroad or group of roads, so that the slips relating to cars owned by these lines can be filed in their places with dispatch.

Dispatch, and how! The slips must be sorted, read and placed one at a time on the correct spindles. And not jabbed on the spindles any old way, either. Each one must be placed neatly and in such a manner as not to tear the holes.



No Scarcity of Reefers Here. Scene in the Erie Freight Yards at Jersey City, N. J., Where Western Fruit and Vegetable Trains Are Received

Nevertheless, on a busy day these sixteen girls spike around a quarter of a million slips. When they are going good, their daily average is sixteen thousand slips apiece.

Once they had a contest to see who could handle the most. Miss M. Early—who, by the way, is no longer in the business—hung up a world's record by sorting, reading and filing nineteen thousand slips. She accomplished this feat in the remarkable time of twenty-eight thousand seconds flat, or one slip every second and a half.



It's Not Easy to Guess How Many Roads Are Represented in This Typical Herd of Cars Such as You Can See at a Freight Yard Almost Anywhere in the United States or Canada

After filing, the slips are removed from the spindles, weighed instead of counted, and then turned over to record clerks. There are so many slips to the ounce and each clerk is required to record the information found in a certain number of ounces of slips per day.

The car records are kept in large loose-leaf binders, the pages ruled into columns, each column representing a day of the month. Horizontally, these pages are ruled to contain the records of fifty cars. Therefore on each page there is space to keep track of fifty freight cars for thirty-one days, the day's movement of each car being indicated in the correct square.

To facilitate speed and accuracy, the numbers from 1 to 31 are placed at the top, in the middle, and along the bottom of the page. In the margin at the left the car numbers are placed. The two final digits are printed in heavy black type, beginning with the numbers "00," "01," "02," and so on until "99" is reached at the bottom of the second page. The digits preceding the printed ones, of course, are written in in ink.

Each horizontal line is now ready to record the movements of one car during the entire calendar month. It is now that the symbols referred to some time ago are brought into use. These symbols are adopted partly because of space limits and partly to save time. The location of a symbol in the square has its significance also, as has the color of the ink used.

So there you have the complete solution to the mystery. That is how railroads keep track of their freight cars. Simple enough, after all. And just about as fool-proof as human ingenuity can make it.

But there is another and extremely important angle to the situation. Having gone to all this trouble to look after their cars, how does the railroad get its rolling stock that has been delivered to foreign lines, back to the home rails again?

Is it simple honesty or the urge of economic necessity that makes the Southern Pacific right anxious to get empty Erie cars off its rails and started for home?

We have no wish to impugn the ethics of railroads, but it must be admitted that economic necessity is the goad. Because under an agreement filed with the American Railroad As-

sociation and entered into by all roads, the Southern Pacific is obliged to pay the Erie Railroad one dollar for each day an Erie car is on Southern Pacific rails.

And unless the Southern Pacific acted promptly when it no longer has any use for empties it does not own, the charges under the terms of this agreement would cut heavily into the stockholders' dividends. An empty Erie car standing around on a Southern Pacific siding for a few weeks would eat up a lot of freight charges. And, after all, railroads are operated with an eye to profit.

So as soon as Southern Pacific has unloaded the Erie car, it starts the empty eastward. Strictly speaking, there are three courses open to the Southern Pacific. They can start the car home empty, they can load it for some point on the Erie Railroad, or they can load it for any destination that will take it in the direction of the home lines.

But the car could not be loaded for a point on the New York Central if there was a New York Central car available. Nor can the Southern Pacific load one of its own cars for a point on the Erie as long as the Erie car was available.

That is the agreement. And the dollar a day charge is to make the agreement stick.

And if, in spite of the dollar a day charge, the Southern Pacific persists in clinging to the Erie car, the agreement provides for a higher penalty. It jumps first to a dollar fifteen a day and keeps on rising until the maximum of a dollar sixty is reached.

At the end of each month the car service department binders are turned over to company auditors and the total charges of foreign cars on home rails and home cars on foreign rails are computed.

Yes, sir, they sure ride mean herd on those two and a half million freight cars.

PENNSY MEN GET MEDALS FOR HEROISM



For Saving the Lives of Others at the Risk of Their Own, Four P. R. R. Employees Recently Were Given Heroic Service Medals. Photo Shows (Left to Right): Carl E. Stamets, Freight Brakeman, Columbus, O.; Albert G. Hine, Tugboat Deckhand, New York Harbor; Mike Sinew, Car Inspector, Chicago Terminal; J. W. Nichols, Yard Conductor, St. Louis, Mo., and W. W. Atterbury, President of the Road, Who Made the Presentations

Such a Business!

"Anybody Who Tries to Break Away from a Railroad Is at Least Halfway Bright—A Guy Like That Ain't No Fool"

He Leads the Victim on to Believe Thot in a Very Short Course of Time He'll Be President of the Rood

By GRIFF CRAWFORD

Illustrated by Joseph Easley



IF I hadn't known his name was Mapes I'd have bet it was McNab, McTaverish or something like that—he was so careful in money matters. The boys called him "Frizzy" because his hair always looked as though it needed combing.

To-night he felt sure there were dire things ahead of him. On his way to work a black cat had run across his path. The animal was not entirely black, the color scheme being broken here and there, but there was enough ebony to make his outlook serious.

With a feeling of calamity overshadowing him, Frizzy walked into Fred's for a little nourishment before attempting the bout of third trick on the River Division. He was greeted by a blondine lady known as Goldie, who presided over the destinies of Fred's more-or-less first-class beanery, located convenient to the dispatcher's office and passenger station.

"Hello, old dirge—whatcha lookin' so happy about?"

"Don't chide me, sunflower; I gota load of despair. Bring me a coupla sinkers and a scuttle of ink—black."

"We got some nice—"

"Kid, you're always tryin' to sell me on stale cake, near-soup or some other such stuff and I'm gona bite, this wunst. Bust that order and bring me a coupla cackleberries straight up with their eyes open."

Goldie transmitted the information to the power behind the skillet and looked at Frizzy appraisingly.

"What's the heavy-heavy hangin' over your noble brow, Frizzy?"

"I don't know but it's on its way, I'll connect with it before the sun shines, I reckon."

"Ya oughta get married, Frizzy—you're that kind. Tie up to a good wife an' settle down. Why don'tcha—surely somebody'd have ya if ya went about it right? Why don'tcha?"

"Why don'tchu get married, yourself?" Frizzy demanded. "If it's such a good thing, why dontchu?"

"I'm goin' to; all my life I've set my mind on marryin' a rich brakeman—some day I'll get him."

"Not on this earth!" declared the customer.

Conversation was interrupted at this point by the skillet king motioning to Goldie. She was gone a moment and returned. "He wants to know if ya wouldn't just as leave have the cackleberries scrambled?"

Frizzy looked suspicious. When you order eggs straight up and they try to get you to change the order to scrambled, there's a reason. Frizzy knew.

"Bust the order," he said. "Bring on the sinkers—I take no chances."

II

As young Mapes climbed the one flight of stairs to the office he was thinking. The blondine lady had intensified a notion that was already well along toward maturity—the one about getting married. He took the transfer mechanically and noted that the prospect of a happy night was not alluring.

Business was good—too good. It was heavy enough for a man in his right mind, let alone one befuddled by Dan Cupid and a near-black cat, to say nothing of having just surrounded two of Fred's indigestible sinkers and a scuttle of fluid masquerading as coffee. It would have been bad enough for a man in the ordinary throes of fever over *one* woman, but Frizzy was in love with *two*—that made the matter worse.

It's an awful thing for a train dispatcher to be in love. There ought to be a law against it. It cuts down his batting average in meets and effective handling of trains, and it's more or less of a shady game to play on a woman. In effect it's saying to the adored one: "If you marry me you'll be mighty shy on clothes and eats, but I can get you a pass 'most any place—maybe."

That's what it amounts to, but no dispatcher ever makes love that way. He leads the victim on to believe that in a very short course of time he'll be president of the road and, love being blind, the mislead one falls for the line like a catfish biting on angleworms.

It isn't all deception on the dispatcher's part—most of them really believe what they're putting out. After twenty or thirty years on third trick, however, they begin to suspect something's gone wrong in the calculation, but it's too late then, and if the buncoed lady hasn't already returned to the house of her father, where the meals are regular, they just worry along until Gabriel toots, and knock off, calling it a day.

Frizzy was different in one respect. He was in love, but he went about it the same as he went about everything—on a dollar-and-cents basis.

When he jotted down an "OS" on the eastbound side of the sheet, the smiling face of Mazie Anderson met his vision; when he put one down on the westbound side it was the reflection of Trixie Teagle—and to save his life he did not know whether he liked the east or the west bound best.

There was one thing that threw the balance in favor of the eastbound—Mazie had a job. For seven months of the year she taught young America how to add, multiply and divide and drew down $120 per month for bestowing the information.

That was a big advantage. If one happened to get out a "bad one" and the company severed connections with him—that seven months' income from the other half of the family would come in mighty handy.

Besides, Frizzy was morally sure Mazie had already saved up a nice stake. Guarded inquiry had revealed this information to him and would, no doubt, have a bearing on his ultimate decision as between the two objects of his affection.

On the other hand, Trixie had nothing but plenty of "IT" and a good appetite. Really the thing was simple—it almost answered its own question, as Frizzy concluded.

He was turning these things over in his mind, determined to make a decision before he went off duty, even if he had to let some train wait for orders while he completed the matter.

Without a further thought of the black cat, he fixed up a sheet marking the locals, work trains, etc., in the columns he knew they would appear in later on. He issued an order to extra 2716 west giving them ten minutes clearing time to make Frisbie for No. 10—there was a bad grade into Frisbie, the 2716 had a heavy train and would need it—if they stayed at Cole they couldn't make time over the division, and that would entail much correspondence, which Frizzy hated.

It was against standing instructions—this giving of time on first-class trains when they were on the schedule—but the instructions were issued by canny officials to keep themselves in the clear. They wanted freight trains to be helped in every way possible, and so long as things went along all right, no words were wasted about it. When they didn't go right, however, and the passenger train suffered a delay on account of the freight not making the wait or for some other reason, they held up their hands in holy horror and called attention to the standing instructions.

Frizzy knew that, but only growled to himself, "Such a business!" and placed the order.

As soon as it was properly completed he returned to the vital question, but now his cloud showed signs of a silver lining—he had come to a definite, unchangeable decision. He had cast his lot with the lady of the job, she who pulled down $120 per month seven months the year and had a little stake saved up.

Now, this very moment, he would pen a last sad line to Trixie that would tell her she would have to look for passes from some other source—she had lost Frizzy Mapes.

Swiftly he penned the message of woe. Mechanically he had taken a bunch of letters from his pocket and laid them on the table in front of him—there was some business correspondence, a bill from the Elite Shoe Shop for $1.50 for half-soling, and Trixie's last letter to him—written but a scant twenty-four hours ago. He read it again, then shoved them all aside and began in earnest this masterpiece:

My dearest Trixie:

I hardly know how to begin this letter—

III

He was interrupted by the operator at Frisbie. "No. 10's comin'—I think that extra's doublin' in—he's cut off

down the hill and run a flag up to the east end—"

"Doublin' in? How far out's his train?"

"Must be a mile or more—can't tell."

Frizzy groaned. There had been a drizzling rain around Frisbie and the rail was wet, which no doubt had caused the heavy train to slip down. It meant at least thirty or forty minutes' delay to the passenger train at best, making it imperative to change the meet between No. 9 and No. 10 and put out time on the delayed one for the benefit of freight trains to the east that were getting up against the schedule.

"Hold the board on 10," he commanded. "Such a business!"

As quickly as possible he placed the orders changing the meet between the opposing first class from Bledsoe to Carson; he handed out a string of waits to the freights. As soon as this job was finished Frizzy retrieved the bunch of letters from under the selector box where he had shoved them when the night chief came in to inspect the situation. He was impatient to get back to the masterpiece.

My dearest Trixie:

I hardly know how to begin this letter. I hope you will understand and be brave—

"The 897's ready—"

It was Summit wanting orders for the helper. Once more the missive was relegated to the shelter of the selector box—the darned night chief might come in any moment and he was a nosey person . . .

"Engine 897 run extra Summit to Mentor." Frizzy snapped the order out so fast the operator could hardly get it down. He listened to the repeating, completed it, cleared the helper extra, withdrew his document again.

". . . understand and be brave," he read, then said: "When in the course of human events it becomes necessary—"

Dawg-gone! That sounded good; it seemed he had heard those same words somewhere, some time—they sounded big and literary. He groped for more words, something soulful. Something that would make her realize the terrible loss she was about to sustain.

"Fix the 1835."

Such a business! It was that ham at Mentor wanting orders for the cussed drag the helper was coming down the hill to assist. Some day, Frizzy said to himself, he would slip down there and remove that operator from this vale of tears, see if he didn't—breaking in on a train of thought like he did—how could a man write a masterpiece amid such prosaic surroundings?

"Copy four," he barked. "Engine 1835, run extra Mentor to Tremont. Meet extra 897 east at Mentor."

That was done, anyway, but before he could return to the unfinished letter Frisbie "OS'd"; it was not as bad as he had figured it would be—it was worse. No. 10 got fifty flat minutes before the slipping, sliding freight had cleared. Correspondence, reams of it, would result. He knew the forms of criticism as well as though they were already being spoken. Years of association had taught him. Even now he could hear the trainmaster explaining in a superior way—

"Poor judgment—they hadn't a chance to make that wait—might 'a' knowed they'd have laid down on that wet rail. We got instructions out about putting out time on . . ."

Frizzy knew. As the best "after-it-happens" speakers, railroad officials have the world beat. Such a business! He brought forth the masterpiece from

its lair again. He had the very words—he wrote rapidly while they were in his mind—wrote and reread:

> MY DEAR TRIXIE:
>
> I hardly know how to begin this letter. I hope you will understand and be brave. When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary to sever the ties that bind our hearts in holy love it is then the strong survive, the weak perish.

Dawg-gone; he was getting some place now. Frizzy admitted to himself that with proper surroundings, atmosphere and environment he would have been something more than a mere juggler of unromantic trains that had no idea of the eternal fitness of things. Now he had hit his stride.

He dipped pen in ink again to add even greater and better things to this imperishable document—if it ever was read in court it would proclaim to the world that he had missed his calling. Mentor came on the phone—that imbecile!

"When's that helper gettin' in?"

Frizzy looked at the clock.

"Oughta been in long ago—ain't he showed yet?"

"Nope—and he ain't over at the roundhouse—just asked 'em."

Frizzy rang Summit—"Did that 897 get right out?" he demanded.

"Yep, soon as they got the tissues."

"Ya can't hear or see anything of 'em around there?"

"Naw—they've gone—got right out."

"That's funny," mused Frizzy—"he oughta been down the hill long ago; get outside and see if ya can find out anything—maybe he's turned over comin' down the mountain, or somethin'—" He spoke to Mentor again: "You're sure he ain't down there anywheres?"

"Well, he ain't registered and he ain't anywheres around that we can see—if he's in he's hid."

"Damn!" said Frizzy. Once more he shoved the masterpiece beneath the sheltering selector box—he had to find that helper, pronto. In the midst of his speculation as to what might have happened Summit came on the phone and said excitedly:

"Say—the pumper says that 897 went west—toward Hobson."

Here was a predicament. If the pumper were right—and he probably was—the crew had evidently had a Hobson help in their minds, misread the orders and gone in the wrong direction. Hobson was a blind siding at the foot of the mountain.

He could reduce the drag at Mentor and run it single, but he couldn't move them against the 897 until he knew for sure where they were—all he could do was wait until some one showed up or he could get word through, and No. 9 was his only shot to do that. He had Summit repeat the original order to the helper—it was correct.

"One helluva mess!" groaned Frizzy. "A man can't even write a letter on this job." He rang Farley and gave him a 2 copy message.

> Condr Todd, Helper extra 897, Hobson, care Condr No., 9.
>
> Condr. No. 9 deliver this message to helper extra 897 at Hobson. If extra 897 at Hobson put flag on No. 9 to Summit and advise arrival Summit how got to Hobson on orders held.

He signed it with the superintendent's initials and sighed. All Frizzy could do now—was wait. If the helper were at Hobson the thing would be cleared up when No. 9 got to Summit. He might as well finish the masterpiece.

> Ah, could I but know—could we but know, those who are strong and those

who are weak—those who can say good-by with a smile on the lips and an ache in the heart—

Boy! That was working it out. Give him a few minutes from this crazy railroad and he'd produce something.



A Demented Passenger Leaped from the Train, and It Took the Combined Efforts of the Special Agent and Crew to Restrain Him

There might not be much sense to it, but it sounded good, anyway.

Frizzy almost wept as he read it—there was a concussion on the phone, that heavy-voiced operator at Carson. When he spoke it made the ears jingle—always harsh and rasping, it was doubly so right now.

"Ten's here, where's Nine?"

"Oughta be there; left Maltby right on time."

"Not showin', yet."

Frizzy shoved the weepy epistle aside once more to its cache under the selector box. He cursed railroads, railroad trains and everything connected with railroads, including himself. Why couldn't he have run a peanut stand, shoe-shining emporium, news-stand—anything but a job like this?

He spoke to Carson again: "Hear anything of 'em yet?"

"Nope, can't even see a reflection."

IV

HERE the black cat and the blondine lady's reference to marriage was getting in their work. If he hadn't crossed the feline's path or got mixed up making a decision between two ladies, one with a job and the other with "IT," he might have been at ease and had a half-way decent railroad.

It was a long, long hour before the belated No. 9 showed in the offing at

Carson. A demented passenger had leaped from the train while they were taking water at Leeds and it had taken the combined effort of the special agent who had him in charge, the train crew and part of the passengers to run him down and reinstate him properly in the smoker. When Frizzy got the report he wasn't surprised.

"If he's crazy he ain't got nothin' on me, but I'm bettin' he's got good sense. Anybody that tries to break away from a railroad is halfways bright, anyway—that man ain't no fool."

Frizzy was busy from that time on. He had to get out time—more on No. 10, as they were now nearly two hours off schedule, and also on No. 9, which was now an hour late, due to an individual wanting to get away from it all. Somehow Frizzy did not hold it against the man. He fixed locals, work trains and red ball schedules—the woe-laden epistle still reposed under the selector box.

In course of time No. 9 arrived at Summit bearing the abashed and sorrowful Trainmaster Todd, who was flagging the 897 back to its original starting point. The crew had slopped over badly and knew it—time checks were in the offing, it was the price they had to pay for carelessness.

After a night like this Mazie and her seven-month job, to say nothing of the already accumulated stake, looked better than ever. With a helpmeet like her he could lay off now and then and get away from the grind—he proposed to bring the thing to an issue that very day—he would propose—that's all there was to it.

Frizzy looked at the clock; he wanted to get the letter to Trixie off on No. 14 and the time was getting short—she would get it by nine o'clock and know the worst and she would have a lot of daylight to bolster up her drooping spirits. Night is so terrible when one has a broken heart.

He had no time to try to think up a proper ending to the letter—time was flying—so he pulled the masterpiece forth once more, tore it into small bits, grabbed another sheet and wrote hurriedly:

> DEAR TRIXIE:
> Kid, it's all off between us—strut your stuff to somebody else—I'm warming up to another.
> FRIZZ.

As he finished, the night chief came in for a last look at the sheet and Frizzy jammed the communication along with the other letters back under the selector box again. As soon as the coast was clear he drew out the package, quickly thrust the farewell letter into an envelope, sealed, stamped and addressed it, and hurried down to the mail box where he dropped it in just before 14 pulled up.

The young train dispatcher had burned his bridges behind him, so far as Trixie was concerned, and he was glad of it. With Mazie and the revenue attached he would be happy and maybe could get into something else—this railroading business was getting his goat.

V

THE road was running smoothly enough now after its insane actions of the night. Frizzy was in a state of coma and relaxation after the strenuous hours. The night chief had resorted to a morning paper.

"Hey, Frizzy," he called out suddenly, "here's real news—good news for you."

"There ain't no such thing," Frizzy contended.

"Ain't Miss Trixie Teagle one of your flames?"

Frizzy came up out of his chair, interest manifested on his face. "Er—well—she used to be."

"All over now?"

"Uh-huh, busted like a balloon."

"Too bad!" said the chief. "She's just inherited fifty thousand buckos in cold cash."

There was the sound of a chair turning over, the headpiece of a phone striking the floor and Frizzy came bounding into the chief's office. "What's that?" he demanded.

"Fifty thousand buckos—uncle died—there it is, read it."

It was only a short newspaper item, but it told all Frizzy wanted to know. Without a word of explanation he was going downstairs three steps at a time, heading out the door and toward the depot. If only he could recover that letter before the mailman got away with it! Maybe he could talk him into giving it back. The engine bell was sounding and Frizzy increased his speed to the limit.

He saw the train moving slowly, the mail clerk standing in the door. Frizzy knew he had just taken the mail from the platform box a moment before—in fact, he was holding it in his hands as he stood there. Wildly the fleeing dispatcher waved and the clerk, thinking it was a wave of good-by greeting, returned it with a swing of the hand, stepped back and closed the door just as Frizzy was a few feet from him.

The gathering speed made further effort useless, and Frizzy stood watching the varnished cars roll away, carrying with them the cursed indictment that was to cost him a cool fifty thousand bucks—more than Mazie and her dinky school-teaching job would produce in the next sixty years.

"Such a business!"

A great feeling of depression came over young Mapes as he returned to the office. Down in the yard the disappearing tail lights seemed to be winking, making sport of him in his misery.

Then came an inspiration. The day might yet be saved. Frizzy stepped to the city phone, asked for Barnes's number and when that gentleman replied, somewhat sleepily, Frizzy asked him to come on at seven—he had important, very important business to transact.

Five minutes after seven the dispatcher was a block away from the office and making headway toward the garage where he kept his car. It was not the fastest car in the country but it would run pretty good, and here was where it was going to get a chance to do its stuff.

He leaped into the seat behind the wheel, stepped on the starter and was away, headed toward Colby, where reposed the lady named Trixie. He was chasing the U. S. mail and there was no foolishness about it, either.

The engine limped slightly and a decided knock sounded somewhere under the hood, but these were minor matters. Fifty thousand would buy a good car. He shoved the gas feed down as far as it would go, but the best he could coax out of the thing was 42 and the radiator was boiling badly, too.

In addition it bumped along and steered hard, but it was going toward Colby and that was the main thing. If he could get there before the morning mail was delivered and if the post office people were reasonable, he could get back the letter, propose, marry that very day and cinch the whole business.

With fifty thousand b u c k s he wouldn't have to go back to work—not to-night, even; he had enough for

them to live on until she got her inheritance.

Hawt dawg! He wouldn't have to work the old grind again—*never!* Get that letter back and he was through.

Frizzy urged the steaming machine along until he was forced to stop for gas and water—he knew there was but little of either in their respective allotted places. While the filling station man ran the gas Frizzy ran the water, and the stoppage was but for a moment.

He paid the bill and leaped to the wheel again.

"Hey!" called the man, "you've got a flat."

Frizzy craned his head over to where the finger was pointing at the rear right wheel. Sure enough, the tire was entirely down. No matter, it would have to go as it was—he would continue on the rim—that was what had been making it bump so and steer so hard, he concluded, but there was no time for a change. Fifty thousand bucks would buy lots of rims.

He waved good-by and the old bus fairly jumped when he let the clutch in. No charge of the light brigade was more in earnest than, was the onward rush of Frizzy in pursuit of the damnable letter.

After what seemed weeks he hove in sight of Colby and bumped his way directly to the post office where he slid up to the curb and ran up the steps to the general delivery window—it being the first one he came to.

"I want a letter back," he panted, "a letter that came in on 14—addressed to Miss Trixie Teagle, 1114 Washington Avenue—"

"No chance." The clerk continued sorting mail without looking up.

"But, man, this is important. I wrote it and now I want it back."

"Hadn't oughta mailed it, then."

Was any one ever so infernally exasperating as this cocky post office employee? He'd like to bust him on the nose—but he daren't lose his temper. "Listen, friend. I'm in an awful jam, honest. I sent that letter and—"

The man looked at the clock languidly. "It's probably been delivered by now. Carrier's been gone an hour on that route."

"Why didn't ya say so?" demanded Frizzy.

"I did—didn't ya just hear me?"

Down the steps and into the panting machine again and off for Washington Avenue. Maybe he could catch the carrier and talk him out of the letter. As he swung into the street three blocks from where the "IT" girl lived, the girl that was an asset to the extent of fifty thousand dollars—he could see the uniformed carrier bobbing along. It looked as though he were directly in front of the house and going in.

With a squeaking of brakes Frizzy drew up to the curb just as the mailman came whistling out the walk. He had lost, lost by seconds, *lost fifty thousand dollars!*

Wearily he turned away. He would go back to the old grind and the lady with the seven-month job—it was all there was left. He knew now how these fellows feel that drop their thousands on the Board of Trade. He was a heavy, but not a very game, loser. As he reached the curb he was arrested by a voice—the voice of the "IT" girl, Trixie.

"Well, Frizzy Mapes, of all things! When did you get here?"

"Just now—I—I just drove up."

"But why? How? What you doing here so early and not letting me know you were coming?"

It was funny Trixie wasn't sore. If

she were, she surely did not show any sign of it. The dispatcher stammered a moment; she had him guessing.

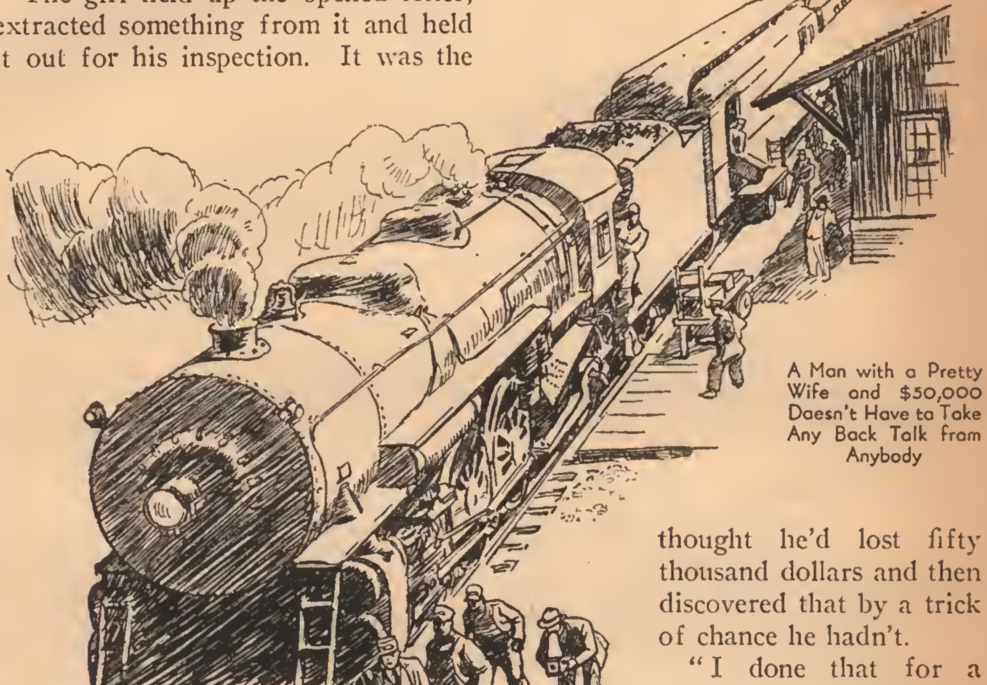
"I—I just drove over for a joke, Trixie, just to fool you."

"You funny man," she giggled. "And what did you send me this for?"

The girl held up the opened letter, extracted something from it and held it out for his inspection. It was the bill from the Elite Shoe Shop for $1.50 for half-soles.

Instantly Frizzy saw a great light—he had mailed that instead of the letter. It must be stuck down safe in his pocket with the other junk gathered up from the table.

Almost hysterical, he giggled, laughed and acted foolish as any man might do who thought he'd lost fifty thousand dollars and then discovered that by a trick of chance he hadn't.



A Man with a Pretty Wife and $50,000 Doesn't Have to Take Any Back Talk from Anybody

"I done that for a joke, too, sweet girl."

"Of all things; Frizzy, I know you're the funniest thing."

They both laughed and giggled until they began to attract attention. Then Frizzy's face sobered. He was not going to take any more chances. He could imagine the swarm that would surround a fine-looking girl when it became known she was an heiress. He went right to the point, immediately.

"Trixie, I came over to marry you, if you'll have me."

A look of astonishment came over her face. "Marry me? How? When?"

"Anyway, now," he answered.

"But, Frizzy, it's so sudden; how

come you to think of this all at once this way?"

"I been thinking of it a long time, honey bunch; I couldn't get up my nerve to ask you till this morning and I hurried over before I lost it again. I just can't live without you, sweet child."

"I—I—of course—"

As an arguer Frizzy was there with the talk. An hour later the clerk had issued the license, the probate judge had done his bit and the happy couple were taking their honeymoon luncheon at the Antlers Hotel.

Frizzy intended going direct to the office when they drove back and telling the railroad to get along the best it could—he was through with it. A man with a pretty wife and fifty thousand didn't have to take any back talk from anybody, anytime.

A visitor was announced by the grinning waiter—his card said it was Mr. Arthur Flemming, of the Colby *Star*—he asked for an interview—and got it. He took snapshots of the bride and groom, asked many questions and got a biographical line on Frizzy.

"And where will you live now, Mrs. Mapes?"

"Wherever Frizzy says, he's the boss, now."

"We all hope it will be in Colby, of course, but I suppose with your husband and the inheritance to interest you, you will soon forget old friends here and we shall see you only at intervals."

Frizzy picked up his ears—it was the first mention made of the inheritance and he wanted to appear innocent.

"Inheritance?" he asked, wonderingly. "What inheritance, sweet?"

"Nix on that stuff, Art," she bantered. "You wanted something new the other day and I gave you a fake interview to help you out. I ain't got no inheritance, never had no uncle that I know of." She turned to Frizzy. "It was just a joke on Art, here—aren't we all the biggest jokers?"

Then the newlyweds boarded a local train.

. . . . .

At two A. M. Frisbie came on the phone. "Hoghead on th' 2541 says the flues are leakin' bad; they'll have t' have another engine."

"They would," said Frizzy, "after they get the w. p. 9 sewed up over at Cole." He turned the bell on Mentor to order another engine to relieve the failing one. "Such a business!" he groaned, "such a helluva business!"

RAILROADS MAY TUNNEL UNDER ENGLISH CHANNEL

ONE way that railroads meet the competition of other forms of transportation is by shortening distances between various points. This was done effectively in Florida with the Gandy Bridge, which reduces the distance between Tampa and St. Petersburg from fifty-two miles to seventeen. The remuneration from this bridge is a convincing answer to the general derision that met tbe first proposals of its builders.

In England a monumental project is under consideration—digging a tunnel under the English Channel at the Strait of Dover to permit through train service between London and Paris, with a northerly extension to Brussels. English railroad officials estimate that a train made up of flat cars carrying automobiles through the tunnel alone could operate profitably.

The proposition—which, by the way, is not a new one—is gaining support in railroad and business circles. The chief, and apparently insurmountable, objection is a military one.

Main Line Blues

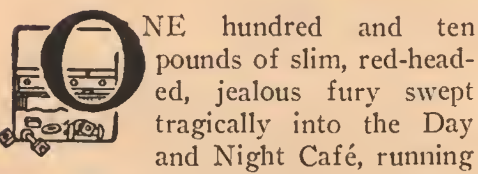
Illustrated by Joseph Easley

"I Missed the Pearly Gates Limited by the Breadth of an Angel's Wing . . ."

They Had Been Boomer Pals Together, Tony and Cleo—but Tony Made a Bad Guess When He Figured He Could Two-Time a Harvey House Girl

By MARY FRANCES MASKELL

(Picture of Author Appears on Page 274)



ONE hundred and ten pounds of slim, red-headed, jealous fury swept tragically into the Day and Night Café, running light and carrying no signals. She took the curve at the east end of the counter in high, headed for the kitchen. This beautiful creature was getting in the clear for an unadvertised meeting point with friend husband, but he didn't know it.

She set the air, sailed her hat through an open door into a bedroom beyond, and savagely rumpled her short red curls.

Bess Deane turned from the short order cooking on the stove to greet her friend.

"Is the hog law about to tie you up on a blind siding?"

"Guess I've been on a blind siding all my life," answered Cleo Jasper.

They kissed, as women do.

"What's the trouble now?"

"Nothing yet." Cleo shook her head as if trying to clear her brain of unlovely memories. "Guess I'm crazy,

but don't let me leave here until I get on a train for Little Rock. I'm afraid I'll commit murder. Bess, let me work. Can't I do something to help me forget?" Cleo's small hands were knotted into hard fists. "Why, why will a woman live in torment just to be married?"

Bess was sympathetic. "What has Tony done now?"

"Same old thing, I suppose. There's never much variety in those affairs. I'm tired of always being second out. When Tony gets home he says he's sleepy, or got to see a feller, or— Oh! Anything's a good excuse when one wife is too many, and a man wants to chase around with another skirt. Life gave me a rotten break, that's all. I used to think Tony was the only person I had to love. *Love*, mind you! But now I don't give a damn. They can bury him in sections for all I care." The wretched girl was hard and bitter. "Haven't you got some job around here for me?"

"My help quit this morning," Bess answered. "You can run this joint if you want to, while I rest for supper."

II

INWARDLY Cleo was a raging volcano, and she sought solace in work she knew well. She had been made by Harvey; had served hash in more Harvey, Greer and Inter-State restaurants than any other waitress extant.

The "Greasy Spoon," as the Day and Night Café was called, contained the usual groups of men found in railroad eating houses. Talking, laughing, smoking, eating, and chewing the rag in general. Roadmen in caps and overalls, bandannas around their necks, with time cards, gloves and wipes protruding from hip pockets. Some just in, some leaving. Others were dressed up and "stepping out." Rails may be seen in full perfection only in such places. They may be found in an imperfect state occasionally at their home division point, and with their families; but they never attain full bloom except in beaneries and rooming houses at the away-from-home division point. Their vagabondish smartness—a rakish, boastful rascality—seems to lapse into a state of semi-suffocation at their own fireside.

Several of the men present were known to Cleo, but rage blinded her to their familiar friendly faces. The smell of burning tobacco, cooking food, coffee and soft coal smoke were part of her everyday life. Entering the lunch room was like going home.

At the counter were several men who had never met the little red-headed ex-hasher, so the big idea was to rawhide her into tearful helplessness.

"Hello, Sorrel-Top."

"Commere, Red."

"Are you married?"

"Is he as big as me?"

"Where have you been all my life?"

Cleo dealt 'em off the arm deftly and efficiently, never answering a word. This was old stuff. However, the razzberry sauce did not improve her temper.

"Put a kiss in my coffee."

"I'm getting a divorce next week."

"Le's go driving to-night."

"What's your phone number?"

Cleo filled coffee cups, rang up cash, and punched meal tickets for all; then she faced them with an icy look in her eyes.

"And I suppose every one of you rawhiding scissorbills thinks he's the original answer to a maiden's prayer, woman's home companion and ladies' world. Three in one. Satisfaction guaranteed. Well, you are just a bunch

of no-good, wind-jamming gin-heads. Go gnaw a bone."

Men left the counter; others came, among them old friends surprised to see Cleo behind the counter again.

One of her tormentors persisted. "You ain't mad, are you, Red? We was just railroadin' a little."

"You wisenheimers are always railroading, but when you are off the right-o'-way you aren't gauged, there's no block system, and no slow orders. Anything goes."

She slid a heavy white dish down the counter. It spun like a top. The sunny-side eggs seemed to blink at such unseemly antics.

"Say, Sorrel, don't get so obstreperous with them aigs," drawled a fat brakeman before whom the dish came to rest.

"What's the matter with you and Tony?" questioned a little conductor.

"Nothing unusual. He is just like the rest of you. No better. No worse. I'm just sick and disgusted."

"Are you settin' him out?"

"I'll pull the pin—"

"Aw, don't get in a hurry, Red," the fat brakeman drawled lazily "Le's wait for the derail."

"Who dropped a nickel in that robot?" Cleo questioned scathingly.

In the kitchen Bess thought to try a small dose of ridicule.

"For cat's sake, Cleo, snap out of it. There isn't a rail on the whole system worth bawling about. Do you want Tony to think you can't live without him?"

"The heck with that guy!" answered Cleo.

She was whetting a long butcher knife, preliminary to cutting ham to fill several orders of "ham and—" when Tony walked into the picture, unconscious of the storm so soon to break over his devoted head. A freight crew, including Tony, had just come in and were doubling back to Little Rock immediately.

Cleo paused—Tony's voice—here? Instead of going to see her and his mother, he was here—calling some one on the phone—some one he had no business to call, if her information were correct. Jealousy and anger, for the moment, robbed her of reason. In the doorway between lunch room and kitchen she hesitated an instant, the gleaming knife in her right hand, the steel in her left.

"*Tony!*" The name exploded from her lips. He whirled from the telephone, a sentence unfinished. Cleo moved toward him slowly, rubbing the knife along the steel; she had forgotten everything except the man before her and the soul-torturing things she had heard. Her lips poured forth a torrent of abuse.

"You double crossing, good-for-nothing liar, woman-chaser—fool—fool. *I hate you!* If I *never* see your ugly face again it will be too soon."

Tony did not wait to hear it all; he backed slowly out. The screen door slammed behind him.

"Now, Mrs. Jasper, don't be too hard on your husband until you hear his side of the story. Maybe it ain't so bad after all," counseled the little conductor.

"Bad?" retorted Cleo. "Say, if that two-timing ape comes back here I'll plant this knife between his shoulder blades."

And she departed kitchenward, still whetting the knife.

III

Two hours later in the restaurant kitchen, Cleo sat on an up-ended soap

box. Hashed brown—French fries—lyonnaise—au gratin—cottage fries—salad—would they never get enough potatoes? And every order was different. Eggs—soft—medium—light—hard boiled—fried—up—over—blinded — scrambled —omelette — poached on toast— The kitchen was hot and the yolks persisted in breaking. Steaks—well done — medium — rare. How she hated a rare steak with the blood oozing out in the heavy white dish! Bacon curled up into a knot and ham cupped like a red saucer.

A bustle and hurry in the outer room caught her attention. A penetrating voice:

"Hurry up here! We're leavin' as quick as they can couple the caboose onto the wrecker an' git an engine down from the roundhouse."

"What's wrecked?" she cried, bursting through the doorway.

"Ninety-two busted into the hind end of Extra 1737 at Ola."

"Anybody killed?" Her cry was almost a whisper.

"Now, Cleo," answered the conductor, "we don't know for sure, except the engineer on Ninety-two. The operator was so excited he forgot about all the Morse he ever knew, but from what I heard there ain't enough of that caboose left to make a martin box." He looked away from her gray, stricken face. "I—I—don't think any of the extra crew was hurt, Cleo. I don't just remember—"

"You're a liar, Jack—Cleary! Tony was hind man on that extra and he was killed—"

"Yes, ma'am, that's what the message said," gulped Jack. "Hurry up with something to eat."

"I'm not cooking any more," Cleo announced. "I'm going on the wrecker with you."

"Don't be a fool," was the reply. "You're better off right here. That man of yours wasn't much good anyhow—"

Cleo did not hear. Her tawny eyes seemed to be looking straight down into her stubborn, jealous, loving little heart. Mechanically she drew a steaming hot cup of Java and placed it in front of Jack Cleary, together with a "Swiss rye."

"—and you can marry a regular guy," the conductor was saying, but the advice continued to fall on deaf ears.

Poor Tony! Cleo had said they could bury him in sections. Perhaps they would. Her last words to him had been wild and abusive. Tears trickled down her pale face.

They had been boomers together. Boomer shack, snake, tallowpot, or whatever job showed up for him when they were broke. Boomer hasher, short-order cook, cashier or whatever job she could get when Tony was on the board again. Fat times and lean, joys and misfortunes they had shared.

Tony, her pal, her husband—would she know him now? She had seen men who had died under the flanged wheels—magnificent, vibrant manhood, mutilated, swathed in white mummy-like wrappings—heard the undertaker —kind but firm:

"I'll do the best I can. I get all the boys from the yards. Take your friend home. It is best that she does not see him yet."

This time the unspeakable horror had overtaken her own Tony. It was too much. Cleo writhed in anguish.

"I tell you I *am* going," she burst forth suddenly, and rushed out to the caboose which was being coupled to a wrecker. Jack helped her up the steps of the crummy. Once inside, she



"I Tell You I Am Going," Cleo Burst Forth Suddenly, and Rushed out to the Caboose Which Was Being Coupled to a Wrecker. Jock Helped Her up the Steps

slumped into a corner, a prey to grief and remorse.

She had been blind to Tony's tenderness. A new thought gripped her mind—she had loved him so much; surely he was not at fault if other women had been fond of him, too. Perhaps the others could not govern their emotions any more successfully than she had.

Cleo understood now what the Good Book meant when it said: *"Your sins shall be blotted out and remembered against you no more."*

Many times she had been furious with Tony. But all that was past. His

sins had been blotted from her heart and memory forever. Such trivial things they had fussed about. She sobbed at the thought that he was beyond the sound of her scolding voice—

IV

THE wrecker ground to a stop at its destination. Cleo leaped out. Her flying feet made quick work of the distance to the depot. She knew where to look.

Under a sheet in the baggage room lay the figure of a man who would never again ride the smoky end of drag freight nor wave a greeting to her from the cab.

Cleo sank on the floor beside the sheeted form, burying her tear-stained face in both hands. Paralysis overwhelmed her. If only she could cry aloud, tear her hair, beat upon her breast. She wanted to shriek a denial that her man was dead. But silent agony racked her soul.

At last from a long way off, like an echo, came the voice of some one deeply loved. The penitent struggled to rise, clutched the air despairingly. Finally she dragged up to her knees, pulled to the wall for support, took a few tottering steps and tried to call his name.

After an eternity she reached the door. Several men outside were talking. The voice came clearly now. A tall, slim, not too handsome fellow rushed toward the girl and caught her as she clung to the door jamb to keep from falling.

"Tony, Tony!" sobbed Cleo. "I thought you were dead!"

His arms tightened around her as he answered reassuringly:

"Not this time, darling. That's Engineer Brown. I missed the Pearly Gates Limited by the breadth of an angel's feather, and I even heard the hinges creak, but I'd go though it again, if necessary, to bring you back to me!"

ICING FRUIT CARS ON A TEXAS SIDING

By JAMES EDWARD HUNGERFORD

FIFTY freezers!
Grab your planks,
Pronto, greasers—
Ice them tanks!
Shift your shoe-soles;
Sweat your socks!
Grab them shunt-poles—
Spike them blocks!
Git to polin';
Schedule late;
Keep 'em rollin'—
Train won't wait!

This here cargo's
Billed "Banana";
Shipped from Largos,
Santa Ana;
Little port in
Argentina,
Where gents court in
Gay cantina
Señoritas,
Oh, so fine!—
Sweet Lolitas;
Spanish wine!

Hey, you greasers!—
Hear that bell?
Fill them freezers—
Work like hell!
You Mex fellas
Git mañana,
When you smell a
Ripe banana!
Ice them hatches—
Make it slide!
Hook them latches . . .
Let 'er ride!

Along the Streak o' Rust

The Human Side of Railroading



W. P. KENNEY

ABOUT thirty-five years ago, William P. Kenney, now vice president and director of traffic of the Great Northern, was selling papers on the streets of Minneapolis. To haul his papers from place to place he used a cart drawn by a well-trained goat. When ambition outgrew his position, the lad sold his goat to a rancher in Montana and took a job on the railroad.

"Billy" rose steadily to his present high position, and when, at length, occasion arose to choose a trademark for the Great Northern, the traffic head recalled his early pet and co-worker. Thus the idea was evolved and the goat's picture became part of a famous trademark.—*May L. Bauchle.*

* * *

ONE of the few women in the country to attain a high executive position with a railroad, Mrs. Charles N. Whitehead, widow of the recent president of the "Katy," has been appointed assistant to the president of the M.-K.-T. Her duties include looking after the welfare of women, both employees and passengers.



MRS. C. N. WHITEHEAD



S. R. & R. L. Station at Phillips, Maine, and FRANK L. DYER

WAY back in November, 1879, when the Sandy River & Rangely Lakes Railroad ran its first train, Frank L. Dyer hired out as station agent at Strong, Maine. For over 51 years he has been on the job—and is still there. He is as much a part of the railroad as is its rolling stock and its stations.

Frank is a bit old-fashioned when it comes to equipment. He still uses the old time Morse telegraph receiving set—the kind which has a paper roll receiving the impressions of the dots and dashes as it slowly unwinds through the ticker. But it's the only kind for him. The important thing is that he's on the job day in and day out, for the S. R. & R. L. means a lot to him.

Although it is narrow gauge, the Sandy River line is no ordinary "dinky" road. It serves the territory of North Franklin County, Maine, is 96.45 miles long, and its rolling stock consists of ten locomotives, 290 freight cars, 15 passenger cars, three passenger motor cars, and 20 company cars. It employs 100 men and has shops and offices at Phillips, Maine.

The following poem, dedicated to J. S. Maxey and H. S. Wing, receivers for the S. R. & R. L., was written by Charles G. Wilson:

Rollin' into Kingfield

ROLLIN' through the Maine woods on Sandy River Line,
By the icy river's brim, past the spruce and pine;
Buckin', snortin', twistin'—Say, hogger, ain't it fun
A-headin' into Rangeley at the end of run?

Shove the coal on, tallowpot; climbin' up the ridge;
Steamin' like a kettle now, trundlin' o'er the bridge.
Silver-tipped with moonlight, through the deep white snows
Into drifts and out again the little engine goes.

Red-hot stoves are cracklin', drummers' pipes alight,
Tiny lamps a-flarin' far into the night;
Happy, warm, and cozy—Brakeman, ain't it fine
Goin' home to Kingfield on the Sandy River Line?

* * *

F. A. DULLAHAN

MEET a "rail" who has 105,000 miles back of him. But he walked every inch of it!

For thirty-five years Fred A. Dullahan, Central Vermont Railway messenger at St. Albans, has been carrying messages, supplies and money from one office to another. And for thirty-five years Fred has been keeping tabs on his trips, with the result that he estimates that he has now walked a distance of more than four times around the world!

* * *

THIS is Captain George B. Kirwan, who has been in P. R. R. service for thirty-two years but never worked *on* a railroad! Sounds funny, eh? Well, he's skipper of the P. R. R. steamer Maryland, and since 1898 has made more than 36,000 "voyages" across Chesapeake Bay between Norfolk and Cape Charles, Va. The ferries connect with the rail line.



CAPT. G. B. KIRWAN

THE author of "Main Line Blues," (page 267), whose pen-name is Mary Frances Maskell, is a new writer with sympathetic understanding of human nature. She is a true daughter of the rolling steel, trained in the school of hardship.



MRS. J. C. CARLISLE

Mary was born October 2, 1890, in a one-room log cabin built by a great-grandfather in western "Arkansaw." At seventeen she quit school to become the bride of Richard Maskell, Rock Island boomer switchman, who "crossed the Great Divide" on a clear cold night in December, 1923, leaving her a widow with four children. Two years later she married another "rail," J. C. Carlisle, Rock Island engineer.

Mrs. Carlisle has had an interesting life of pioneering and hard work. As "Main Line Blues" is her first published story, a few letters of encouragement from readers would mean a lot to her. The address is 722 E. Sixth St., North Little Rock, Ark.

* * *

"GO West, young man," said Horace Greeley. So in 1868 Lawrence Snively went West and worked on the old Lawrence, Leavenworth & Gulf; the Kansas Pacific, and the Missouri River, Fort Scott & Gulf Lines. About 1874 he switched over to help the Grand Trunk in its building operations for a few years.



LAWRENCE SNIVELY

Of all his reminiscences, the one about the different gauges is perhaps the most interesting. The Erie used a six-foot gauge track in those days, but it connected at Waverly, Pa., with the Lehigh Valley, which had adopted the standard 4 feet 8½ inches track. Just before the Centennial celebration at Philadelphia in 1876, the Erie laid a third rail from Waverly to Buffalo to accommodate the Lehigh Valley cars. Imagine a train being drawn by a six-foot gauge jack and hauling both standard and six-foot gauge cars! We'd hate to be the hogger balling that drag around the curves!

For the last fifty years Snively was with the Lackawanna and retired on pension a few weeks ago. He is eighty years old.

RAILROAD men have interesting hobbies, and I. C. Brubaker, Pennsy station master at Altoona, Pa., is no exception. He carves figures out of wood, and he's an expert.



I. C. BRUBAKER

Brubaker is a great admirer of Connie Mack. Recently when the Athletics team passed through Altoona, Brubaker met Connie and later carved a beautiful pen-and-ink set for him.

"It is a wonderful piece of work," Connie wrote in his letter of thanks.

* * *



"JIM" DOIG

"JIM" DOIG, now retired yardmaster at Vancouver, B. C., was conductor on the first train that landed east of the Red River during construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway. He helped unload its engine, the "Countess of Dufferin," at St. Boniface in 1876. Later he ran the first train into New Westminster, B. C., and the first actual work train into Vancouver.

Born in Scotland in 1854, Jim came to Canada when three months old and worked with Canadian railways from the age of seventeen.—*E. E. Pugsley.*

* * *

"FOR prompt action and presence of mind," the honorary testimonial of the Royal Canadian Humane Society has been awarded to Wallace Dennis, Montreal yard foreman, Canadian National Railways.



WALLACE DENNIS

Late one night a man named John Brown fell into the Lachine Canal. Dennis, riding a car while working with his engine and crew, heard the cries for help. He lowered himself over the wall, caught the drowning man and, with the aid of a "human chain," pulled him to safety.

SID Law, 484 McLemore Ave., Memphis, Tenn., whose daughter was pictured in this department last month, began his rail career as an L. & N. machine shop apprentice, fired on the road for two years and four months, and has been a hogger ever since; never had to run an extra, never missed a pay day. He is in I. C. passenger service to-day, and is a widely known lecturer on safety.



SIDNEY A. LAW

On March 13, 1907, he was handling a special train, carrying an opera company, which collided with engine No. 13 switching 13 box cars at 13 minutes to 7 A.M., making Law's train 13 minutes late.

His grandfather, John Alfred Law, an engineer on the old Nashville & Chattanooga, joined the Confederate Army when the Civil War broke out. He was captured by the Yankees and compelled to haul Yankee soldiers, but escaped by derailing a train. Sid's grandfather had two sons, both I. C. locomotive engineers. One was Peter S., Sid's father. The other, Alfred J., was held up at Duck Hill, Miss., in 1890, the express car was robbed and one of the passengers was slain.

* * *

IT was no accident that made Frank Hedley president and general manager of the Interborough Rapid Transit Co., New York City. Frank has plenty of iron in his blood. He was born in England in 1864, the son of a master mechanic of the Southeastern Railway, came to America in 1882, worked three years as machinist on the Erie and New York Central, then in the shops of the Manhattan Elevated Railway on Third Avenue.



FRANK HEDLEY

At that time the "el" had steam motive power and was a boomers' paradise, as you read last month in "Highballing Sixth Avenue." The February, 1931, RAILROAD MAN'S told how ex-Mayor Hylan of New York used to sit at the throttle of those old Forney eight-wheelers.

Hedley was master mechanic of a Brooklyn, N. Y., elevated road from 1889 to 1893, when he went to Chicago. There he stayed for ten years, assisting in the construction and organization of

Chicago's elevated system. In 1903 he returned to the Interborough and sixteen years later was raised to his present position.

Hedley opened New York's first subway in 1904, and under his management the I. R. T. underground lines accommodated a traffic which has grown from 400,000 passengers a day to the present maximum of 3,500,000.

Besides executive ability, Mr. Hedley possesses mechanical skill of no mean order. One of his inventions—an "anti-climber"—is now universally used in electric car construction. This device is incorporated in the car construction of both ends of the car, so that the stress, in case of collision, is retained in the floor beams—the strongest part of the car.

A great-granduncle, William Hedley, designed and constructed the world's first locomotive traction engine in 1813. It was used for hauling coal on the Wylam Railway in England. From this engine—a picture of which appeared in the March RAILROAD MAN'S—George Stephenson obtained ideas for the locomotive he built in 1825.—*M. E. Shear.*

* * *



CHARLIE HEATER

YES, sir, Charlie Heater gave the Prince of Wales one big surprise. And the "blawsted" British government was shocked, positively shocked.

Charlie is the son of John R. Heater, of Mandan, N. D., oldest conductor in seniority on the Northern Pacific's Yellowstone Division, and has five uncles who have seen railroad service.

He was twenty-two when America entered the World War. Graduating from Purdue University, Charlie enlisted as a private and emerged as captain in the 11th U. S. Aero Squadron. He covered himself with glory in air raids, winning the English Distinguished Service Cross, an honor he shares with only seventeen other Yankees.

Later, when the Prince of Wales was visiting this country, Charlie was notified to present himself at Washington to receive his cross personally from the future King of England. But with characteristic modesty he replied: "If you wish me to have it, a two-cent stamp will deliver it to my address."

Well, sir, the Britons were stunned at a refusal to meet His Royal Highness, but, being game sports, they sent Heater's decoration to his home. —*H. L. Childs.*



CLYDE VICKERY

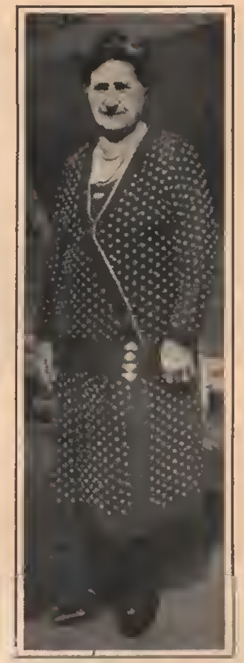
CLYDE VICKERY, Southern Pacific hogger, is swimming and wrestling coach at the Oakland Y. M. C. A., and holds the California "Y" light-heavyweight wrestling championship. He organized a wrestling team which has won many bouts. Three members of his team are expected to compete in the 1932 Olympic games. Vickery has been with the "Espee" since 1909.

* * *

FOR the past forty-five years, Mrs. M. V. Florian, of Pacific, Mo., has been cooking for Frisco employees.

At one time, assisted by her three daughters—all of whom have since married railroad men—Mrs. Florian fed from 25 to 30 men three times a day, besides sending out from 80 to 90 lunches. Arising at 3.30 A.M.—except on wash days when she gets up at 3—Mrs. Florian starts the day by baking 30 or 40 pies—"Mother Florian's" chocolate pies are famous, by the way. For the rest of the day, she is busy over her wood-burning range.

The first Frisco employee to eat in her home was Ben Adams, former conductor.



MRS. M. V. FLORIAN

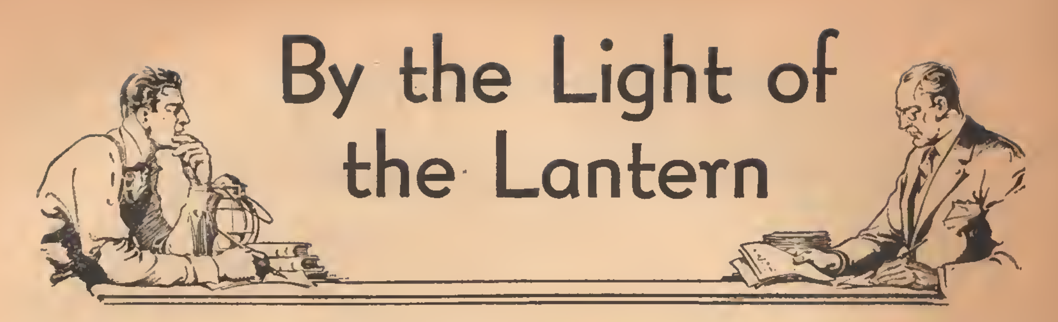
* * *



THOMAS CARSON

HERE is no boomer! In 1882 Thomas Carson, of Elmsdale, Nova Scotia, was made tankman of the Intercolonial Railway, and when it became a part of the Canadian National System "Tom" stayed on. He worked continuously at the job until his retirement early this year.

Carson entered the employ of the Intercolonial in 1872 as section man.



By the Light of the Lantern

RAILROAD questions are answered here without charge, but these rules must be observed:

(1) Not more than two questions at a time. No queries about positions.

(2) Write briefly in ink. Typewrite if possible.

(3) Sign your full name and address as evidence of good faith. We will print only initials, without street address.

(4) Always enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope, to facilitate our getting in touch with you if necessary.

(5) Answers to questions are published in this department. Don't be disappointed if they do not appear at once. This magazine is printed two months in advance of date of issue.

WHAT is the tractive force of a 1400 class engine on the Great Northern and what are its dimensions?

(b) Do you think a modern passenger engine could exceed the 120 miles an hour of the old Plant system engine?—M. H. L., Minneapolis.

(a) As this type of Baldwin engine probably has been recently converted into a superheater, we have no accurate figures regarding its tractive force. It has a wheel base of 66 feet 4 inches (including tender) and weighs about 375,000 pounds (including tender).

(b) Theoretically it probably could. But its excessive weight and other conditions not existing in former days would make it impossible in practice.

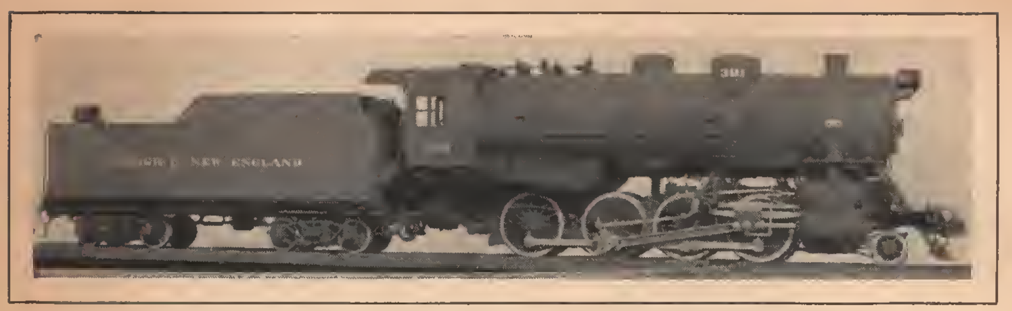
PLEASE give the general dimensions of the Reading 3000 series as compared with the Lehigh & New England 400 series.

(b) Also give dimensions of Reading 2000 series as compared with the L. & N. E. 300 class (both 2-8-0 types).—O. C. O. Y., Allentown, Pa.

(a) The 3000 class, 2-10-2 type locomotive of the Reading Company has a tractive force of 90,500 pounds, weighs 803,400 pounds (including new 19,000-gallon, 26-ton tenders now being installed), and its over all length is 106 feet. Cylinders, 30½ x 32 inches; driver diameter, 61½ inches; boiler pressure, 220 pounds; fire box, 12 feet ¼ inch x 9 feet 3/16 inch. On the other hand, the 400 class of the Lehigh & New England R. R. is a 2-10-0 type. Its specifications are: cylinders, 30 x 32 inches; driver diameter, 61 inches; boiler pressure, 225 pounds; fire box, 131 7/8 x 114 inches; wheel base, engine and tender, 78 feet 1¾ inches; weight in working order, 611,900 pounds; tractive force, 90,300 pounds; tender capacity, 12,000 gallons and 16 tons.



Here Is One of the Great Northern's Earliest Pacific Type Jacks Built by Baldwin



L. & N. E. Consolidoted Type Engine Built in 1922 by Americon Locomotive Co.

(b) The Reading 2000 class has the following specifications: type, 2-8-0; cylinders, 27 x 32 inches; driver diameter, 61½ inches; boiler pressure, 220 pounds; fire box, 10 feet 6 inches x 9 feet; wheel base, 66 feet 10¼ inches; weight in working order, 314,950 pounds; tractive power, 71,000 pounds. The specifications of the L. & N. E. 300 class are: type, 2-8-0; cylinders, 27 x 32 inches; driver diameter, 61 inches; boiler pressure, 210 pounds; fire box, 126 1/8 x 96¼ inches; wheel base, including engine and tank, 65 feet 2 inches; weight in working order, 301,500 pounds; tractive power, 68,200 pounds. Both classes of L. & N. E. jacks are built by the American Locomotive Company.

WHAT is the difference between the 5900 class of the Canadian Pacific and the 4100 class of the Canadian National?

(b) What is the difference between the 2300 and 2700 classes of the Canadian Pacific locomotives?—J. M. G., Vancouver, B. C.

(a) You will find a discussion of these two types of engines in the Lantern Department of the RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE of October, 1930.

(b) These two types are alike as regards all important specifications furnished us by the Canadian Pacific Railway, with the single exception that the drivers on the 2700's are 70 inches in diameter, whereas those on the 2300's are 75 inches across. An illustration of both types is being run in this issue, from which it is apparent that a larger size tank has been installed on some of the 2300's. Maybe some of you old-timers can point out a few other differences.

H. H. P., Montgomery, Ala.—The 2200 class engines of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad Company are of the Pacific or 4-6-2 type. Their specifications: cylinders, 22 x 28 inches; boiler pressure, 200 pounds; fire box, 72 x 90 inches; engine wheel base, 32 feet 11 inches; engine weight in working order, 139,000 pounds; tractive power 33,400 pounds; drivers, 69 inches. The 2400 class engines of the same road have the following specifications: cylinders, 27 x 30 inches; drivers, 60 inches; boiler pressure, 185 pounds; fire box, 72¼ x 113 1/8 inches; wheel base, 34 feet 10 inches; engine weight in working order, 302,000 pounds; tractive power, 57,000 pounds.

J. L., South Orange, N. J.—The Rock Island's 4000 series was built by the American Locomotive Company's Schenectady works in 1929, and is of the Mountain or 4-8-2 type. The engines, which are numbered from 4057 to 4061, are used in heavy passenger service. Their specifications: cylinders, 28 x 28 inches; driver diameter, 74 inches; boiler pressure, 200 pounds; fire box, 9 x 7 feet; wheel base (total) 79 feet 3 inches; engine weight in working order, 378,000 pounds; tractive power, 50,430 pounds.

R. B. D., Vancouver, B. C., Canada—The Erie's compound triplex is of the 2-8-8-8-2 type. It is, however, out of service.

J. E. H., Dallas, Texas—The 900 class, Mountain type locomotive of the Texas & Pacific Railway Company, the largest in service on that road, has never been tested over 65 miles per hour, as that is the speed limit. Its specifications are: type, Mountain or 4-8-2; cylinders, 27 x 30 inches; driver diameter, 73 inches; boiler pressure, 215 pounds; fire box, 121⅜ x 96¼; over all wheel base, 84 feet; total length, 96 feet 1½ inches; total weight of engine and tank in working order, 654,300 pounds; tractive power, with booster, 65,150; capacity of tender, 14,000 gallons and 6,000 gallons oil.

DID the Chicago Great Western rebuild several engines in the 750 series, class L-3, with drivers under the tender? How many locomotives does the Great Western own?

(b) Of what type is the Illinois Central 1427 series, and what is its use? What do the classification letters on the cabs of the Illinois Central jacks mean?—A. W. M., Forest Park, Ill.

(a) Three years ago a power truck was applied under the tender of one of the 750 class for experimental purposes, but only temporarily. The C. G. W. owns 231 locomotives in all.

(b) It is known as a double ender suburban engine and can be operated in either direction without turning. As for the classification system of the I. C., let's take, for example, the markings on the cab of this particular engine. "S" signifies that it is a suburban engine; 56½ refers to the outside diameter of the drivers; 17/24 means that the cylinders are 17 inches in diameter and the piston has a 24-inch stroke; and the 16.7 refers to the tractive effort in nearest even thousand pounds (in this case 16,700).

W. N. D., Oklahoma City—The average speed of the Chief, crack train of the Santa Fe, is 36.8 miles per hour for the 2,228 miles between Chicago and Los Angeles. Between Gallup, N. M., and Needles, Cal., both Pacific and Mountain types of jacks are used. Between Gallup and Winslow, Ariz., the engines are coal burners, and between Winslow and Needles they are oil burners.

WHY did the Southern Pacific change their crossing signal from the customary two long ones and two short ones to a long one, two short ones, and a long one?

(b) What does T. & N. O. stand for on Southern Pacific box cars, and how long has it been used by the S. P.? Where is it?—L. S., San Francisco.

(a) The Southern Pacific changed their crossing signal because they thought the combination of sounds would better serve the purpose of warning persons at grade crossings.

(b) It stands for the Texas & New Orleans Railroad Company, which was organized in 1875. Its ownership was transferred to the Southern Pacific in 1885, by whom it was operated until 1889. Since that time it has operated by itself as a corporation. Its owned main line extends from Houston to the Texas-Louisiana border on the Sabine River at Echo, with a couple of small branches from Beaumont to Dallas and to Port Arthur and Sabine Pass. Its owned mileage is 456.79. On March 1, 1927, it leased and has since operated all Southern Pacific lines in Texas and Louisiana. Its total mileage, including all leased trackage, amounts to 4,731.96 miles. It forms what is known as the Southern Pacific Lines in Texas and Louisiana, and is an important unit in the Southern Pacific transportation system.

W. D. S., East Germantown, Pa.—A picture of a Camel Back engine was published in the February, 1931, RAILROAD MAN'S. Another type is used on the Reading system in passenger service, and pulls their fifty-five-minute run between Camden and Atlantic City, as well as other runs on the road. These Camel Backs are much lighter than the Pennsy's 4-6-2 type, and hence cannot probably pull as great a load. Their specifications: type, 4-4-2; tractive power, 30,350 pounds; total weight of engine, 220,500 pounds; driver diameter, 86 inches; boiler pressure, 215 pounds; fire box, 10 feet 6 inches x 9 feet; wheel base of engine, 29 feet 3 inches; total length of engine, 43 feet 10½ inches.



There Is Very Little Difference Between These Two Canadian Pacific Passenger Engines

DEVELOPMENT OF THE LOCOMOTIVE



The "Tam Thumb," the Earliest Hame-Built Jack in the United States, Was Given a Trial Run against a Harse-Drawn Car in August, 1830. With All the B. & O. Officials in a Barge-like Car behind Him, Peter Caaper, Designer of This Pioneer, Managed ta Outdistance the Harse. But, alas, a Belt Slipped, Caaper Hurt His Hand, and His Rival Came in Ahead

The "West Paint," the Second Engine ta Draw a Train af Cars in America, Was Put inta Service an the Charlestan & Hamburgh Railraad ot Charleston, S. C., in 1831. She Hauled a Drag of Faur Possenger Cars and a Car af Cattan 2 3-4 Miles in Eleven Minutes

The "John Bull," the First Locomotive to Run in New Jersey, Was Built by Stephenson in England and Put in Operation on the Camden & Amboy Railroad Nov. 12, 1831. The Cowcatcher Was the First Ever Used, and Was, as You Can See, Supported by Two Pilot Wheels. The "John Bull" Is Now in the National Museum at Washington, D. C.

When the B. & O. Announced in 1831 That It Would Pay $4,000 for the "Most Approved Engine," There Was Quite a Scramble among Manufacturers. This One—the "York," Designed by Phineas Davis and Built by Davis & Gartner at York, Pa.—Took the Prize. Her Wheels Were 30 Inches Across and the Monster Weighed 3 1-2 Tons

TO BE CONTINUED

Our Engine Picture Club



MAYBE some of the readers can help us out. We'd like to get old-time pictures of railroading on the Santa Fe's Rio Grande ("Horny Toad") Division, to illustrate a feature article by A. B. Clark, author of "Midland Memories."

Clark's newest feature contains reminiscences of railroading in the cactus country, but he didn't send along any pictures. He mentions A. Rose and E. Kennedy (engine crew killed in a wreck), Dispatchers Findley, Lot Morris and Shorty McCullem, Engineers Sid Hockett, Yon Yonson, "Uncle" George Tibbetts, "Baritone" Williams, "Alkali" Jack Lyons and Jesus Murray, and "Black Jack" the outlaw, and the steam car "Dot."

We'd be glad to publish letters from railroaders who worked more than a quarter-century ago in Texas, Arizona or New Mexico. And we would like to borrow photographs of any of the men Clark mentions, or the "Dot," or any motive power used in those days, or other subjects of railroad interest. All such photos sent to us will be returned in good condition.

Another article for which we need pictures deals with abandoned railroad projects—big construction jobs started but never completed—written by Richard H. Tingley.

We do not pay for pictures requested in this department, but will give due credit in printing names and addresses. Please send only actual photos, not smaller than post card size, clear and distinct. We get many pictures which are too small or too shadowy to reproduce satisfactorily. And *write plainly!* Address Engine Picture Editor, RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE, 280 Broadway, New York City.

Our historical series, "Development of the Locomotive," reproduced by courtesy of the Republic Steel Corp., Youngstown, Ohio, next month will show the "DeWitt Clinton," 1831, and the "Experiment," the "South Carolina" and "Old Ironsides," all 1832.

Readers who buy, sell, exchange or paint pictures of locomotives, trains, etc., are listed here in good faith, but without guarantee.

Engine Picture Fans

A. W. JOHNSON, 5483 W. Huron St., Chicago, Ill. Chicago representative, Railway & Locomotive Historical Society. Wants photos of C. & N. W., C. B. & Q., and C. M. & St. P. motive power and train views, both old and modern. Has about 2,200 negatives on those roads, also many on other roads. Will buy or exchange. Writes: "I didn't realize so many were interested in engine pictures until you inaugurated your department, which is arousing enthusiasm that will preserve railroad material of historical value."

JOHN REED, 26 Avenue Henri Martin, Paris, France. Writes: "I have a small collection of American engine pictures with specifications, mostly dated around 1915, but they are now in Chicago. I'm now snapping some little French 'kettles,' although I don't care much for them, and some good passenger jacks. Ask the fans to write to my Chicago address, 1550 N. State Parkway. I want snaps of Santa Fe 4-8-4 and 4-8-2 (3400 class), also S. P. 2-8-0 (2700 class). Will exchange."

RONALD V. NIXON, Box 196, Willow Creek, Mont. Has 5,000 locomotive pictures, one-third being actual photos 2½ by 3¼, the others magazine clippings. Eager to exchange pictures of engines or trains, especially wrecks. Member of Railway & Locomotive Historical Society.

M. PADDOCK, 112 W. 11th St., New York City. Will pay "very good price" for photos of early locomotives of 4-4-0 American type and 2-4-0 or six-wheel so-called fast passenger type, both three-foot gauge, built by Porter.

R. MACKENROT, 414 55th Ave., E., Vancouver, B. C., Canada. Has received 47 letters from collectors since name appeared in this de-



We're Glad to Welcome William S. Harrington, P. R. R. Freight Brakeman, to Our Engine Picture Club. Photo Shows "Bill" at Work on His Latest Painting, "The Race of Old 900 against the Allegheny Ice Gorge," Which Won a Place in the 1931 Exhibition of Associated Artists at Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh, Pa.

partment. Has some fine snaps of electric engines of B. C. E. R., rotary plows in action; many other subjects.

NATIONAL PHOTOGRAPH LINES, Llanerch, Pa., offers "interesting information" on pictures of locomotives and trains for 2-cent stamp.

R. R. COWLES, 5021 Orion Ave., Indianapolis. Collects train orders, forms of clearance cards, and working time-tables, all dates, U. S. and foreign. Can any reader help him?

JAMES F. HIGGINS, 25 Sewall St., Marblehead, Mass. Has large collection of snaps 2¼ by 4¼, B. & M. engines, some taken at Billerica, showing engines in storage, waiting to be scrapped or repaired. Also snaps of jacks in roundhouses. Will sell at 10 cents each; also trade. Wants photos of old B. & M. and Canadian engines.

WILLIAM EDWARD HAYES, Hayfield, Va. Boomer; worked on many roads. Writes: "I will sell good prints, mostly 8 by 3 or 7½ by 4 inches, at 50 cents each from my private collection of earlier power on the Rock Island, Big Four, Lake Shore and Michigan Southern, Dayton & Union and Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton, etc. Types all the way from the old 4-4-0 standards up to the first of the Mikados. Will furnish specifications on request. Some rare photos. Will not exchange."

JAMES W. DAVIS, 5107 Coringa Drive, Los Angeles, Cal. Has souvenir playing cards showing scenery along the E. E. C., S. A. L., Santa Fe, C. M. St. P. & P., S. P., W. P.-D. & R. G. W., W. P. & Y., Mo. P.; also Alaska, Nation's Capital, and New York City. All issued by U. S. Playing Card Co., Cincinnati. Wishes to know where to get others, anywhere on the globe.

JACK LOFGREN, 369 Beech Spring Road, South Orange, N. J. Beginner.

FRED BONKE, 507 E. 179th St., New York City. Amateur artist. Has three scrap books full of engine pictures clipped from magazines, books, etc. Wants to exchange some for pictures of locomotive cabs.

E. MILO TURNER, Box 74, Buckfield Maine.

F. C. KURTH, 6314 Regular Ave., Detroit, Mich. Wants to buy photos of accommodation train which ran on Michigan Central between Detroit and Grosse Ile, Mich., until January, 1925.

JOHN E. McCURDY, 226 N. 14th St., Harrisburg, Pa. Beginner.

C. H. KIEXNER, 428 Esperson Bldg., Houston, Texas. Desires travel booklets, time-tables, maps of U. S. railroads prior to 1914. Especially interested in Iron Mt., Frisco, Cotton Belt, Rock Island. Wants photos of engines used on Western roads on heavy grades. Will exchange camera prints of N. Y. C., Mo. P. and S. P.

RUSSELL METCALF, 26 High St., Augusta, Maine. Interested in Southern and Western U. S. jacks, also African, Mexican and old-timers.

HENRY C. JONES, 859 Lancaster Ave., Syracuse, N. Y. Has 600 locomotive pictures, all over world, also 700 railroad scenes. Won't sell or exchange. Wants to buy photos of engines, also good copies of *Baldwin Locomotives* magazine prior to January, 1923.

RAYMOND SMITH, Administration Bldg., Torpedo Station, Newport, R. I. Desires pictures of engines and cars in service on New Haven, 1900 to 1920.

A. L. WILLIS, Staples, Minn. N. P. fireman. Has post card size photos of modern power on N. P., also N. P. trains. Will trade for photos of power and trains of other roads, or sell, 10 cents each. Also has many magazine clippings.

DONALD FURLER, 65 Glen Ave., Glen Rock, N. J. Exchanges snapshots.

LEWIS C. RONNKE, Cassapolis, Mich. Wants series of Michigan Central passenger and freight locomotive pictures, also cabooses and coaches.

ROBERT MATHEWS, 837 S. Duquesne Ave., Duquesne, Pa. Has 100 engine pictures. Eager to exchange.

G. H. BAKER, 10 E. Orange St. Shippensburg, Pa. Has been collecting engine pictures since 1913.

BRYAN TURNER, 1867 Howell Mill Road, Atlanta, Ga.

SCOTT McCORMICK, Box 84, Princeton, Wis.

ROLAND GILLIS, 1516 North Ave., Niagara Falls, N. Y.

GORDON SCHULTZ, 1108 West 58th Place, Los Angeles, Cal.

ANDREW HRIZ, Sr., 2950 E. 82nd St., Cleveland, Ohio.

WILLIAM JORDAN, Garland, Neb.

F. J. BUTTERS, 74 B St., Lowell, Mass.

OLDEST RAILROAD TICKET OFFICE IN U. S.

THE crossing watchman's box pictured here is located at New Castle, Delaware, just south of the present Pennsylvania Railroad station. Its unique history is told thus in a tablet above the door:

> This building is the oldest railroad passenger ticket office in the United States. It was built in January, 1832, by the New Castle & Frenchtown Turnpike & Railroad Company. While in use as a ticket office, it stood near the gate leading into the Battery, on the company's ground, at the S. W. end of Front Street, New Castle, Delaware. It was recently acquired by the P. B. & W. R. R. Company and placed here on December 15, 1908.



This Shanty Has Been in Service Since 1832

The New Castle & Frenchtown line was built 100 years ago and operated over the distance of about 30 miles between New Castle, on the Delaware River, and Frenchtown, Maryland, on the Elk River. It was the land link in the steamboat route between Philadelphia and Baltimore. The road continued in operation until 1867, when that portion between Rodney Curve and Frenchtown was abandoned and rails were removed, the work being completed in 1868. Part of this road is now on the Pennsy's Delmarvo Division.

The N. & F. track consisted of stone sleepers and wooden rails spiked together. For about two years a pair of horses were hitched to each car, with a change of teams somewhere near Bear Station. In about 1834 or 1835, the line was relaid with "T" rails and steam was adopted.

Many of the old stone ties can still be located at various points where they have been carried or discarded. In New Castle a monument has been constructed of them with a bronze tablet stating their history.



"Shet de Door on All Dat Mumblin' You Makes, Too!" Further Adjured Mr. Toombs

Extra Aces

Ipecac, the Pullman Porter, Thought He Knew All About Trouble—Till They Put Him on the Shriners' Special

By ARTHUR K. AKERS

Illustrated by Everett Lowry



"YOU git me up dat fawty dollars you owes me, befo' night, Ipecac, or I stops by de Pullman comp'ny an' garnishees yo' shirt off you!" Horace J. Toombs, the saddle-colored money-lender was yelling threateningly at that shrimp-sized little flourisher of whisk and palm.

Ipecac Ingalls, porter extraordinary, turned three shades lighter, undetected, and: "Ain't got but fifteen," he protested weakly.

"Jest 'nough to pay de *int'rest* on dat fawty—you done owed hit so long! Listen heah, wrong number, you pays up by to-night, or I tu'ns yo' case over to my biggest boy, Bismarck. He amortizes or hospitalizes fo' me!"

Ipecac shifted nervously about in his shoes. Bismarck sounded familiar if old big words didn't. But he couldn't place him.

Besides, he had his tonnage of trouble already. Especially with his Amazonian wife Susie going around lately wanting a car right out loud. Until Ipecac had given it to her to rest his ear-drums. Which was where the forty from Horace had come in. For the down-payment. Now the car belonged to Susie and the rest of the payments to Ipecac—giving her social prestige and him a fresh lien on trouble. On account of the next instalment being shortly due—and a good lie that he had thrown in for her along with the car.

Meanwhile: "Shet de door on all

dat mumblin' you makes, too," further adjured Mr. Toombs. "All I craves out you is dat fawty—or Bismarck sees you!"



Something Small, Black and Fast Shot through a Closed Window of the Pure in Heart Headquarters and, amid a Crash of Glass, Hit the Ground—Running

Ipecac listed his sorrows to himself as he shuffled toward the Terminal station. Until a too-cheerful: "Hello dar, Ip'cac! How yo' luck dese days?" interrupted his recapitulation.

"Whut luck? Ain't seed no luck in a month."

"You's lookin' right spang at hit now, den. Changin' luck's my new bus'ness: works lookout for new place whar at boy can make money if he work hit right," elaborated the interrupter, one "Skilletface" Pegram.

Ipecac's ears stiffened. Inbound money got his attention just now.

"Big game jes' fixin' to staht," continued Mr. Pegram attractively.

Ipecac felt of his fifteen. In the face of all he owed, it was only an aggravation. But, used as seed, as a stake, an investment—

"Whar at de place? Craves action an' de address, sudden!" he signalized acceptance of the fifteen's new function.

"Back room of de Pure in Heart lodge hall," divulged and directed Skilletface. "Boy wid li'l cap'tal—and he own deck—liable do hisse'f some good in dar."

II

SOMETHING small, black, and fast shot through a closed window of the

Pure in Heart headquarters and, amid a crash of glass, hit the ground—running.

Just back of him, and reaching yearningly for his collar, came a far larger, fiercer figure, in futile pursuit.

The panting collapse of this pursuer on the curb five blocks farther on gave the curious Skilletface his opening to inquire: "Whut ail dat li'l front nigger, Big Boy?"

"Five aces!" growled the mountainous one comprehensively. "Not countin' de one whut fell out he shoe comin' through dat winder!"

"De dawggawn li'l crook!" sympathized Skilletface virtuously.

"De dawggawn li'l cawpse—soon as I cotches him!" amended the overmuscled one. "All I gits so fur is de fifteen bucks he had up."

Skilletface introduced himself—that he might stay longer and learn more.

"Toombs my name — Bismarck Toombs," admitted the other. "Who dat li'l ace-hound?"

"Runnin'? Dat Ip'cac. Ip'cac Ingalls. Pullman po'ters 'tween heah an' New Yawk."

Astonishment seemed to jerk Mr. Toombs suddenly upright. "*Pullman?*" he marvelled. "Why I— Why *dat's* de boy owe my papa dem fawty bucks an' int'rest! Keeps de fifteen now fo' de int'rest . . . an' fawty yit to come. Watch me: dat boy ain't never *seen* no jam yit!"

III

Ipecac came into Alley G, homebound in high. Before his house stood the cause of his troubles. With Susie descending heavily from it.

"Jest been out lookin' fo' you, nigger!" she greeted him grimly.

"Huccome?" Ipecac attempted innocence.

"Automobile man come heah after de next payment on my car, he say. I thought you tells me hit wuz all paid fo'?"

Ipecac made sounds but they didn't mean anything. No matter what lie you told a woman, she used it against you later if she was married to you.

"I tells him see *you,*" resumed Susie formidably. "He say he sho is. Twenty dollars or de car—dat whut *he* say. You been spendin' yo' money on other women an' lyin' to me, dat whut *I* says!"

Ipecac w r i g g l ed. Repossessing Susie's car would be the same as throwing rocks in a hornets' nest, due to its adverse effect on her social and his domestic standing. The latter was too feeble to fool with already. All in all, it might be better to drift toward the Pullman offices while his feet were still in good working order . . .

There a grinning fellow-porter met him with: "Boy, you sho *is* in a jam now!"

"You said hit!" agreed Ipecac hollowly. Funny how word got around—

"Yes, suh!" pursued the other. "You gits de Shrine Special out to-night!"

Ipecac staggered dumbly. They told harrowing tales of these Specials!

"Wh-wh-when?" he stuttered. His was just the size and shape that led Shrine gentlemen on!

"'Leven to-night. An' Gawd he'p you, nigger, when dey stops at dem towns on de way fo' fraish air an' ex'cise! Dey gits de air—an' you git de ex'cise!"

IV

Oncoming blare of brass and rumble of drums in the night! Ipecac shivered in the August heat, beside his car's steps where the long passenger extra

awaited the beginning of forty-eight hours of hell and hilarity—from a porter's standpoint. His eyes rolled whitely as the station's domed roof rang with "Stars and Stripes Forever," the tramp of a thousand festive feet, as the vanguard of the Shrine flooded the concourse, broke noisily against train shed railings, and began pouring through the gates.

Two of the biggest Shriners saw Ipecac first. With a howl of joy and clank of dragging chains, they made for him as one.

"Exercise is what this boy needs! He's all run down to a runt from riding!" bellowed the biggest fez-wearer.

"Little gallop from here to Atlanta alongside this train'll build him up and give him an appetite for his breakfast!" agreed the second-biggest a moment later, as he fell back happily to survey the sweating and frog-eyed Ipecac chained and padlocked to the sleeper's handrail.

Then: "Here, Joe; keep the key—we've got to go wire Charlotte about a little stunt I've just thought up for this boy there to-morrow!" and his tormentors were gone.

Two swearing car-knockers with chisels undid the work of the playful Shriners; and, only twelve minutes late in consequence, the extra rolled from under the shed at last; eastbound from bad to worse, worried Ipecac, as his brain dwelt apprehensively upon what that telegram to Charlotte might portend.

. . . . .

"All out at Charlotte! Three hours layover at Charlotte!" rang through the cars the following mid-morning.

Ipecac set down his third load of ginger ale empties at it, to wipe the perspiration from his haggard face. Three hours without these Shrine gentlemen had become his idea of Heaven. But would Heaven be his?

Not with: "Come on here, boy!" bellowed anew in his reluctant ears. "We've wired ahead about you. Everybody's waiting for it. Come along now!"

"Cap'n, I c-c-cain't leave de car!" protested Ipecac in high-keyed anguish. "Old rules ain't lemme."

"'S all right: we know the man that *names* these cars!" they overrode him. "Why, you're to be a headliner to-day. Your name'll go down in history! Ipecac Ingalls—first public performance given in Charlotte under auspices of Gomorrah Temple. And you never even had a lesson before! That's way your obit—er—the *newspapers* 'll read!"

Old Camp Green, to the south of Charlotte's outskirts, was flashing past. The aisles were astir. Ipecac's knees fluttered in tune with his heart. There was the familiar fatal clank of that chain again.

"What's the matter? Don't you need money?" demanded the biggest Shriner.

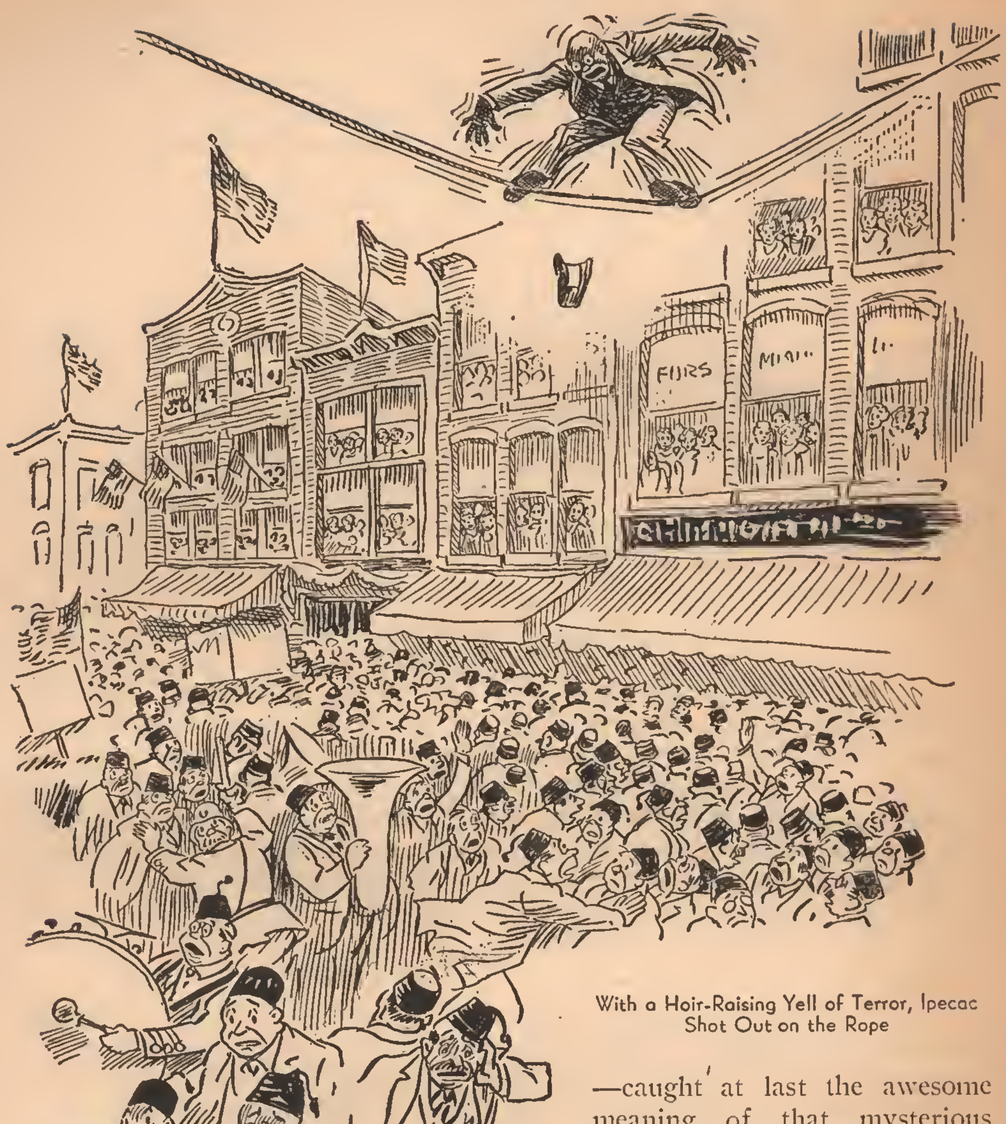
Ipecac's thoughts were of Horace, of Bismarck, of the automobile man—

"Sho is!" they wrung hollowly from him. "But my ears layin' straight back!"

Clattering down the Charlotte yards to a stop now. These Shrine gentlemen, agonized Ipecac, never gave a boy a chance. Chaining him to an about-to-start train was just a beginning. But *this* time he balked. Tractors couldn't get him away from this train now!

He hung on warily to the rail with one hand while he helped his white folks off. His anguished gaze roved down the cars ahead—to glimpse what set his eyes starting from their sockets.

Old luck had done broke down



With a Hair-Raising Yell of Terror, Ipecac Shot Out on the Rope

again! Nobody was going to leave him behind on this train *now!*

Again the band went on ahead. And Ipecac — well-guarded — tramping weakly just behind. Into a narrow street back of the looming business blocks of Trade Street they swung. And there Ipecac — clinging desperately to his rabbit's foot —caught at last the awesome meaning of that mysterious telegram of the night before; divined those veiled allusions to personal immortality on his part. He was at the end of his rope now! Literally. For, taut and thick above him, stretching from third-floor window to third-floor window across the narrow street, was a rope of unmistakable import!

"Take the performer up, boys!" bellowed the biggest Shriner. Then, to the crowd: "Ladeees and gentle-men,

the pufformance is now about to begin! I call your attention to a death-defying feat — Ipecac, the human fly — the world's amateur tight-rope walker, my friends! He walks by ear, far above the hard, hard street! Alone and for the first time, without a lesson! For a purse of ninety-two dollars and forty-three cents at the far end of the rope, my friends—raised and held by Gomorrah Temple!"

Ipecac's frantic knees fanned each other anew. Beads of cold perspiration coursed down a face grown lavender beneath its normal duskiness. Already he was visualizing that awful instant between rope and asphalt; hearing and feeling that *smack* with which the latter would transform him into something even flatter and funnier looking!

"Stand back, ladeees and gentlemen! Leave him a place in which to fall!" the biggest Shriner was imploring the onlookers loudly, as Ipecac felt himself seized and hustled upward.

"Now, we lock you in here, boy," one of his captors growled as they dragged him into an empty third-floor room, "with the key in the lock on the outside so you can't get to it. Across the street, at the other end of that rope there, we'll be waiting for you with ninety-two dollars and forty-three cents. It's walk the rope or starve! Don't you think we'll let you crab the show just because you're scared!"

The door banged and the lock clicked behind them. Ipecac froze desperately to the sill. Even standing on a step-ladder made him dizzy, and this was three stories up. With lots of fresh air under him. Starving lasted longer, but didn't hurt like that asphalt would.

. . . . .

Watchers below shrank against each other, gasping.

"My God! What's got into that coon? We didn't mean *that!*" rasped a huge and sweating Shriner as he sank limply to the curb. A woman screamed. Strong men covered their eyes—and ears—that they might not see or hear. For above, with a hair-raising yell of stark terror, Ipecac had shot out on the rope; panting, eyes bulging; something small, black, and desperate that flailed wild arms, teetering, squalling, toppling, *toppling . . . !*

VI

BACK in Birmingham, all-astrut and attended by the admiring Skilletface, Ipecac conned a fistful of receipts.

"Fawty and int'rest—dat de one whut tame down old Ho'ace an'—an' Bismarck, finally," he recited. "Den, twenty fo' Susie's car gent'man—dat tame him . . . and her! Old money sho talks—and still talkin' fo' me! Nigger, when tighter ropes is walked, Ipecac'll walk 'em!"

"Huccome *you* walk no tight-rope? You never kin befo'."

"*'Bleeged* to walk dis one," elucidated Ipecac simply. "—when door opens an' Bismarck come in—"

"*Bismarck?*"

"Uh huh! I done place' him now: he po'ters too, but runnin' west so I ain't see him befo'. Dat huccome he cotch de Special too. He's on second car from mine when I looks 'round at Charlotte. He seen me too. Comes bustin' in dat door, hollerin' he gwine collect or kill, and still sore 'bout dem extra aces—"

"Still ain't see how *you* walks no rope," persisted Mr. Pegram.

"W-e-l-l," admitted Ipecac modestly, "dey *wuz* a li'l, small wire strung across 'bove dat rope, to hold to, but I's so skeered of Bismarck I never even noticed *hit*—twel I wuz *halfway over!*"

The Silver Switch Key

Thundering in from the East, No. 31 Brings Sinister News That Bears Heavily on the Murder Mystery of the Great Southwestern Railroad



From That Lifeless Fist There Fell to the Carpet a Little Silver Key!

By WILSON WELLS

Author of "The Life Saver," "Battlefield of Traffic," "Regulating Bus Competition," etc.

Illustrated by Harry C. Temple



ON receiving from his secretary a miniature silver switch key, left by a stranger, George W. Gregory, vice president in charge of operations of the Great Southwestern Railroad, dropped everything in a panic and set out on a mysterious trip in his private car.

Before leaving, he made this cryptic remark to Mal Beedle, the railroad's chief of detectives:

"John Chasteen is alive!"

Beedle, regarding the switch key as a menace, sent Edwards along as a bodyguard. At the train, Gregory was joined by Janet, his daughter, her *fiancé,* Tom Fellowes, and Jarvis, the secretary.

That night, Bob Martin, ex-freight conductor of the Great Southwestern, and now sheriff of Gila County, received a telegram from Janet, asking him to meet her on No. 3. Bob boarded the train at Fielding, late the same night, having arranged with Frank Castrow, his freight conductor friend, to bring him there.

Walking along the swaying train, Bob had almost reached the vice president's car when Janet rushed toward him, screaming. Gregory lay murdered on the floor of his special car!

And so Bob found him.

This summarizes the first five chapters. The story continues:

CHAPTER VI

ASTING a hasty glance about him, Bob Martin dropped suddenly to one knee and looked closer at the vice president. He didn't need to feel for heartbeats. George W. Gregory was quite dead.

Bob studied the position of the body which was stretched face down on the floor, the head and features turned and twisted upward. Bob reached up for the table lamp, and held it down close to study the bullet wound.

"Shot in the back from close quarters," Bob told himself, frowning slightly. "Powder burns. Hm!"

He turned the body over and examined the chest. The bullet had bored its way clear through, and the shirt front was covered with blood. Bob took the lamp and held it to the floor, looking closely for signs of any struggle that might have taken place. He could make out little from the dim marks on the nap of the carpet.

Bob took one of the dead man's hands—the right. It was open, and told him nothing.

The left, however, was clenched tightly. Grimly he worked to break that grip, and, when he pried the fingers loose, a startled exclamation broke from his lips. For, from that lifeless fist, there fell to the carpet, full in the rays of the lamp, a little silver key.

Bob took it up and studied it closely. He had seen many keys in his time, but this was something strange to him. The perfect shape of a switch key, it was—but in miniature.

Frowningly the sheriff turned the gleaming object over and over in his big palm, then slowly he placed the key in his pocket and got to his feet. Outside the night roared by as No. 3 stepped over the high mesa in its flight to San Marcos.

Bob got to his feet. Quickly he looked about him, then passed into the corridor from which opened the sleeping compartments. He placed his ear to each door, but no sounds came to him. Then he returned to the rear of the car. The windows, he noted, were all closed on either side. The rear door was shut.

He went out to the observation platform. The marker lights glimmered, showing their brave red to the rear, green to the sides and front. A red lantern and a white stood on the apron, close to the brass rail, and beside the lamps lay a metal case which contained the flagman's equipment, such as fusees and torpedoes. There was nothing apparent which might throw light on this murder.

The first thing to do now, Bob figured, was to drop off a message to bring the county coroner on hand when No. 3 reached the division point. He thought once of arousing the occupants of the car, then decided that this move could wait. Certainly he'd permit no one to enter or to leave that car until he felt it was safe to do so.

Hurrying back to the Pullman now, he found that Tim, the conductor, with the aid of the Pullman conductor and the porter, had got the passengers back to their berths. He found Tim alone with Janet in the drawing-room where he had left her.

Janet, somewhat under control by now, looked up with tearful eyes.

"Is—is dad—"

"Dead," Bob answered the unspoken question quietly.

"Oh, Bob!" It seemed for a moment that she might break down again, but she steadied herself bravely though Bob saw the fine lips quiver.

"Quiet, Janet," he cautioned, dropping into the seat at her side and taking her hand. "I know its hard, but—"

"Oh, Bob! How—who could have done this horrible thing?" A fresh flood of tears coursed down her pale cheeks.

"That's what I'm going to find out," he said, a little grimly. "Do you think you can stand it if I ask you some questions?"

"I'll try, Bob, only—" she broke off again, turning her head away. Bob's big hand patted her arm tenderly. He turned to the conductor.

"Tim, drop off a message to have the coroner meet the train at San Marcos. Then drop off a message to the yardmaster to have this business car taken off and set in the spur back of the passenger station."

"All right, Bob," Tim answered quietly, fishing for his stub of a pencil. "Anything else?"

"Yes," said the sheriff. "Get your flagman to station himself in the vestibule, just inside the private car, and see that no one leaves it or enters it until I give permission. Will you do that?"

"Sure," Tim replied. "Danny Hogan is flaggin' for me. He'll see your instructions are carried out. I'll get him right away."

"See that no one disturbs us in here, too, Tim," Bob instructed. "I'll look after Miss Gregory."

The conductor nodded and went out, closing the door behind him. Bob rose and stood in front of the grief-stricken girl.

"Tell me, Janet," Bob said quietly. "Why did you send me that message that you'd be on No. 3, and that you must see me?"

For a minute Janet did not speak, but continued to gaze from the window into the black of the desert night.

"Can't you tell me, Janet?" Bob gently urged her.

"It—it was because I was so unhappy, Bob," she stammered out. "I felt—well, I felt as if something terrible were wrong, and somehow I thought if—"

She bit her lip and hesitated.

"I know it's hard, Janet," Bob said. "But go on and tell me what you can. You say you felt that something was wrong. Can't you explain to me what it was?"

"Since dad announced my—my engagement to Tom Fellowes," she said with visible effort, "everything has seemed upset in my mind. I knew I could never go through with it because—"

"Because?"

"You know, Bob. You don't have to ask me that." She put her hand up appealingly.

"I know," Bob said. He dropped down beside her, and suddenly he caught her to him and kissed her. With his handkerchief he tried to brush away her tears.

After a little he asked her:

"Did you tell your father how you felt about the engagement?"

"I tried to say something," she answered. "I tried for several days. Then dad suggested that Tom and I should come up to the ranch for the week-end. He seemed to notice that I was brooding about something. Tom was all solicitous. He—he's really been a dear, Bob."

"Did your father suggest coming up with you?" Bob asked.

"No. We were to come alone on No. 7. We hadn't planned on No. 3. Then dad called suddenly on the telephone. He said he was taking his car on the line, and suggested that if Tom and I could change our plans he'd take us as far as San Marcos with him."

"Did he say where he was headed for?"

"Not then," Janet replied. "I thought it was a business trip he was making. We—Tom and I—just made No. 3 in time, and we found dad's car ready to go and dad on it, and—"

A fresh flood of tears interrupted her speech.

"Come, Janet. Tell me."

"He seemed a different man," Janet explained. "He seemed haggard and worn, and he had a queer look in his eyes. It seemed hard for him to talk naturally. Then, just as we started out of El Paso, a stranger came into the car. A tall dark man."

"A stranger?"

"Yes. He called dad aside and they disappeared for a few minutes. Then, when they came back, dad introduced this man as a Mr. Edwards, from the chief engineer's office."

"Edwards, eh? What did he do then, Janet?"

"Edwards?"

"Yes."

"He merely sat off by himself, with some papers in his lap."

"Did he join in the conversation with the rest of you?"

"He never did, Bob. He just sat there, and when Adams served dinner, this man didn't say ten words. I saw dad look at him thoughtfully several times."

"And your father seemed nervous and unstrung?"

"Very. I've never seen him that way before."

"That was right after you left El Paso?"

"Yes."

"You sent me that telegram after you were well out on the line. After dinner, I'd say."

"Yes. Everything seemed so strange to me. Right after dinner dad and Tom went into dad's compartment. They were gone a little while when I suddenly was aware that this man Edwards was looking at me in a way that—that—"

"Yes?" Bob prompted.

"He made me feel queer, the way those dark eyes bored through me. I got up to go to my compartment, and just as I was passing dad's I heard something that has worried me ever since."

"What was that?" Bob leaned forward.

"Tom and dad seemed to be quarreling. They were talking in a loud tone, and dad sounded angry. I heard two or three names mentioned, but the conversation was indistinct, although it seemed that some argument was going on."

"What names, Janet?" Bob asked intently.

"I heard dad say something about this Mr. Edwards, and Tom said something about dad being an old woman."

"Did Fellowes sound as if he might have been angry?"

"Perhaps. It sounded that way to me, now that you ask me."

"What else did you hear?"

"Dad shouted—or it sounded that way above the train noise—something about a man named Chasteen, and Mr. Fellowes laughed."

"Did that name convey anything to you?" Bob pressed.

"I'd never heard it before," Janet said. "And then I went on to my

compartment, and I heard no more. When I returned to the rear of the car, a few minutes later, dad was there alone. Edwards had evidently gone to his compartment, and Mr. Fellowes was not around."

"How did your father seem then?"

"He seemed even more disturbed. He was glowering, and his face was drawn. I thought it would be a good chance for me to tell him that I couldn't go through with this engagement, especially since he apparently had just had some kind of a disagreement with Tom."

"Did you mention it?"

"I did, Bob," Janet said with a catch in her voice, "and—and—"

"And what?" he persisted.

"That's one thing I hope I can forget," Janet replied sadly. "Dad had



"You'll Be All Right Now, Janet," Bob Said to the Trembling Girl

never raised his voice to me before, but what he said to me then I shall remember as long as I live. It—it was hard and—"

Bob waited until she again could control her emotions. She looked so tired that he would have done anything rather than put her through this grilling.

"You don't need to tell me what he said, Janet," Bob consoled.

"Thanks, Bob. I know he wasn't

himself. He was so bitter. I stood it for half a minute, then I went back to my compartment and wrote the message that I sent to you. I had the rear brakeman drop it off at the first telegraph office. It seemed as though I just had to see you, Bob. I was ready to run, to get away from everything. And now—"

"There, Janet," Bob broke in as he saw her lips quivering again. "I'm going to call the Pullman conductor. I'll have this berth made up for you, and you can rest till we get in. It 'll only be a little while now. Then I'll send you to a hotel if you promise to try and forget for a little while."

"No need to have the berth made up, Bob. I'll be all right. I will go to the hotel, though, and see if I can't get a little rest."

"Just one thing more, Janet," Bob spoke abruptly. "Who is on that car back there?"

"Edwards and Mr. Fellowes and Adams, the porter. Oh, yes. Jarvis, too—dad's secretary. That's all."

Bob started to leave the compartment. Suddenly remembering something, he turned.

"As a detective, Janet, I guess I'm a good freight conductor. I still have the most important question of all to ask you."

She looked up, eyes red from her weeping.

"How did you come to discover this—this tragedy?" he asked.

"I couldn't sleep. I was wondering if you'd got my message all right. The train made a stop somewhere. Just a few minutes ago, it seems. I reached for my wrist watch to see what time it was. Everything was so still. I discovered that my watch had stopped, so I pulled on my robe and opened my door to see if any one was sitting up."

"Which compartment, by the way, was yours?" Bob broke in.

"The one nearest this end of the car—the front end. I saw a light down the corridor at the rear, and I heard dad's voice. He was talking to some one in low tones."

"Did you hear what he said?"

"Not distinctly. It was a sort of growl, just as I came into the corridor. Then I heard another voice."

"Whose was that?"

"The voice was strange. It didn't belong to any one in our party."

"What did this voice say?"

"The man speaking said something about 'So you thought you could get away with murder, did you?' That frightened me. I had taken a step down the hall, and I could see a figure standing in the shadows. I could not make out the features, but the man had a lantern in his hand—a lantern such as brakemen carry. Where the lamp rays struck his figure it seemed that he had on rough clothes."

"Did you go on in to investigate?" Bob asked.

"No. I thought it was some trainman that dad might be having words with, so I went back to my compartment. Then the train started to move."

"Then what happened, Janet?"

"I tried to get to sleep again, but sleep wouldn't come. Pretty soon I heard the wheels of the car rattle over a grade crossing and I decided to get up and see if dad were still sitting up."

"That was only a few minutes after the train had started again?"

"Yes. It couldn't have been more than four or five."

"The rattle over the crossing must have been the place where we cross the main line of the Mexico and Arizona Northern," Bob said.

"Then I went out in the corridor to

see if dad was still in the lounge. Everything seemed quiet, and I walked on up. I didn't see any one for a second until I saw a pair of feet in the lamp rays. Then I looked and—"

Janet stifled a cry, and sank back in her seat.

"Easy, Janet," Bob said softly, comforting her as best he could. "I'm sorry. I should have waited."

"That's all right, Bob," Janet told him. "I'll be all right now. But that's all I can tell you."

"That's enough," Bob said. "Did you scream as soon as you saw?"

"I don't know what I did, then. I only know I got out of there and ran into this car, and that you came in and people collected. It's all rather vague."

"Thank you, Janet," Bob said softly. "I'll leave you now. I've got to act fast, it looks to me, if we're to find who did this thing."

"I'll be all right, Bob. I'll try to rest until we get to San Marcos. I've got to have my clothes out of that car, though."

"Shall I get them for you, or will you go back there with me?"

"I suppose I'd better go back there," she said, and got to her feet.

CHAPTER VII

JANET leaned heavily on Bob's arm as he escorted her to the door of her compartment. Bob nodded to Danny Hogan, who was at his station just inside the business car, and saw Danny look with wide eyes at Janet.

"I'll be right here until you're ready," Bob whispered as Janet entered her room.

While Bob waited, he felt the sudden slackening of the train's pace, the rumble that told him the engineer had applied the air brakes for the station stop at San Marcos. He looked at his watch. No. 3 was right on time to the second.

Janet came from her dressing just as a yard goat at San Marcos station coupled into the rear of the business car. Bob led her to the vestibule, and stood there with her while the yard engine took the car down to the spur switch. It was a matter of minutes until the car was spotted back of the depot, a little way removed from the Main Street crossing.

Danny Hogan, the rear brakeman, went back to the observation platform, then took down his markers and gathered up his flagging equipment. Bob watched him step swiftly through the lounge where the murdered man still lay and step off the car to join the other members of the crew.

Bob collared Tim, the skipper, when Tim came up.

"Here, Tim. Look after this young woman," Bob said. "Take her to the hotel and see that she's made comfortable. Don't answer any questions when the reporters get hold of this thing. Send them to me."

"O.K.," said Tim.

"You'll be all right now, Janet," Bob said to the trembling girl. "Old Tim will look after you, and I'll call around some time during the morning and let you know how things are progressing."

She tried pitifully to smile, squeezed his arm, and dropped off the vestibule steps to go along with Tim.

Doc Manson, the coroner, soon came up, sleepy-eyed, and only half dressed. Bob briefly explained about the murder, and the doctor gave the body a hurried going over.

"I'm keeping the occupants of this car on here until I learn something more definite," Bob explained. "You

take charge of the body and call up Joe Butler, the superintendent of this division. Tell him to get down here right away."

"I'm here right now," a husky voice said from the shadows, and Joe Butler hoisted his bulk up to the platform. "Got Tim's message, and I've notified the general offices. What's it look like?"

"It looks like considerable of a mess," Bob told his ex-boss.

"Anybody in the car awake?" the super asked.

"No, but they soon will be," Bob returned shortly. "I wanted you here before I started any cross-examinations."

"How about the Gregory girl?" the super blustered.

"I sent her to the hotel. She discovered the murder and was one of the last to see Gregory alive."

"Pretty much shaken up, I guess," the super remarked.

"Pretty much."

"Did she give you much dope to work on?"

"A little," said Bob. "Not much."

Joe Butler was all right, according to Bob's way of thinking, but he always wanted to ask questions, and now Bob foresaw a chance to put the super in a place where he could do nothing but listen. When Bob ran a train for Joe Butler, the super was privileged to be inquisitive, but this was something that was out of Joe's jurisdiction, and Bob Martin was the law boss in these parts.

"Better get 'em lined up," Joe blustered. "All hell's gonna break loose at headquarters over this affair, and it had to happen on my division."

"Just keep your shirt on, Joe," Bob barked. "Remember I'm the boss of this investigation. You're supposed to look wise. You know more about this private car equipment than I do. Suppose you get the lights on."

Joe glared a little at his former conductor, then went about the business of lighting up the car, while Bob started pounding on compartment doors. Muffled grunts and angry queries greeted him.

"This is the sheriff of Gila County," was his stock answer. "You are wanted out here right away in connection with something serious that has happened on this car. Make it snappy!"

The first to appear was Jarvis, who came into the corridor half dressed, quaking at the knees, and staring owlishly from behind his rimmed spectacles. His lean fingers were working nervously; his face was unusually pale.

"What's your name?" Bob questioned him, taking him by the arm.

"Jarvis, sir."

"Gregory's secretary?"

"Yes, sir. What's happened, sir?"

"You'll find out soon enough," Bob replied. "Here, Joe," to the super, "put this bird in a chair out there, and pull down those shades. We don't want an audience around."

Joe Butler grumbled something that, had it been more distinct, would have sounded like a protest against such violation of a superintendent's dignity; nevertheless he took charge of Jarvis, and pulled down the shades.

Adams next put in his appearance. Bob took one good look at him and put him down for a surly Jamaica Negro. Bob minced no words with Adams, who put on a superior air. When Adams seemed inclined to take his own sweet time about moving, Bob used a twist of the wrist that sent the black sprawling almost headlong into Butler.

The third member of the vice president's party to put in an appearance



"Edwards," Bob Said Evenly, "You're Looking at the Man You Framed That Night . . ."

was Thomas Fellowes. Bob regarded the man closely as he stepped into the corridor, noting his flawless attire, his waxed mustache, his polished nails.

"I beg pardon," Fellowes said, "but did I understand you to say that something had happened on this car, something serious?"

"I will acquaint you with the details presently," Bob answered. "If you will, kindly take a seat out there." Bob indicated the lounge and Fellowes quietly complied with the request.

Bob looked after the man with mixed emotions. Old Gregory's choice for Janet's hand! Well, anyhow, he was a fine-looking bird, Bob thought.

It was then that Edwards put in his appearance. He stepped briskly from his compartment, clad in undershirt, trousers and shoes. His dark hair was ruffled above his lean, hawklike face. As he stepped out into the corridor, Bob Martin's jaws suddenly clicked. The last time Bob had looked on that parrot's beak of a nose, and into those black, close-set eyes, was the night in his caboose up on the west end, when a job had been planted on him and his career as freight conductor had come to an end.

"What's going on?" Edwards barked, turning to the sheriff.

"Step to the lounge," Bob said evenly, watching to see if the light of recognition glowed in Edwards's eyes.

Edwards made no sign, but turned and walked swiftly to the end of the car where the others were assembled. Bob followed and stepped up before the group.

"Sit down there, Mr. Edwards," Bob demanded, indicating a chair at the side of the Negro.

Edwards sat, produced a cigarette from his trousers pocket and applied a match. Joe Butler stood a little to one side. Bob Martin stood directly in front of the four men.

"Aside from Janet Gregory and her father, you men are all of the party that left El Paso on this car yesterday?" Bob asked crisply.

"Yes, just the four of us," said Fellowes in a mild voice, taking out a cigarette and looking about him. "If you'll be so kind as to tell us—"

"I'll tell you right now," Bob broke in. "Less than two hours ago George W. Gregory was murdered on this car!"

CHAPTER VIII

It came like a bombshell. Bob's keen eyes played over his hearers. Jarvis started out of his chair. The Negro's eyes bulged, his lower jaw dropped and his black hands clenched the arms of the chair. Fellowes leaned forward, pale, eyes widening. Edwards sprang to his feet.

"Murdered! Gregory!"

It was Edwards who spoke first, his hand gripping Bob's wrist like a vise.

"When did you say this happened?" Fellowes was on his feet also, pressing close to Bob. "Why—why, it's unbelievable!"

"Good Heavens!" Jarvis cried in a quaking voice.

The Negro seemed too stunned to speak.

"Take your seats, men," Bob spat out. "Gregory was shot through the heart on this car somewhere around one-thirty this morning. It is now exactly twenty-five minutes past three. I have a few questions to ask you. Meanwhile I want you to tell me the truth. Jarvis! I'll start on you first."

"Yes, sir," the man whimpered, long fingers gripping his bony knees.

"When did Gregory decide to make this trip?" Bob began.

"You mean uh—at what hour?" The secretary licked his dry lips.

"That's what I mean. Speak out," Bob commanded.

"Why, it—uh—it must have been around half past two this—yesterday afternoon."

"Did you notice anything about his manner," Bob pressed, "that would indicate he was under some mental stress?"

"He was all right shortly after luncheon," the secretary said. "He was in good spirits, sir. Had an appointment with a grievance committee of engineers for three o'clock. Then I brought him a package a messenger had left, and when he opened it he—sort of went to pieces."

"What do you mean, he went to pieces?" Bob leaned forward.

"Well, sir," the secretary went on with evident difficulty, "he opened this package and there was a little key in it—a little silver key."

"A little silver key!" Bob's hand started for his pocket. Then he checked himself. "Then what happened?"

"Why, uh—he told me to cancel all his engagements, and to call the yards to have his car put on No. 3. Then he sent for Beedle."

"Who's Beedle?" Bob snapped.

Jarvis explained that Beedle was the railroad's chief of detectives.

"What did he say to Beedle?" Bob prodded.

"That I couldn't tell you, sir," Jarvis replied. "I had to leave Mr. Gregory to attend to his instructions; I didn't hear what he said to Mr. Beedle."

Bob paused a moment, studying the owlish eyes.

"This key," Bob said after a little. "What did it look like?"

"Very odd, sir," Jarvis answered. "Small, and of a peculiar shape."

"You say a messenger brought it?"

Jarvis then detailed the whole proceeding from the time that the messenger had arrived until he and Gregory had boarded the private car. Bob listened intently, glancing occasionally at the other three men.

"We'd better get a message off to this man Beedle," Bob said, addressing the superintendent. "There's a question or two I'd like to ask him."

"We can send Adams to the depot with it," the super suggested. "I'll write it out."

"Suit yourself," Bob said, then turned to the Negro. "Adams, you take that message to the telegraph office, and return as fast as those feet of yours will travel. Get me?"

Adams merely nodded and took the hastily scribbled note from the super. Bob then turned to Fellowes.

The sheriff followed the same line of questioning that he had directed at Jarvis. He inquired of Fellowes as to Gregory's disposition upon leaving El Paso, but learned little. Fellowes, it seemed, had noticed little or nothing wrong in Gregory's manner.

"Shortly after you had dinner on this car," Bob said, watching Fellowes intently, "you returned to Mr. Gregory's compartment with him, didn't you?"

"Why, yes. I think I did."

"You engaged in some heated conversation there?"

"No, I wouldn't say that we did. Mr. Gregory was talking to me about several matters—I don't remember exactly what, right now."

"You don't remember whether your conversation related to anything concerning his strange actions?" Bob leaned forward tensely.

"Why, my dear fellow, no," Fellowes responded, apparently trying to force a smile. "In fact, as I've already told you, I saw nothing out of the ordinary about his actions. Poor chap! And even since learning of this—this unbelievable crime, I can seem to attach nothing to his bearing which, to me at least, looked any way suspicious."

"Mr. Fellowes"—Bob straightened up, but never took his eyes off the man—"last evening when you went to Mr. Gregory's compartment, I believe, during the course of the conversation, you raised your voice considerably, and you said something to Gregory about being an old woman."

Fellowes sat bolt upright in his chair, then recovered his poise abruptly.

"Yes, I remember now," he half smiled. "How stupid of me to have forgotten. You see, Mr. Gregory and I had certain business interests in common. We sometimes pooled resources on certain stock transactions. Now and then I found Mr. Gregory a bit timid, or perhaps you would say a bit mistrustful of my judgment in stock manipulations, and then I had to use rather persuasive language on him to make him see my point. If you had known him, you would have set him down for a man of pretty fixed opinions."

"I see," Bob cut in. "You had business interests. Well, then, Mr. Fellowes, perhaps you can tell me at what time you retired last night?"

"I assume it was around eleven o'clock when I said good night to Mr. Gregory and retired."

"And that's the last time you saw Mr. Gregory?"

"The last time," Fellowes said, a shadow of grief passing over his face. His hands trembled slightly as he lit another cigarette.

At this point Adams returned to the car. Bob indicated the chair the Negro had vacated, and he resumed his seat. Bob walked to the end of the car and stood for a moment in silence. Suddenly he wheeled about and strode over to stand directly in front of the man called Edwards.

"So your name is Edwards, eh?" Bob pounded out. The man was startled.

"My name is Edwards."

"You also joined this party at El Paso," Bob said. "Joined it rather suddenly, didn't you?"

"What do you mean by that?" Edwards snarled the question. Apparently he didn't like Bob Martin's method of attack.

"I mean that you were sent on this car by the man named Beedle," Bob explained. "You were sent along as a private bodyguard for George W. Gregory."

Fellowes and Jarvis turned abruptly and regarded the man with searching eyes.

"Well?" Edwards bawled the word.

"Railroad company bull, aren't you?" Bob went on.

"I am a special agent," Edwards said, a glint of steel in his eyes.

"What did this man Beedle, your chief, say when he summoned you and assigned you to the Gregory car?" Bob's voice was cutting as a whip.

"He told me nothing," Edwards snapped back. "You'd better save that question for him."

"Edwards," Bob said evenly—and there was "ice" in his tone—"you'll answer the questions I put to you, or you'll have a little cell in which to think things over. The sheriff of this county is speaking to you now—not a freight conductor whom you so ardently helped to frame in a caboose one night on the west end."

"Freight conductor!" Edwards half rose to his feet, eyes narrowed.

"Yes, Edwards," Bob answered. "You're looking at the man you framed that night with a quart of liquor and a nice report of lies. I'm not questioning you about that incident. That has nothing to do with the murder of George W. Gregory. There'll be plenty of time for the other questioning later on."

Edwards merely glared as he dropped to his seat. He took a black cigar from the open box on the table at his elbow and applied a match.

"Now, Edwards," Bob resumed, "answer that question!"

"Beedle told me nothing." Edwards insisted on the point.

"What conversation took place between you and Beedle?" Bob persisted.

"Beedle said for me to get over to the station and get on this car and report to Gregory."

"Didn't Beedle explain the mission?"

"I'm telling you, that's all he said to me, outside of a remark about keeping my eyes open."

"Then you reported to Gregory. What happened then?"

"The boss and me had a confab in a compartment—"

"Whose compartment?" Bob cut in.

"In my compartment," the bull explained. "I asked him for the low-down, and he said I was to keep my eyes open and my trap shut. He said we were headed for his ranch, and he would acquaint me with everybody that had business there, and I was to look out for anybody that looked suspicious."

"Did he give you any idea as to how you would know if some one suddenly showed up who shouldn't be there?"

"What do you mean?" Edwards blinked.

"I mean did Gregory give you a description of an expected visitor who was not to be allowed to get close to him?" Bob elucidated.

"He didn't tell me anything like that," Edwards answered. The bull then detailed how he was assigned to look and act like a system engineer.

"What time did you turn in last night?" Bob suddenly queried.

"It was a little after twelve," the bull replied. "Right after I saw Gregory go to his compartment. He said he was going to bed."

"You were keeping an eye out for him?"

"Yes," said Edwards. "I was on the job until I thought he was asleep."

"Then you turned in, and heard or saw nothing after that?"

"The next thing I heard was you pounding on my door," said Edwards.

Bob now began on Adams, but the Negro, in his surly replies, revealed nothing. Adams explained that he had made ready the sleeping quarters, and that, after Gregory had dismissed him for the night, he had left the car somewhere around twelve o'clock to join a Pullman porter in another car for a sociable game of craps. The crap game was of short duration, Adams said, and he had retired to his bunk in the forward end of the car some time around one.

"Was there a light burning in this end of the car?" Bob pressed.

"Yes, sir," Adams replied.

"You didn't come back here to see whether any one was up?"

"I came back and saw there wasn't any one here, then I turned out the light and went to bed."

"So at one o'clock, then," Bob summed up, "there apparently was no one stirring on the car, and this end was left in darkness?"

"Yes, sir," said the Negro.

"Adams," Bob suddenly spoke after a slight pause, "I want you to show me Gregory's compartment."

The Negro got to his feet, preceded Bob to the corridor, and held the door open for him. Bob passed inside and, when Adams turned up the lights, looked hurriedly about.

The bed had not been occupied, although it was ready for occupancy. Bob ran through the pockets of the coat which was suspended from a hanger. He gave a little grunt as his fingers encountered a handful of revolver cartridges. He searched the right-hand side pocket, withdrew his hand empty and looked at his fingers under the light. Then he went to the pillow and lifted it. He searched hurriedly but thoroughly through every drawer and through the vice president's bag.

"That's all," he finally said, and left Adams to turn out the lights. Adams followed him to the rear of the car.

"What do you make of it, sheriff?" Joe Butler asked tensely.

"I'll tell you better after I've seen Beedle," Bob replied. "Meanwhile you men are not to leave this car."

"But," interposed Fellowes, "you don't think—"

"I'm not saying what I think right now," Bob replied shortly. "Adams, have you enough provisions aboard to stand a siege of a day or two?"

"Yes, sir," the Negro replied promptly.

"I'm putting this car under guard," Bob announced briefly. "You all are acquainted with the facts as we know them. A man has been murdered. How or why is something else again. A man has been murdered in this car, however, while it was in transit, and you four, together with Miss Gregory, are the only persons known to have been aboard at the time. None of you is to attempt to leave it until I say so. Now I'm going to have another look around."

Bob took Adams in tow, and each compartment was inspected. This process took no more than five minutes. The sheriff then returned to the group.

"You are free to go back to bed if you want to," he told the four. "Joe Butler will stay here until I return."

"But," Fellowes put in. "How about Miss Gregory? Surely I—"

"Miss Gregory is safe and comfortable," Bob answered pointedly. "I'll see that she is taken care of. Now, do you all understand me?"

They understood. Edwards was inclined to grumble, but Bob Martin silenced the company bull with a sharp look. The superintendent then told Bob that he would stay around until Bob could get in touch with the local police.

Bob didn't waste much time. He called the San Marcos chief on the telephone from the station, and two men were roused from their slumbers to be hurried to the depot.

Bob met them, and assigned them to their posts. One was to stay in the rear of the car and the other was to station himself in the front vestibule. Neither was to answer questions of reporters. Any members of the press were to be sent directly to Bob Martin's office. Bob then took Joe Butler, the super, in tow, and they went to Butler's office over the passenger station.

Butler found telegrams on his desk which advised that Beedle, the company's chief bull, was on his way to San Marcos, together with the general manager, who would take charge of the railroad company's investigation. Butler read the messages and passed them over to Bob. The superintendent had nothing against his ex-conductor, and, despite the investigation of four months previous in which the liquor and sleep charges had been nailed to Bob, the superintendent was inclined to lean toward the conductor's side.

Bob laid the messages on the table and closed his eyes in meditation. Then, abruptly, he looked at his watch. Daylight had come by now.

"Joe," he said to the super, "send Frank Castrow a message and tell him to deadhead back to San Marcos immediately."

"Frank Castrow?" the super raised his brows.

"Yes, Frank Castrow," Bob said, a little grimly. "There's a question or two I have to ask him. He ought to be just about in, now, at the east terminal."

Joe Butler took the company phone and pressed a buzzer. He spoke to the trick dispatcher in another room.

"Has that fruiter of Castrow's arrived at Howie?" There came a pause, while the superintendent frowned slightly. "All right, get him there in

the yard office. Give him a message to deadhead back on No. 31. Stop No. 31 at the yard office for him. You've only got three minutes to do it in."

The superintendent hung up.

"He'll catch 31, then?" Bob queried.

"Yeah, he ought to make it," said Butler. "He'd just signed in at Howie two minutes ago, the dispatcher said."

"Good enough," said the sheriff, rising. "I'm going to beat it up to my room and get a little spot. Can't do much now until I see Beedle and have a chat with Frank. You might have the dispatcher call me when 31's a short ways out of town. I suppose Beedle and the G. M. will be showing up on No. 1 about noon?"

"That 'd be their best bet out of El Paso, figuring the time these messages were sent," the super said. "I'll have the dispatcher give you a call."

"Thanks," said Sheriff Martin, as he turned and passed unhurriedly through the door.

CHAPTER IX

Once out in the street, Bob's thoughts did not turn to his room and bed, but to Janet Gregory. Poor girl! She was taking it pretty well, all things considered. Yet since he had known her, she had somehow given him the impression that her father was not as close as he might have been to his motherless child.

On his way down the main stem of the town, Bob had to pass the hotel. Good time just to look in and ask the clerk if Janet had been taken care of all right.

The clerk looked surprised at the sheriff's query.

"We have no Miss Gregory registered here," he said.

"Probably come in some time later in the day," Bob answered hurriedly, and made a dive for the street. He paused to collect his wits, then struck out directly for Tim Hastings' house to find out what the passenger conductor had done with the girl.

He hesitated before knocking, but a light from within gave him the needed assurance that he would not wake the whole house. The door opened and Mrs. Hastings stood within, a strained look on her face.

"Oh, it's you, Bob Martin," she said in a low tone. "Come right in here."

"Is Tim—is Miss Gregory—"

"She cried herself to sleep not a half hour ago," Mrs. Hastings explained, "with me sittin' at her side an' rubbin' her head, an' with all her trouble she was wantin' me to send word to the hotel so you wouldn't be worried if you called there an' didn't find her. An' I said, 'Bob's got a head on his shoulders, an' he'll be knowin' where to find you.'"

"Thank Heaven for you, Mrs. Tim," Bob said, patting her shoulder. "You will look after her, won't you? Don't let anything or any one disturb her. And call me at the office the minute she wakes up. It will be a hard day for her before she's through."

. . . . .

It was shortly after six when Bob Martin got out of his warm bath and piled into bed. He'd drawn his blinds against the increasing light of the early desert day, but sleep would not come.

The chain of circumstances, leading up to the murder of George W. Gregory, as he knew them, revolved over and over in his mind. Again and again the few facts he had brought out in his questioning of the four men on the car paraded themselves before him.

He tossed restlessly. After four months in the office of sheriff, with nothing to disturb the routine of things, he found himself now faced with a well-planned crime.

Frank Castrow had said that George W. Gregory was a hard man. Bob had never encountered the vice president in life, although he had seen him a dozen times. Frank Castrow had said that Bob should beware of him. That Gregory would be carrying a gun.

Gregory had been carrying a gun. Bob thought of the cartridges, then looked at the fingers of his right hand and frowned. After probing Gregory's pocket with those fingers he had withdrawn them smudged with grease.

There had been a gun in that pocket. It had never been used, he knew, for in his search of the compartments he had found that gun—had found it in the space occupied by the man Edwards. A frown creased his brow. He was satisfied that Edwards knew a whole lot more than he would tell.

What was the gun doing in the company bull's possession? What, indeed, if Edwards had not known that its removal from Gregory's person would lessen danger for some one who was about to hold a midnight powwow with the operating chief? Well, there was plenty of time yet in which to pin Edwards down. Bob Martin didn't like the man's hawklike countenance, didn't like the dark eyes in which, he thought, gleamed a bit of viciousness.

Then there was the man named Chasteen. What part did he play in this tragedy? Janet had heard his name mentioned in a conversation between her father and Fellowes—or at least she thought that was the name. Chasteen might furnish some valuable evidence if, indeed, there were such a person. Bob would have to wait.

The ex-conductor knew that in all crimes there must be some deep motive.

Was it revenge? Could it be that? There was the item of the silver key. Yes, if Bob Martin could find out something about that key, it would undoubtedly unlock the secret to a mighty grim mystery.

Perhaps the man with the lantern, whom Janet Gregory had seen standing in the rear of the car back up the line, could reveal the whole mess. That's why Bob Martin wanted to see Frank Castrow now more than any one else in the world. Frank Castrow's caboose had stopped right beside Gregory's car on the siding there at Fielding. Mighty easy for Castrow to have gone into Gregory's car.

It occurred to Bob that, unlike any sheriff he had ever heard of, he had failed to call a posse together and send it up on the neighborhood of the Fielding water tank to comb the country. In fact, so intent had he been on trying to fathom this thing out by himself that a posse hadn't entered his mind until now. He started to a sitting posture, tossed his covers back.

What a perfect chance the murderer had had, these last few hours, to get away. Yet somehow Bob Martin felt that the man who committed this crime had no intention of running from justice. It came to him that a posse would only have been wasting its time. It might have been a good gesture, at that, he figured, to throw the criminal off his guard if the criminal were anywhere close to things right now.

But suppose the murderer had finished his job and had escaped on Frank Castrow's train when it pulled out of Fielding siding on its eastward way? The murderer certainly would be far toward unknown parts by this time.

These things kept repeating them-

selves in Bob Martin's mind until finally he got from his bed, dressed hurriedly and went to his office. No need



"Listen, Mike!" Bob Gripped the Skipper's Arm. "Where Did You Last See Frank Costrow?"

now for the dispatcher to call him. He'd meet the train and see Frank Castrow as he swung down from the smoker steps.

At the office a new thrill awaited him. There were half a dozen reporters from El Paso, Tucson and other points. They had spared no expense in using planes to be on the ground. A railroad vice president murdered in his own car on his own line! Great news story, that! In fact, it was spread over the first page of every paper in the country.

Bob Martin had never before been up against newspaper men. Now they pounced upon him mercilessly, bombarding him with questions until he was fairly dizzy. They crowded around him, and, if they thought this quiet-eyed young man in a conventional blue serge suit looked far different from any Western sheriff they had ever heard or read of, they gave no sign. They were hard-eyed men, grim on the scent of sensational news.

"What's the motive, sheriff?"

"What clews have you uncovered?"

"Did the murdered man have any enemies?"

"How are chances of talking to the girl?"

"Who was on the victim's car at the time of the crime?"

These and a hundred other questions poured out, and Bob Martin, in a quiet voice, attempted to answer as he

grouped the men about him in the frame office.

Bob sat on the edge of his desk and smoked a cigarette slowly, his fingers closing over the little silver key in his pocket. Quickly he silenced the news-hungry men, while deliberately he told the reporters all that he wanted them to know. He said nothing of the key, nothing of Frank Castrow, nothing of the man Edwards and the hidden gun.



"But how about the girl?" one man asked, stepping forward.

"The girl cannot be seen," Bob snapped with authority.

"Know anything about her affairs?" another queried. "Mixed up in any love affair with any one aside from this man Fellowes?"

Bob felt the flush on his face, his eyes narrowed.

"We'd better leave Miss Gregory out of this mess," he returned. "She has given me her statement. I am not free to discuss her personal affairs."

"Any row between her *fiancé* and her father concerning her?"

"So far as I know, nothing of that sort enters into this matter," Bob replied tersely. "I've said all that I can say now. You're welcome to any new dope that I can get. Better hang around the hotel and keep in touch with me from there. No room in this office in case I need privacy."

Bob looked at his watch as a gesture that the interview was at an end. The train from the east, bearing Frank Castrow, would be due in a few minutes now. He didn't want reporters around at that time.

The news men took their leave, filed out singly, some of them making a dash for the telegraph office to wire in what they had, others talking in undertones, summing up the facts in the case and asking questions among themselves.

The long station wail from the chime whistle of a passenger jack boomed out over the desert. Bob sauntered out, locking his office behind him. With easy stride he made his way to the depot, but inwardly he belied his outward calm. He dreaded, in a way, this meeting with Frank Castrow; dreaded having to ply his old friend with a lot of questions.

No. 31 ground to a halt at the platform. The train was due for a ten-minute stop to change engines before resuming its westward flight. Bob came alongside the steps of the smoker and watched the few passengers alight. The brakeman, leaving the head end, smiled and spoke. The other brakeman, on the west end crew, just taking up his duties, came up and started heading the passengers aboard.

Bob swung sharply and walked back to the day coach. Frank Castrow was not in sight, had not yet dropped from the car steps. Bob's heart skipped a beat. Where could the old freight conductor be?

The passenger skipper who had come in with the run got off with his black satchel and started for the station to turn in his reports.

"Hey, Mike," Bob called after him, stopped him. "Where'd you lose Frank Castrow? Didn't he leave Howie with you this morning?"

"Hello, Bob," the conductor said. "Say, you lookin' for Frank?"

"I sure am looking for Frank."

"Hell, an' he didn't get off just now?"

"He didn't get off unless I missed him, and I don't see how that could be. You didn't unload a dozen passengers here all told."

"Hm!" The man in the blue uniform wrinkled his brow. "That's funny."

"What's funny?" Bob pressed, eyes hardening.

"Why, Frank got on at the Howie yard office. He sure did. They stopped us there for him. Said he was bein' called back to San Marcos pronto."

"Listen, Mike!" Bob gripped the skipper's arm. "Where did you last see Frank Castrow? Speak up, man."

Mike thought. He scratched the thin, gray line of hair that showed at his right temple. Then he said:

"Why, yes, I remember now, Bob. I seen Frank standin' on the smoker platform a second at Fielding when we stopped for water. He was standin' there in the vestibule smokin'."

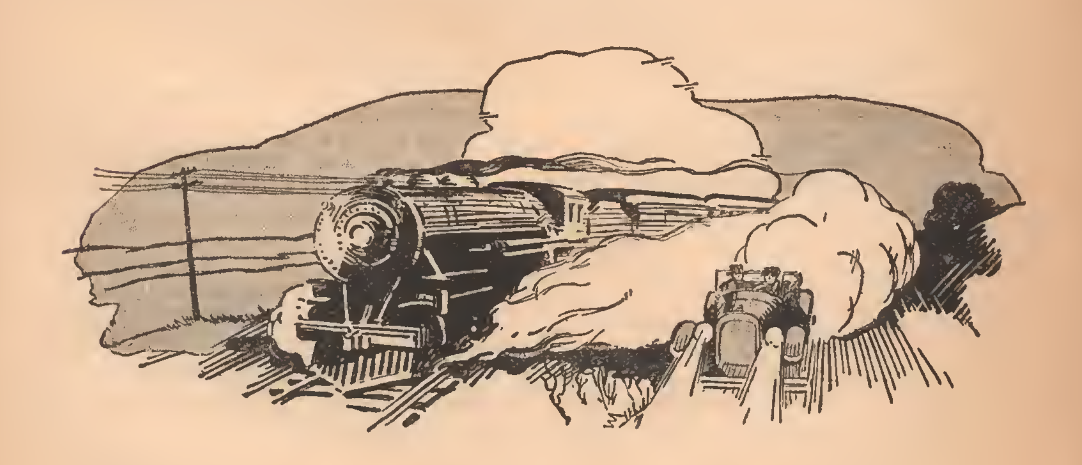
"And you can't remember seeing him after that?" Bob persisted.

"No, since you mention it, I didn't see him any more after that. Funny I didn't notice him again after leavin' Fielding."

Bob chased over to the locker room on the second floor of the station and found the head brakeman changing clothes. He put the brakeman on the grill, but learned nothing more than the conductor had told him. The brakeman said he remembered talking to Frank several times, but could not recollect seeing him after the stop at Fielding.

Bob Martin came down the stairs to the platform in baffled bewilderment. Frank Castrow, who could tell the sheriff many things he wanted to know, had vanished into thin air!

TO BE CONTINUED





The Real Stuff

A PASSENGER on an Illinois Central train northbound on the Illinois Division heard the brakeman call a station stop: "Arcola! Arcola!" A little later another stop was made. "Tuscola!"

Presently the train slowed down to make another stop, and the annunciator appeared. The passenger said: "This one must be Cocacola, isn't it?"

"No, sir," replied the train man courteously. "This is Champaign."

* * *

Susie of the Keyboard

I WANTTUH be a nanejul among this railroad band,
A wad of pepsin in my mouth an' a lipstick in my hand,
An' when the chief comes smilin', I smile right back at him,
I wanttuh be a nangle—you know! He's tall an' slim!

I thought the chief was jokin' when he began to spiel
About that darned old "parallax" a-jazzin' on its heel,
With "oolitic," "subsidence" and "gyroscopic fat—"
Well, maybe I'm mistaken, but it sounded just like that.

But I socked 'em to the keyboard like them I showed you first,
An' then I chewed my pepsin, an' waited for the worst.
At last the chief come roarin' an' skiddin' 'cross the floor,
An' fly-walked on the ceiling, an' out an' slammed the door!

"Why, Susie, what the bing-bang!" He yelled at me like that.
"Why, what the dingle-dangle—Why, holy-smoke-an'-scat!
Oh, h-well! Now, be a nanejul! Just sock them soft an' plain!
I've spelled 'em for you, Susie. Now, let the keyboard rain!"

I want to be an angle—I'm spelling better, see?
But what's them parallaxes an' gyroscopes to me?
I gotta have my lipstick, an' I gotta have my gum—
Oh, he's tall an' slim an' lovely—an' he makes me feel so dumb!

—Robert Fulkerson Hoffman.

The Gourmet

An old colored man came to the railway station with a goat to be shipped. The agent asked him: "What's this animal's destination?"

"His which, suh?"

"His destination. Where's he going to?"

The old darky looked for the tag his boss had attached to the goat at home, but a bit of frayed string was all he could find. "Now, jest look at dat," he said. "Cap'n, dat dere ignunt fool goat done et up his destination."

* * *

All a Mistake

A division superintendent on a Midwestern railroad was noted for his bad handwriting. One day he received a letter from a conductor on a local train which ran as follows:

> Inclosed is a pass you gave John Jameson, a farmer in this locality. He has been riding on it for eleven months. I have taken it up temporarily. Shall he continue to use it?

The super studied the thing, then said:

"Blast it, this isn't a pass. It's a receipt for five bushels of potatoes I got from that farmer, intending to pay him for them later."

It Should Have Been Dated March 17

The Southern Pacific has a train order issued April 12, 1887, by the Hannibal & St. Joseph Railroad, now a part of the Burlington Route, at a time when Mikes and Pats did most of the railroading. It reads like a message from Dublin.

> Dailey, Bailey, Berry and Boyle run wild to Brookfield 40 miles an hour. Dailey, Bailey, Berry and Boyle, 4 extra east, meet Flaherty, Garrity, Goehegan and O'Toole, 4 extra west of Mulvey. Complete 1.17 A.M.
> O. K. Dooley, opr. O'Neill, dpr.

The superintendent of the division was named P. H. O'Hulihan, and his assistant was J. Mulhern. The night yardmaster who copied the order on a waybill tissue was named Tilly McGrail.

* * *

A Ticket for Florence

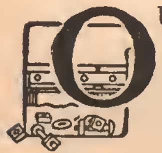
Colored mammy (*at ticket window*): "Gimme a ticket fo' Flo'ence."

Ticket clerk (*after searching numerous station lists*): "Where is Florence, anyhow?"

Mammy: "Dah she sets, oveh on dat bench."

On the Spot





OUR March issue contained an unidentified picture of a wreck in the snow, and we asked readers for details. That request drew some first-class results. We heard first from an actual survivor—John D. Lunger, Sr., 19 South Lincoln Avenue, Washington, N. J. John says:

I was one of the engineers in that wreck on the D., L. & W. Of the thirty men in it, only three are living that I know of. William Hill, an engineer, and John Wright, a brakeman, are the two others.

We were called out at 3 A.M. on March 12, 1888, in a terrible snowstorm. Another engineer, Charles Baker, and I coupled engines No. 54 and 113 together at Washington, N. J., and went to Port Morris. From there we were called to push a train of stock out of a drift. We pushed them as far as Waterloo, where we got stuck and had to send back to Port Morris for help.

The next day we got stuck in a drift at Netcong, N. J. We had three engines this time, and with the help of two more engines, manned by William Hill and Isaac Shields, we went on.

About two miles east of Hackettstown, where the eastbound track is about eight feet lower than the westbound, we ran into a large drift. The pressure of snow was so great on one side that it turned the rails under the first engine and threw it down the bank across the eastbound track.

Charles Baker was the engineer on this engine. His legs were caught fast under the engine, and he was scalded. I took the sheepskin off the seat in my engine, crawled under his engine and put it under his head, but he died before they could get him out.

I was on the second engine which did not go down the bank but fell over on its side. The third engine went down the bank on top of the first. George Trimmer was the engineer on this engine, but he did not lose his life. The fourth engine, run by William Hill, went down the bank, but didn't turn over. The fifth one, with Isaac Shields at the throttle, stayed on the track.

We were out three days and two nights in this storm. I am now in my seventy-fifth year, but shall never forget this experience.

Roy W. Gardner, a brakeman of Netcong, N. J., writes that his grandfather, Charles Rush, fired for Charles Baker on that ill-fated engine No. 54. Roy Gardner got a large part of his account from "Billy" Hill, one of the surviving engineers named by Mr. Lunger. Roy writes:

Everything went fine until those five came to Bilby's Bridge, about four miles west of Waterloo. There they stopped all in a heap. Engine 54, the head one in the train, left the rails and the engineer, Charles Baker, tied down his whistle, blowing the brakes.

But it was too late. Baker yelled to my grandfather to jump, which he tried to do. Before he could, the second engine, No. 113, plowed into 54 as she was turning and took her cab right off, knocking my grandfather out in the snow, unhurt save for a scratch across his face.

But poor Charlie Baker stayed with her and was pinned fast and scalded to death. My grandmother composed a poem in memory of him.

Billy Hill told me about the wreck. He is seventy-eight now. He served the Lackawanna 54 years and 2 months, entering the service in 1868 and being pensioned in 1922. He joined the Brotherhood in 1875. He proudly states that he has never cost the company one cent due to his negligence in performance of duty as brakeman, fireman or engineer.

At the suggestion of Frank E. Weiler, of Port Morris, N. J., we

wrote to John Wright, 57 Carlton Ave., Washington, N. J., a brakeman on the third engine, No. 112. Part of his letter says:

Our engine, the third, rammed into the second engine, which had passed the overturned jack and now stood slanting in the drift. The collision burst a hole in our boiler. Steam and hot water escaped and many were injured. I was badly scalded and was in bed for fifteen months after the accident.

Our November, 1930, issue contained the photograph of another wreck—near Chappell, S. C., and James E. Bird of Columbia, S. C., gives us additional information on it. He says:

I might say that I was right there about one hour after the wreck. It was a mess. My father was the first engineer to run that train. He hit a mule about four miles from Columbia the first day it ran. That train was No. 17 and 18 from Columbia to Atlanta, Ga.—"The Electric City Special," it was called.

* * *

"The Flight of the Silk"

As this month's novelette, "Old Four-Eyes," is the story of hi-jacking on a silk special, the following letter from "Chick," Livingston, Montana, is of particular interest:

John A. Thompson's article, "The Flight of the Silk," in the October, 1930, RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE, gives a good idea of how raw silk is handled, but I differ with the author on several points.

For instance, I believe that seventy hours from the Pacific Coast to New York is nearer correct than eighty hours, as Mr. Thompson states. These trains consume from 39 to 45 hours between Seattle and St. Paul. Let us consider 43 hours an average. I happen to know that nine hours is—or was a short time ago—the silk schedule on the Burlington from St. Paul to Chicago. As many passenger trains operate between Chicago and New York on a 20-hour schedule, I should judge the silk schedule to be not over 18 hours. That totals 70 hours, doesn't it?

Mr. Thompson also lays great stress on armed guards, housed, he says, in one or two cars near the forward end of the train.

Now in the past ten years, during which I've called crews and copied orders for silk trains—even stolen a ride on one, I've never seen any small array of armed guards on a silk train. Or *any* guards, except that occasionally a man from the special agent's office rides one across the division. This is not a common occurrence, however.

Time and again these trains make their wild dashes across country manned only by the train and engine crews and a trainmaster or road foreman of engines, or both.

As to the structure and consist of silk trains, I believe the Southern Pacific has some cars specially constructed for handling tea and silk, but they are the only such cars I know of.

Silk, on the northern lines, is usually handled in express refrigerator cars—the type of car ordinarily used for transporting berries and fish in passenger trains—wooden body and steel underframe. I have seen standard steel express cars in silk trains, but only on rare occasions, and it is the popular assumption that these cars, when they appear in a "silker," are not loaded with silk, but something of a much greater value.

I've seen silk trains consisting of as high as fifteen express "freezers" and a coach, and as few as four freezers and a coach. Shipments of less than four cars are usually handled on the head end of regular passenger trains. The Northern Pacific discontinued, long ago, the practice of handling cabooses on these hot shots, as it was unsafe.

The men like to catch the "silkers," particularly when business is good, as they usually run around one or two other freight crews in the race across the division.

* * *

"Thick-Headed Hoggers"

Hey, hogger! Listen to this from "I. of Detroit," who has been a switchman, brakeman, operator, dispatcher, and train master. He says:

For years I have pondered over something that you may be able to answer: Why are these thick-headed hoggers made the heroes in about 50 per cent of the stories written of, by or for a railroad?

Not only fiction, but the press plays up the hogger as some kind of demigod. For instance, the Pennsylvania's "Red Arrow" ran into an open switch in Lincoln Park, just outside of Detroit, about a year ago, and the engine and express and baggage cars went over the end of the switch (a blind one) and came to rest, right side up, in Ecorse Road.

The newspapers carried 3-inch headlines about how the bravery of the engineer saved the passengers. The public no doubt swallows that and forthwith makes "Mr. Hoghead" a hero, when he did only what a normal fifteen-year-old boy would have done under the same circumstances—kicked the throttle off, big-holed her, turned on the seashore and awaited developments.

And now let's hear from L. H. W., Pontiac, Mich., who has worked on the old D. U. R., gandy-danced on the C.

& N. W., worked in an extra signal gang, and is now holding down a third trick in an interlocking tower on the G. T. W.:

I see that T. S. Reed of New Haven, Ind., has put in a howl about Temple's "Red Eye," claiming that not one hogger in a hundred would fail to see the light on an open gate. Well, all I say is that he must be associated with a different bunch than it has been my good luck to see. I had come to the conclusion that it was giving the hoggers the best of it when I figured that one in ten were able to see a red light on a switch-stand before they were within two car-lengths of it.

A. J. Lillie, 2343 W. Jackson Boulevard, Chicago, writes:

The hoggers on the S. P. have petitioned the management to discontinue the use of conductors between L. A. and New Orleans and L. A. and El Paso, for it's all long-haul connections, and the hoggers can run 'em on both ends. They've even got the I. C. C. to approve of such a move.

* * *

What's Wrong with the Magazine?

Speaking of covers, here's a heartfelt suggestion from L. H., of East Cambridge, Mass.:

A few pictures of big swivel-chair railroad magnates handing out pensions and bonuses to the railroad worker would make good covers for your magazine.

And while you are considering that suggestion, brothers, read this from "A Jackson, Mich., Reader":

Why print stuff like "Railroads Buck the Breadline"? Perhaps the railways *have* placed orders for much equipment—that is a common thing, and the present hard times have nothing to do with it. The railroads have curtailed every possible expense of late, and we all know it. Do we not see it on every hand?

Now listen to "Woody," from El Paso, Texas:

The consist of your magazine looks like a pay load; the tonnage is good, and your illustrations are coming through fine. This particularly applies to the pictures of the old-time equipment. Probably it is easy to get the new stuff pictures, but you must do a great deal of rustling around to get such authentic old stuff.

A New Haven freight conductor, C. B. W., of South Braintree, Mass., is speaking:

Instead of kicking and finding fault with the contents, each reader of RAILROAD MAN'S should show it to others. If each reader could interest even one more into buying the magazine, what a push it would be over the hill!

Try it, friends. You can get one with no trouble. I got 300 easily, and can get as many more. And I intend to, for we should all work to keep the magazine with us for good. I for one would as soon go broke as see RAILROAD MAN'S go over the derail.

A. D. C., of Gary, Ind., has this to say about crossword puzzles:

I never could see anything interesting in crossword puzzles until I paged through the March issue of my favorite periodical—RAILROAD MAN'S. But now I extend my heartiest congratulations to H. A. Stimson, and I hope you publish many more of his puzzles.

Gilbert Lathrop, the popular writer, says:

Charles Tyler's "On Time" is the best railroad story I ever read, and Carter's "36 Below Zero" a grand article. You're dishing things out to the boys on a silver platter.

Another author, Charles Anthony Roach, wants to know:

Have any of you roughnecks noticed the quality of paper our mag has shoved over on us lately with all the nice decorations and cuts engraved upon it? RAILROAD MAN'S is sure beginning to show class with its fine slick paper same as any high-grade magazine ought to have, and it makes me heave a sigh of satisfaction to know our periodical is "doin' fairly well."

The old book is getting right down to brass tacks, now. It looks, smells and tastes like real railroading. I quite agree with one gentleman, J. S. Fleming, of Buffalo, that we could stand a twice-a-month book.

* * *

Waiting for the Snow Plow

Read this from a snowbound Canadian:

You don't realize the importance of railways until you are cut off by a blizzard, as Prince Edward Island is right now (March 4). No trains for three days, no mail for five days, and no freight for one week. I hope my March copy of



RAILROAD MAN'S arrives by the time this letter gets through.

KEITH PRATT,
Bloomfield, P. E. I., Canada.

* * *

"Our Own Language"

A long list of railroad slang terms was published in our June, 1930, issue, under the title, "Our Own Language." Additions to this list have appeared from time to time. The following came, unsigned, from a reader. If he will tell us his name, we will be glad to mention it in a future issue. We have included in his list an old saying, "to get the rocking chair," submitted by J. H. McKinley, 1706 W. Martin St., San Antonio, Texas.

ANCHOR—The number of cars on which hand brakes are set to hold train.
APRON—Steel flap on deck between tender and engine.
ARMSTRONG—Engine not equipped with stoker.

BALL AFIRE—A hard worker. Good man.
BANK—Pay car.
BINDER—Hand brake.
BLAZER—Hot journal, with packing afire.
BLEED—To allow air to escape from brake cylinder.
BLEEDER—Rod connected to valve on cylinder.
BOOKKEEPER—Flagman.
BRASS—Babbitt-lined piece of brass in journal box.

CAR KNOCKER—Car inspector.
CARRYING GREEN—Displaying signals for following section.
CLIMB HIGH—Go on top of car.
COCK LOFT—Cupola.
COMPOUND—Composition used to cool hot journals.
CUT OUT CAR—Turn off air from brake cylinder.

DOLLY FLAPPER—Switch tender.
DONKEYS—Section men.
DOPE—Composition for cooling hot journals.
DRILL CREW—Yard crew.
DROPPER—Car rider on hump.
EGG—Railroad policeman.
EYE—Signal.

FIELD—Yard.
FREE STEAMER—Engine which steams easily and burns its fire evenly.

GALVANIZER—Car inspector.
GREASE BALL—An employee who replenishes oil and packing in journal boxes.
GREEN EYE—Clear signal.

HAY—Overtime. Also asleep.
HEEL—Cars with brakes applied on end of track.
HIT THE BALL—Work hard and fast.
HILL—Hump.
HOUSING BOX—Metal box over journal and brass to hold packing and oil.

INTO CLEAR—To be clear of the main line.

JUDGE—Superintendent.

LINED UP—Cars or switches placed in proper position.
LINER—High class train.

MONKEY—Brakeman on a hump, riding cars.
MTYS—Empty cars.

NO NOTHING—A point where trains must stop, generally at railroad grade crossings and at top of hills.
NOSE ON—Couple on with head end of engine.

PEDDLER—Local way freight.
PENALTY—Violation of sixteen-hour law.
PICKUP—Train which picks up cars at different stations.
POINT—Head end of train.

RED EYE—Signal in stop position. See front cover, December, 1930, RAILROAD MAN'S.
RIP TRACK—Track on which minor repairs are made on cars.

SHARP END—Head end of train.
SLACK—The space which is free in the draft rigging, so as to allow a play between the cars.
SMOKY END—The engine.
STAKE—Wooden pole used to push cars on adjoining tracks.
STEW—Brakeman.
STICKER—Car on which air brakes fail to release.

TO GET THE ROCKING CHAIR—To be retired on pension.

VIOLATE—Exceed sixteen hour law.

* * *

Which Is the Best Watch?

This hoghead wants expert opinions:

I am a Midwest hogger and have been for the last twenty years. The other day my rear shack told me that he had a watch he didn't have to touch in over two weeks, and in that time it lost only ten seconds. He has a Hamilton 21 jewel timepiece.

Now, I claim there's no watch made that won't vary more than that in two weeks' steady running, no matter how regularly it is set. What do some of you other old-timers have to say about it? Which watch keeps the best time?

LOUIS ROBBINS,
St. Paul, Minn.

* * *

Poorest Pay

Every once in a while something happens to us boomers to give us a laugh along with the serious business of trying to ride and eat. This is what happened to an operator:

The poorest paying job I ever had during my days as a boomer "op" was on the Colorado and Southern out of Denver. I was hired in May, 1916. Before you could go to work out there you had to spend one dollar for a vaccination, fifty cents for an eye and ear exam, fifty cents for a physical examination and forty cents for a month's hospital dues. I went to work at Longmont, Colorado, arriving at 5 P.M. I started to work immediately and resigned at 7 P.M., and at 2 A.M. I locked the shop, threw the keys in through the transom and headed back to Denver. I went down the next day and got my check for the sum of two dollars and ten cents. In other words, I worked one night and lost thirty cents on the deal.

Those were the good old days.

OLE LOVGREN "Q,"
Ketchikan, Alaska.



If Your Files Are Incomplete

Back numbers of this magazine less than a year old may be obtained at 25 cents each from the FRANK A. MUNSEY Co., 280 Broadway, New York City. If the number is more than one year old, the price is 35 cents. Copies issued before December, 1929, are no longer sold by the publishers, but sometimes may be obtained from readers of the "Spot" department.

* * *

THE POETS' CORNER

Does any one know the words to "Over the Line with Dad"? asks Charles Fegley, Jr., 911 Duncannon Avenue, Logan, Philadelphia, Pa.

Right in line with the wreck accounts in this department come two poems from Wallace H. Shepard, 1902 W. Central, Toledo, Ohio, in answer to a request from J. D. Goodermuth:

The Wreck of the Cannon Ball

The Cannon Ball was whistling
On the Wabash-Richmond run;
The brave man at the throttle
Was Harry Covington;
His cheerful fireman on the left
Was Robert Covington.
They did not know that this would be
Their last successful run.

"There's nothing like railroading, Bob,
When once you pull the mail.
I mean to run this Cannon Ball,
The fastest ever sailed.
I mean to break the record
For steaming up the line
Make Petersburg at 6.15
And Richmond right on time."

He steamed right into Petersburg,
Running right on time,
Switched over to the A. C. L.
For Richmond over the line.
Brave Harry at the throttle of engine 29
Said, "Right on into Richmond
With the Cannon Ball on time."

Next morning the Cannon Ball
Left Richmond right on time,
Brave Harry at the throttle of the good old 29.
His cheerful fireman on the left
Was shoveling in the coal
When Harry looked in the fire box door,
This burning blaze did roll.

A freight train on the A. C. L.
At Sun Rock on the line
Was backing in the siding
For the Cannon Ball on time.
The brave crew on the Cannon Ball
Never knew the switch was wrong
And crashed into the freight train
On the A. C. L. that morn.

Poor Bob and Harry Covington
Died when the engines crashed,
Threw Bob against the boiler head
As the tender and boiler crashed,
Threw Harry from his seat box—
By the boiler he did fall.
He died a daring engineer,
Running the Cannon Ball.

* * *

The Little Red Caboose

Conductor, he's a fine old man,
His hair is turning gray
He works all in the sunshine and the rain.
And the angels all watch over
That ride upon the cars,
In that little red caboose behind the train.

'Twas many years ago
That his hair was black as jet;
It's whiter now, his heart has lonesome been,
And I'll tell you all his story,
A story that is true,
Of that little red caboose behind the train.

He met her in September,
She was so fair and sweet.
Oftimes together they walked lovers' lane,
Never was a girl more fair,
No sweeter ever rode
In that little red caboose behind the train.

'Twas on a frosty morn
And the cold north winds did blow.
The cold had frozen up the windowpane.
They were riding through the city,
'Twas on their honeymoon,
In that little red caboose behind the train.

The engineer had ridden
That line for many years.
He said the cold was driving him insane,
But he held onto the throttle,
His care was in the cars
In that little red caboose behind the train.

The fast express came roaring in
At ninety miles an hour.
The brakeman tried to see, but 'twas in vain—
And his fingers all were frozen.
He said a silent prayer
For the little red caboose behind the train.

'Twas after the collision,
Among the wreckage there,
They found her body lying midst the train.
Many were the tears and heartaches,
And many were the prayers
For the little red caboose behind the train.

They placed her in the graveyard
Beside the railroad track.
He still works in the sunshine and the rain,
And the angels all watch over
As he rides all alone
In that little red caboose behind the train.

* * *

In answer to a request from Jack Robinson, of Toronto, we are printing:

The Red and the Green

A little child on a sick bed lay
And to death seemed very near.
Her parents' pride, and the only child
Of a railroad engineer.
His duty called him from those he loved,
From his home where lights were dimmed.
While tears he shed, to his wife he said,
"I'll leave two lanterns trimmed."

Chorus

"Just set a light when I pass to-night,
Set it where it can be seen.
If our darling's dead, then show the red;
If she's better, show the green."

In that small house by the railroad side,
'Twas the mother's watchful eye,
Saw a gleam of hope in the feeble smile
As the train went rushing by,
Just one short look. 'Twas his only chance,
But the signal light was seen,
On the midnight air, there rose a prayer,
"Thank God, the light is green."

CROSSWORD PUZZLE—By H. A. Stimson

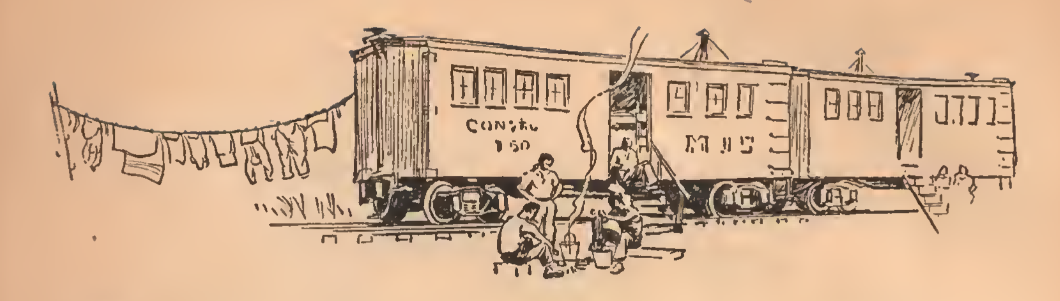
HORIZONTAL

1 The conning tower for the "Brains."
5 Washout for the fireman.
9 The pike that Carl Gray, Jr., is G. M. of.
10 Freight and passenger agent.
12 Hang an "n" on this for a college town.
13 Prepaid.
14 The "village queen."
16 Applied to a locomotive, but more often to a ship.
17 Town 17 miles south of Lumberton, N. C., on the Raleigh & Charleston.
19 The month of showers.
22 The brother with the single-tracked mind.
25 What the commuter gets for his money.
26 The section that starts with the green.
27 What firemen do to the scenery.
29 Proverbial wood pile occupant.
31 What any freight conductor's language is.
34 What the mud chickens go out to get of the land.
37 Sand house stuff.
38 This station was named after joy water.
40 What every super thinks about every brother's statement at investigations.
41 If you were overseas you'll know this one. It's French for "the."
42 Side rod on a row boat.
43 Speed, brake, lightning—.
44 What brass pounders play.

VERTICAL

1 Freight gets the short haul on this cargo.
2 Target for pop bottles.
3 What the freight solicitors do to the expense account.
4 Of Africa.
5 A state of mind seldom found among switchmen.
6 "—the hogs as you pull by the tank."
7 Three-fifths of clude.
8 This bird has shown up plenty by now.
11 Sleeping quarters.
14 Service after sixteen hours.
15 What the gal op dreams about.
17 Possessive form of a yellow cur.
18 What the bird with the grievance became.
20 "In preference."
21 Raff's cousin.
23 Telegraph code for resign.
24 Ditto for other.
27 Mr. Hess's boss.
28 What some yard hoggers ought to yell before making a kick.
30 Claim agents' assets.
32 A unit that plays a big part in the juice lines.
33 What the tired brakeman always needs.
35 When this fails, unload.
36 Besides.
38 And this bird is mythical.
39 The prior half of Ima up in Washington.

(Answers appear in advertising section)



Boomers Greet the Springtime

By OLIN LYMAN

BLUE jay a whistling and crow in the corn,
Rails ringing echoes from away out yonder;
Down by the river there's new grass born;
Soft winds purring—and the winds all wander:
Winds all wander o'er the land and the sea—
Always going somewhere—and so are we.

Downy clouds are drifting, they don't care where:
Up the grade we're grinding as the hog grunts staccato:
O'er the ridge we're rolling where the warm winds tear;
Brooks are all a pouring with the snow gone blotto:
Siren she's a yelling and a robin calls
As the warm wind whispers through his "overalls."

Bill's gone ahead, he's parked in a smoker,
Bound to pound a key 'way out Milwaukee way;
Jim's in a caboose a playing pinochle or poker,
Aims to spin a freight wheel on the B. & A.:
Johnny got a letter from Old Tommy Horth:
"I'm a pulling out of Memphis and I'm heading north!"

Winds are all wandering and Time is at the wicket:
All the world is running on a one-way ticket!



The Boomers' Corner

BROTHERS, keep an eye out for H. L. ("Blackie") Ebersole, for he's a boomer cook, and here's what he says:



I never turn down a brother boomer, no matter where I'm working. So if at any time any of you boomer rails go into a kitchen to get a feed, always look for the cook with "Blackie," sewn in red on the collar of the jacket and the side of the hat. I'm the only cook in the U. S. who wears that mark, as far as I know.

* * *

James Walker, Brotherhood Home, Highland Park, Ill., writes:

In early days we had no such thing as medical examinations. When a man approached a trainmaster or a yardmaster asking for a job, those officials could tell at a glance whether he could fill the bill or not. And, if he got the job, which he very likely would, he was given a switch key, lantern, a coupling knife, a book of rules and a timecard.

There was no limit to the hours we would work, be it one or twenty-four hours a day, and for the sum of forty-five or fifty dollars a month.

* * *

Boomers' Roll Call

"Tots" Shively and Fireman W. S. McCabe, where are you? J. C. Myers, an old pal from the Fort Wayne Route wants you to get in touch with him, in care of RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE.

J. B. Leweda, Box 475, Krebs, Okla., wants word from "Blackie" Cunningham, "Squirt" Day, "Stern" Murphy and "Scarface" Murphy. Also from Bennie Gordon.

We'll let Harry Gibson, 3419 N. 11th St., St. Louis, Mo., now speak:

My father, Bill Gibson, was an old-time boomer—used to be on the old "Iron Mountain." I would like to hear from any of his old friends.

And here's A. C. Rose, 37 Goble Street, Newark, N. J., wanting to know if Charley ("Beef") Campbell, Tom Lord, Charley White, Jack Turner, and Jack Meehan are still riding hump in Oneonta. He'd also like to hear from Wm. A. Boyd, who ran a jack out of Harrison, Ark.

* * *

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The stories and features I like best in your May issue are:

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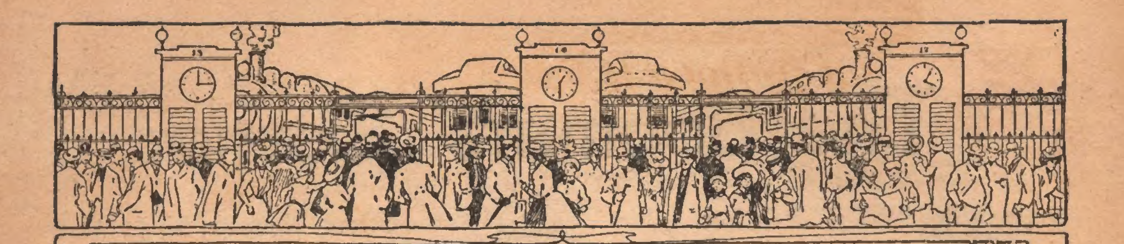
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Who's Your Boss?

A storm of controversy is almost certain to follow this revelation, but Helm sticks to actual truth, as disclosed in a Congressional probe, and is prepared to back up every assertion he makes.

Cold Steel

A. Leslie, author of this short story, knows the thrills of the iron pike from long years of experience in engine and train service. The extraordinary popularity of his "Black Gold" (Oct., 1930) shows also that he understands how to touch the human heart.

Other fiction headliners for June include "Red Hogan, Hogger," by John A. Thompson, author of "A Drink for the Iron Horse"; "Snake in the Grass," by Don Waters, whom you all know; "Charges Collect," by Allison W. Ind, and a new side-splitting "Honk and Horace" yarn by Emmet F. Harte.

Beatty of the C. P. R.

The Canadian Pacific is the world's largest privately owned railroad system. Its chief is one of the best liked executives on the American continent—so popular that he has been written up favorably in the brotherhood magazines. Jack Paterson, of Deerhorn, Man., will give an intimate word-picture of him in our June issue.

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